

A Clarion Call for the Ones Who Know

By Angela Gail James

**For every soul remembering they were never meant to be measured by
another's scale.**

**For every dream reclaiming its original shape, beyond boxes, brands,
or barcodes.**

**For every light now rising to its full brilliance, no longer dimmed to fit
a room.**

**For the ones who now see the price of belonging was never meant to
be their voice.**

**For those who have stepped out from the shadow of “experts,”
“leaders,” and “systems” that profited from their doubt.**

**For those carrying the ember of truth, even after walking away with
heavy pockets or a heavier heart.**

I see you. I walk with you. I am you.

And I say now – enough.

**We are here to remember our own shape, our own song, our own
spiral.**

**We are here to be unrepeatable, uncaged, and uncommoditised.
We have crossed into a field of new energy, an elevated vibration.**

The old gatekeepers cannot hold what is rising now.

Their fences were built for a different world.

**The systems that sold you worthiness can no longer contain you.
The titles that sought to define you dissolve in the fire of your own
knowing.**

This is a clarion call to the ones awakening:

**We return to the holy ground of our being –
where everything is sacred and nothing is for sale.**

Where leadership is a tending, a devotion.

**Where we stand in the light together,
no one above, no one below.**

If you have walked through the fire of the old ways – welcome.

You are the keeper of the flame for the new.

And we need your voice. Your hands.

Your frequency. Your truth

This is our time. This is our field.

**And we will walk it together –
shoulder to shoulder, soul to soul,**

as the living architecture of a world made whole.



The Covenant of the Field Steward

I am here as one among many.

**Not higher, not brighter –
but wholly alive in my own thread of the light.**

I vow to keep this field clean.

Clean of coercion.

Clean of manipulation.

Clean of those who would price, pimp, or play the sacred.

I vow to guard the gates.

**Not to decide who is worthy –
but to ensure that all who enter can stand in their own
worth without barter.**

**To ensure that all who shine can do so without being
bought, branded, or bound.**

I vow to walk in sovereignty and invite others into theirs.

**To stand shoulder to shoulder,
never above,
never ahead,
always within.**

**I vow to hold this as holy ground –
a space where all voices, all lights,
may rise in the resonance of their own becoming.**

**This covenant is not mine alone.
It is for all who choose to keep the temple clean.
It is for all who will not see the sacred sold.**

I stand in this.

I burn for this.

I will not yield.