

The Singers and the Warlords

A Story

Alova

The Great War

Once upon a time, there was a great civilization of wonderful singers. They were creative and intelligent. People treated one another with kindness and respect. Their social practices fostered harmonious and fair relationships. Their society thrived and was peaceful, both internally and with neighbors and trading partners.



Their social structure and customs incorporated thousands of years of collective wisdom. People cooperated voluntarily. They sang as they worked, played and created.

They had an advanced military to protect their borders, and a barely noticeable police force to protect them from within; their wise leaders understood the need for vigilance and strength.

Their knowledge and wisdom was passed on from generation to generation because parents loved and spent time with their children, and taught them truthfully. New technology and inventions were utilized sensibly for the benefit of their people and land.



One day, a ship arrived with a large contingent of Warlords. The Warlords were masters of strategic combat. They had conquered everyone they had met so far. They believed themselves to be the epitome of Creation. They had great intellectual acuity and intuition, and were proficient in technologies that assisted their conquests. They were not very creative and had some limitations, but they were able to succeed by trading and by subduing others whom they forced to work for them.

Their social conventions were based on a strict hierarchy with winners in battle at the top. Loyalty and unquestioning obedience by subordinates were mandated. Parents abandoned or were cruel to children in order to stimulate aggression and warrior qualities, which would help them to earn honor. Children sometimes killed their parents in battle to attain a higher position. The Warlords experienced desire, satisfaction, and sometimes affection, but they didn't feel or comprehend love, or joy.

The Singers went to summon their officials in charge of meeting visitors. However, the Warlords misunderstood the delay and waged war immediately. The Singers mobilized their own forces. Thence ensued one of the greatest and longest battles ever known. There was massive devastation. Neither side won—the war went on for thousands of years!

The Warlords destroyed the Singers' habitat, so neither group could survive on it. Many of the Singers escaped. Some joined other compatible civilizations, and some began new ones. The Singers carried their values and customs with them, and taught their wisdom to their descendants.



Many worked tirelessly to increase their skills in war so they would be able to defeat the Warlords. They developed technologies and increased their discipline and sacrifice. They even carried out suicide missions and destroyed some of the habitats of the Warlords. This group realized that “forgiving and forgetting” the Warlords was foolish, even masochistic.

The Warlords were also intelligent and clever, and advanced their own technologies. They even became experts at magic.

Still, neither side could defeat the other!

Many descendants of the Singers remembered their ancestors' stories of a thriving, harmonious society. They longed for the bygone days of peace and song. They didn't believe that war was a good solution. They thought that everyone, including the Warlords, would become good and kind, if only such a society were established in their new habitats. They thought that good intentions and good examples were all that was required, and that anyone who complained just needed to forgive and forget. They thought that loving kindness alone would solve the problems, and that the Warlords would come around.



These Singers neglected their wartime skills, and instead opened their hearts and even their boundaries to all. Surely, everyone would respond to their love and change for the better. They worked tirelessly to re-create good societies, singing while they suffered. Some of them decided that only direct intervention by a higher power could save them. They consoled themselves with song, imagination, and hope.

Some of the Warlords also joined other civilizations. Since they were naturally skilled at strategy, war, and conquest, they continued doing what they did best. They established hierarchies and dominated those beneath them. They continued their predatory practices, using their subordinates' work for their own benefit.

The Warlords' descendants also remembered their ancestors' stories of great heroic exploits. They always won in battle, and they would eventually dominate the whole universe. They held their goals to their hearts, just as the Singers did. They also contributed to the new societies with their outstanding courage, discipline, military ability, intellectual acuity, and clever strategic planning.

Meanwhile, the Singers found that their overwhelming kindness changed some people's hearts—but not everyone's. However loving and kind they were, however much they sacrificed, some of their neighbors continued to be hardhearted and mean—especially the powerful ones who would have been able to implement their plans for a good society. This confused the Singers greatly. They tried harder and suffered and sacrificed even more.

The Singers couldn't understand why everyone didn't see the benefits of peace, kindness, and a harmonious society, and why everyone didn't wholeheartedly embrace their vision. If everyone would just become like them, the problem would be solved. The Singers felt that those who didn't share their goals were rather stupid. Some of them believed that goodness and kindness were the paths to progress, and they **knew** the Warlords were stupid.

Meanwhile, the Warlords made fun of the Singers behind their backs for being so soft and kind, and so easy to take advantage of. The Singers worked for the benefit of the Warlords without even knowing it! The Warlords believed that strength and domination were the paths to progress, and they **knew** the Singers were stupid.

After thousands of years, in various habitats, the two groups were still at war. Neither had defeated the other, and neither had won the other over. Each thought its own side was clearly superior, and regarded the other side as foolish. Neither group recognized that the other group's qualities were just as important as their own. The Singers did not see the value of the extreme discipline, courage, might, and strategic ability of the Warlords. The Warlords did not see the value of love, joy, or song of the Singers.

The war continued. Battles were common everywhere. The Singers suffered so much. The civilizations were not peaceful, but the Warlords hadn't won, either. The Warlords always thought they were winning, but the Singers kept recovering, popping up with love, happiness, and renewed energy. Many of the Singers still thought they could win the hearts of the Warlords with kindness, and the Warlords still thought they could conquer the Singers by force.

The Angel in Disguise

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to anyone, an angel in disguise arrived from who-knows-where in the universe. The angel's disguise was perfect: a normal-looking member of the civilization. The angel took lots of time—eons, in fact—to gather personal experience about the underlying roots of the conflict that no one had been able to resolve.



To learn as much as possible, the angel in disguise appeared as a humble personage, never a powerful one, so that everyone would express themselves freely without feeling threatened. The angel observed intimately the techniques of war, although the angel didn't participate in aggression. The angel suffered much. The angel learned to sing, and to heal from injury.

The angel noticed carefully the strategies and strengths of the Warlords, and the strategies and strengths of the Singers. The angel noticed that each group had value, and that each group denied the value of the other. Each group believed its own perspective to be absolutely correct and the other perspective to be absolutely wrong.

The angel had to love—and did love—
everyone.

The angel had to see—and did see—
the goodness of the divine spark in each creature.

The angel had to comprehend—and did comprehend—
that each group was learning things in different orders.

The angel saw that although both the Singers and Warlords had good and bad qualities, their actions were not equally good or bad: some Singers were trying to fight the Warlords at their own game, and others were very compassionate but willfully naive, even blind; the Warlords were cruel but strong and courageous.

There was no meeting ground. Neither group would—or should—capitulate. The Singers would not and should not adopt the cruelty of the Warlords, and the Warlords would not and should not relinquish their vigilance or adopt the naivete of the Singers. The Warlords did not comprehend the power of love or joy. Many Singers refused to admit that some people fully intend to do harm, and that harshness is sometimes good and necessary.



Both groups were stuck. Neither could win,
and neither could help the other to grow.



The angel thought carefully, for a long time. And longer.

The angel felt much, for a long time. And more.

The angel in disguise realized that the Warlords would respond only to force. Force was what they believed in and respected most of all. Force was the very basis of their success. Like wayward children who refuse to stop running toward a cliff, the Warlords had to be stopped by someone stronger. Yet no one at their level of development had the ability, the strength, to bring them under control—even the intelligent Singers who were highly motivated and had been trying for thousands of years.

Advanced beings were strong enough, but engaging in violence would create a darkness in their own consciousness that would cloud their clarity and judgment, reduce their effectiveness, and risk their own development. They had appealed to the One Source for guidance, and some noticed that an unobtrusive angel with a big heart had moved in the universe—without troops, technology, tools or team.

The angel knew that voluntary change is best, and that force breeds resistance. Would it really solve much if an advanced being just used greater force and technology to conquer the Warlords? Would anyone learn or progress?

Could the angel find a way to solve the great conflict and encourage Goodness, without resorting to force?

The Angel's Plan

The angel in disguise devised a wise and clever plan. The angel met with all the Warlords' trading partners, one group at a time. Based on personal experience, the angel meticulously and patiently explained how cooperating with the Warlords made them accomplices in the harm the Warlords were doing to everyone, and to the universe itself. Trading with the Warlords was indirectly causing great suffering. It was dishonorable.



The trading partners knew this, but they had been greedy to profit from the deals. They had ignored the hidden cost—corruption of their own energy and degradation of their own societies. The angel exposed their selfishness, and they were ashamed.

The angel met with representatives from other civilizations and revealed the Warlords' trickery—how they subtly twisted universal principles, how they slanted facts and perspectives to manipulate others into complying. These ways of the Warlords were like weeds in the beautiful garden of the universe, and the awareness of all these groups would be crucial to seeing that the weeds would not sprout up again. All were now aware of how dangerous these weeds would become if allowed to grow.

Soon the Warlords lost the admiration they had enjoyed for as long as they could remember. They were crushed by the lack of respect and their impotence. They felt naked, empty, without recourse. Other groups stopped trading with them. They had been standing on the backs of others, relying on others' work for so long, and now their subordinates were no longer subordinate.

The angel patiently explained to the Warlords how they were causing their own suffering in the future by proceeding away from Goodness and pulling others with them. The angel identified the specific principles of universal law they had been violating—"law" meaning how the universe works, not decrees from somewhere. The elder Warlords had long known these principles, but, like childhood bullies, no one had stopped them, so they had ignored their inner promptings.

The angel also offered the Warlords a path to joy, and to love, a path that would not require them to relinquish their courage, intelligence, technologies or expertise. They would never become foolish—only smarter. Eventually, they would be able to feel truly happy.

The angel enlisted several civilizations to help repair the damage to groups the Warlords had controlled and misguided. More advanced souls would gratefully shed light on universal principles and fulfill this healing role.

The angel in disguise also saw that the Singers were growing steadily toward Goodness. They needed only some insights and realizations to help them over the hump they created by rejecting everything associated with the Warlords.

The Singers needed to accept that although loving kindness is good, severe discipline and even harshness are sometimes required.

The Singers needed to recognize that some people don't want to be kind, or loving, or even happy—and that these people have a right to their own choices, even if their choices are foolish. Some people want to be mean and cruel, to wage war, to hurt others, and to experience the results. The Singers needed to protect themselves from such people, not pretend they didn't exist or that they could simply be changed with kindness.

The Singers needed to maintain their self-defense and wartime capabilities to the highest level in order to protect their civilizations. Letting down their guards and just assuming everyone else would be nice would never suffice. They needed to recognize and accept the true nature of anyone they encountered.

The angel in disguise planted the seeds of these realizations into the thought and heart of the Singers' civilizations. The angel's task was done ... but there was more to come.

Epilogue

The war was over. The angel in disguise had accomplished with exposing truth, extraordinary love, and superlative communication what was not accomplished with thousands of years of weapons, advanced technology, and even paranormal intellectual skills. It had required great suffering, great forbearance, humility, intelligence, and especially great love. But the angel had not used aggression, deception, or force.



The Singers sang again, and their song became freer and more harmonious. Their kindness bore fruit more often as they became more realistic. Productivity increased in all their civilizations because people were more secure, less afraid. They were protected from external forces by an honorable military with advanced technology, and they were protected internally by a moral and just society. There were still local skirmishes, sometimes battles, but the descendants of the Warlords gradually become less cruel, less deceptive, and less convinced of their superiority.

All those who had adopted the ways of the Warlords lost their role models and their inspiration. They tried to continue the same systems, but their methods no longer worked as well and most of them became kinder because it was more effective. They too were gradually influenced by the goodness and song of their communities.

No one ever recognized the angel in disguise. In fact, they all regarded the angel as rather stupid. A few of the Warlords who were especially intuitive had suspected the angel might work against them one day, but the angel never actually lifted a finger against them, and suffered greatly at their hands. The peaceful Singers were as blind to the wisdom of the angel as they had been to the nature of the Warlords, but they grew slowly into the realizations they needed.



The Warlords changed more quickly—they had to. They were not forced to progress toward Goodness, but their previous way of life and methods of sustenance vanished. Their pride was gone.



They were no longer warlords. They would henceforth become known as Protectors, because of their superior skill in sensing and combating danger. They would become guardians of good people on good missions. They would become great scientists and explorers. They would gain respect and honor, and this time—trust, and love.

Their values would change from honor through domination to honor through providing superior service to others.

They would be temporarily isolated until they developed compassion for one another, and eventually real love! Then they would experience joy, and fight the daily inner battles between short-term selfish pleasure and longer-term joy, togetherness, and trust. They had been vanquished by means of love, wisdom, and sacrifice, and they would seek to learn and grow into what had overcome them. Eventually, they would learn to sing!

Only after the angel's mission was accomplished did the disguise fall, and only to a few who were especially perceptive.

The angel was asked to look after the former Warlords. as the angel was the only one who loved them enough.



*Dedicated to innocent hearts everywhere, and to
human beings who dream of peace and plenty.*

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