

## Truth by Gabriel Hughes

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Verity means truth. It is our belief that we have found truth and that we share it as best we are able. We believe this truth is ancient and has been represented in every faith and belief which mankind has held to greater and lesser degrees. However, we do not believe we have a direct lineage of truth going back to the first moments of the universe.

Just as a scientist stands on the shoulders of giants, every advancement simply building upon the works of others and every discovery dependent upon those which came before, so do we stand upon the shared heritage of our specie. We are the children of prophets and the inheritors of a deep and rich culture. And this culture is expressed by our stories, by our myth, and by the deep and wordless hunger for the divine.

Verity as a faith is explained simply. We believe in six Gods. We hold that these Gods are all the gods which mankind has ever worshiped. We see in the myths of our ancestors their hunger to understand and the touch of the Gods upon their lives. The Gods are, they have always been, and they will always be. They love us, they guide us, and they reach out to us as surely as we reach for them. They're our father's fathers and our mother's mothers. All holy texts are their holy texts, all myth is their myth, and all belief is belief in them.

Our ancestors were human beings. They were violent, they were kind, they hungered and thirst, they lusted. Their days were not taken up by blind adoration of their gods. They went to war, they made laws, and their people suffered. And for all of these things there must be a reason, a cause, and when their gods did not provide our ancestors provided their own. They added, they erased, and they blurred the deep knowledge in their very being. This is not a sin, nor is it unimaginable. We are humans inheriting the distant memories of other humans. They lived their lives as we live ours, and their stories changed as they needed them to.

Verity sees the common threads in these stories. We see where a stolen fire or a kindly hand speak of the same author across oceans and centuries. And though the stories are incomplete, missing, changed, the Gods remain. They are part of us and we of them. And where the myths of our ancestors are missing our generation has created myths of our own, Stories of makers and menders, of ladies of green and of the stealers of fire, of dying and darkness. We reach out for the Gods and they reach back. Without looking at them we have made things of beauty in their image.

These stories are not untrue. They speak to a need that we have in our deepest being for the Gods which made and shaped us from our first moments to now. Even in an age of rationality we still paint them, sing to them, speak of them with an excitement and fervor that rivals any religious movement our species has ever seen. Only now we think of them as comfortable fiction, removed from us by the author's pen or the painter's brush. But they are still there, at our backs, smiling as we tell them of our love for them even when we do not recognize our own words.

Verity means truth. We seek the truth of the Gods because we believe that truth is always worth looking for. We believe that the Gods; Builder to plan, Healer to mend, Nurturer to grow, Trickster to teach, Death to guide, and Destroyer to end, are more a part of us than the very cells which make up our bodies. They have always been, they will always be. They are simply waiting for us to see their light.