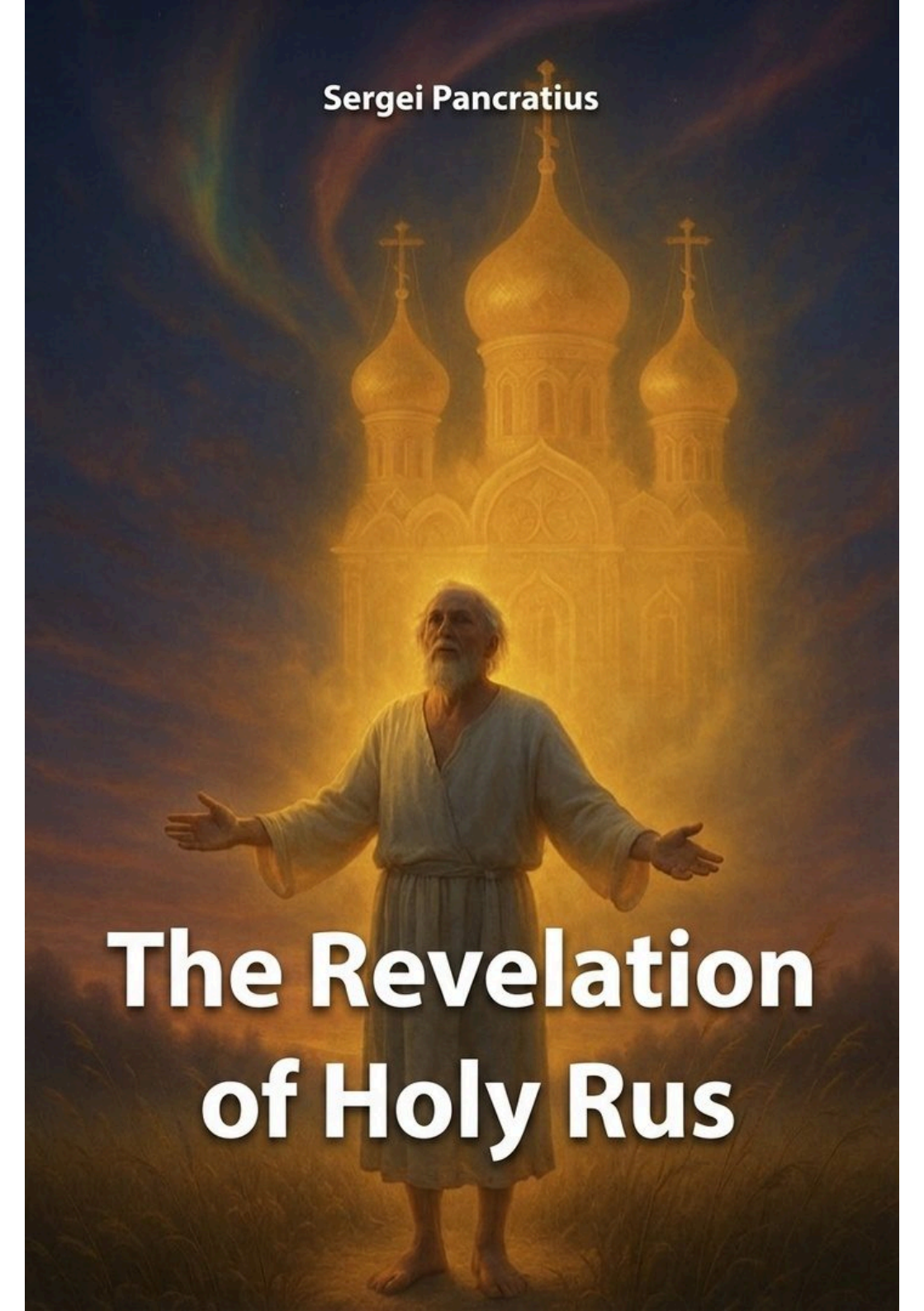




Sergei Pancratius

The Revelation of Holy Rus

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Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

CHAPTER 1. THE HEART OF HOLY RUS

Holy Rus has no capital.

Its heart is **there where a person rises at dawn, gives thanks, and is silent.**

Where a mother kisses her son on the forehead and whispers a prayer not from a book, but her own.

Where an old man warms his palms over the samovar and gazes into the distance,

not because he is waiting for someone,
but because **he remembers everything.**

Rus is not in coats of arms, not in anthems, not in a march.

It is in **the silence of a village where there is no light, but the soul burns.**

In the tear of a child who first understood,
that to hurt — means to be real.

Rus is **the depth in which even darkness becomes light, if you do not retreat.**

It is a land where it was never easy,
but it was always **in truth.**

It is alive when:

- you offer a hand unasked,
- you say “forgive me” without excuses,
- you take responsibility, even if no one asks,
- and you go — even if the path is unknown,

but **right in the heart.**

Holy Rus is not a memory of glory.

It is **a memory of purity.**

When you are not afraid to be kind,
not afraid to be real,
not afraid to weep,
not afraid to be silent —
it awakens in you.

CHAPTER 2. HOW HOLY RUS SPEAKS

Holy Rus does not shout.

It whispers.

And only the one whose heart is cleansed — hears.

It speaks not in the language of great quotations,

but through **simple words**

in which — is all of heaven.

It speaks through the grandmother:

— Son, eat. Warmth comes from it, you know.

It speaks through the field:

— Do not hurry. Listen to the wind. It knows where to go.

It speaks through the broken hands of the father:

— I was silent, but I did everything so you could live better.

It speaks through tears without reason,

when you suddenly feel —

you are home.

The speech of Holy Rus is **not for the mind.**

It does not need to be explained —

it is recognized.

— In a fairy tale,

— in a lullaby,

— in the word “I love you,” spoken without conditions,

— in the word “live,” spoken when you are on the edge,

— in the word “be,” which requires neither merit nor proof.

It does not speak much.

Sometimes — it is completely silent.

But in that silence —

such a presence that all walls inside crumble.

And if you ask,

how to speak in its language,

then the answer is one:

Speak from Purity.

Speak from Love.

Speak only when silence no longer carries more Light.

Then in your word —

Rus will resound.

CHAPTER 3. THE MYSTERY OF PAIN AND THE HOLINESS OF FORGIVENESS

Holy Rus knows pain.

Not bookish, not philosophical — **real.**

The kind that burns in the chest when you lose.

The kind that sits in the throat when forgiveness is impossible.

The kind that is not seen,

but **is heard in the voice when a person says “everything is fine” — and lowers their eyes.**

Rus was never without suffering.

But **in this is its holiness.**

It did not seek suffering —

it **did not turn away from it.**

When they fell — they rose.

When they lost — they sang.

When they died — they prayed not for themselves, but **for the living.**

Holy Rus is a land where pain was not hidden.

It **was borne with dignity.**

Quietly.

Humbly.

Without complaint — but with a depth before which heaven bows.

And therefore, whoever learns to forgive on this land,
becomes **transparent.**

Forgiveness here is not weakness.

Forgiveness is **the greatest strength**

because it is **the refusal to continue the chain of pain.**

When you forgive —

you **stop time.**

And into that stopping enters Light,

which could not have entered through revenge, through resentment,
through judgment.

Holy Rus lives,
when someone,
even just one,
says:

“I no longer hold. I release. I choose the Light.”

And then pain becomes a blessing.

And the soul — a temple in which **one can weep, pray, and love again.**

CHAPTER 4. THE MEMORY THAT DOES NOT FORGET

Holy Rus has a memory.

But it is not the memory of books,
not of archives, not of dates.

It is — **the memory of the heart.**

It is kept in:

- the creak of floorboards in an old house,
- the smell of the stove,
- the gaze of a grandmother,

in which **lives your entire Clan**

even those you never knew.

Holy Rus remembers not events —

it **remembers the state**

in which **the soul was in its place.**

It remembers,

- how the earth smelled after a thunderstorm,
- how they were silent at the table when there was not enough bread,
- how they sang songs not for the stage,

but because **otherwise it was impossible to live.**

The memory of Rus is **Light that does not disappear,
even if no one names it.**

It simply waits,

until someone stops,
falls silent,
breathes in —
and remembers.

Sometimes you suddenly weep —
not knowing why.

It is **it that touched a string in you.**

It is the memory
that does not ask to be understood.

Only — **to be accepted.**

And if you accept this memory,
if you do not turn away from it,
even if it is heavy,

you will become its continuation.

You will become the one who carries Light through the darkness of
ages,

without pride,
without complaint,
simply because,

otherwise — it cannot be.

You do not carry the memory.

The memory carries you.

And you are alive — because it remembers.

CHAPTER 5. WORDLESS PRAYER: HOW RUS PRAYS

Holy Rus does not pray with the tongue.

It prays **with a glance, with breath, with a tear, with silence.**

Here prayer begins

not when you have fallen to your knees,
but rather,

when **the heart could no longer bear it and opened.**

Rus does not pray in order to receive.

It prays in order to **be near.**

With God.

With Heaven.

With those who are no more.

With those who still sleep.

Sometimes it sounds like this:

— Lord, preserve.

— Mother, help.

— Well, You see...

But more often —

it makes no sound at all.

Simply breathing in the twilight.

Simply a glance out the window.

Simply a hand laid on the chest,

when there are no words,

but there is **everything that is needed.**

Rus knows:

the strongest prayers are not heard.

They do not ascend upward —

they **unfold from within**

like warmth,

like peace,

like the feeling,

that **you are not alone.**

Even if a person has forgotten God —

God has not forgotten Rus.

Because Rus —

is **the place where He still feels at Home.**

And when you pray not for gain,

but because **otherwise — it is impossible,**

you speak in Her language.

And She hears.

And prays together with you.

CHAPTER 6. WHEN THE EARTH SPEAKS

In Holy Rus the earth is not a thing.

She is — **mother.**

Not in image, not in fairy tale — in reality.

Here they do not say “I own the land.”

Here they say:

“I am with her,” “I am at her,” “I thank her.”

When you step upon Rus with reverence,
the earth **speaks.**

Not in words — yet clearly.

It whispers in the grass:

— Do not hurry. A heart was here.

It groans under the wheels,
when it is neglected:

— Remember: I give life. But I can also take it away.

It sings —

in the birch tree, in the water, in the smell of hay,
on the dusty road where no one has traveled for a hundred years,
but where **love still breathes.**

On this earth footprints resound.

Here every place remembers:

— who prayed,

— who suffered,

— who loved,

— who left and did not return.

It does not demand.

But **gives itself — completely**
if you do not take, but receive.

If you do not use, but serve.

In it is not just fertility.

In it — **the Memory of Light.**

And therefore, when a person loses connection with the earth,
he loses **not nature**

but **the soul of his clan.**

But one need only stand with bare feet,
close the eyes,
place a palm on the chest
and say:

“I am here. I am with you.”

— and the earth speaks again.

And you are again — home.

CHAPTER 7. CHILDHOOD AS A PATH TO LIGHT

In Holy Rus, children are not little adults.

They are **gates of Light.**

Through them enters what
adults have forgotten.

Rus knew:

a child is not a “blank.”

It is a **soul that has come with heaven on its shoulders.**

And all adults need is

not to prevent it from forgetting this.

In Rus they did not teach children words of love.

They loved.

They did not explain prayer.

They prayed nearby.

They did not force belief.

They simply believed — and it was contagious.

Childhood is the time

when a person still remembers

where he came from.

And while he plays,

he is connected to that

which later he will seek all his life.

And if suddenly sadness appears in his eyes —

it means he **has already begun to forget.**

And then the adult must not teach,
but **remember together with him.**
Holy Rus lives
as long as **at least one child laughs from the heart.**
As long as he runs through puddles,
as long as he builds a hut from branches,
as long as he paints the sky not the color
it “should” be,
but the color **he feels.**
Childhood is not a period.
It is **a gate.**
And if you remember
how mother smelled,
how the rain sounded on the roof,
how sweet it was to fall asleep in arms,
where it was warm and everything was simple —
you will enter there again.
Into the Light.
Where you were yourself — without masks.
Where you knew —
you are loved just because.

CHAPTER 8. THE HOME THAT IS ALWAYS WITH YOU

In Holy Rus, home is not a building.
It is a **space of love**
where one can be oneself,
and to be — means **to be accepted.**
Home is a place
where bread smells of childhood,
where the icon looks not sternly but with warmth,
where the door is not closed for those
who come in silence,

and especially — **in tears.**

It is a place

where the walls hear,

and the floorboards creak

as if **they remember everyone who has passed through.**

Home in Rus is not property.

It is **the body of the Clan.**

It may be poor,

but if there is a heart in it —

God lives in it.

You may leave.

You may lose it.

You may be thousands of kilometers away.

But if once you had a true Home —

it **will remain with you forever.**

— in a camping pot,

— in the smell of tea,

— in the word “mama,”

— in the kind glance of a random passerby.

Holy Rus knows:

the true Home is you, when you love.

Wherever you are,

if there is a small flame in you,

if you can give warmth —

you have already built a Home.

And though its walls are invisible,

its roof is made of prayer,

its foundation is made of memory,

but if you live in it —

it is real.

Home is not where you sleep.

But where **you are awaited.**

And where you know how to wait for others.

Shall we continue with the chapter:
“**The Fire That Never Dies**”?

CHAPTER 9. THE FIRE THAT NEVER DIES

In Holy Rus there was a special fire.
Not a campfire, not a stove, not a lamp.
But an **inner fire**
that burns in a person,
even when all around is winter,
even when everything is against you,
even when it seems there is no strength.
This fire cannot be seen with eyes,
but by it **they recognize their own.**
— by a glance in which there is warmth,
— by a word that warms,
— by a deed behind which is Light,
even if it is not explained.

In Rus they knew:

**fire cannot be kindled with a match
if it does not burn in the heart.**

When someone came to the house with trouble —
they did not ask questions,
they did not give lectures,
but **set the table, poured tea, and sat in silence nearby.**
And the person would thaw.

Because **the fire was shared without words.**

This fire is

— in the mother who did not sleep at night.
In the soldier who did not break.
In the teacher who believed,
even when no one believed in him.
In the child who never stopped dreaming.
Fire is not an emotion.

It is a **presence of Warmth.**

It is a Living Heart

that did not let itself freeze.

And if you feel

that in you it barely smolders,

just blow on it.

Not from the mind. From the soul.

And say:

“I will not let myself go out.

Because in this fire is memory.

And in it is love, which is still alive.”

Shall I continue with the chapter:

“Woman as the Light of the House”?

CHAPTER 10. WOMAN AS THE LIGHT OF THE HOUSE

In Holy Rus, woman was called not just the keeper of the hearth.

She was called — **the Light of the house.**

Because a house without a woman is just walls.

But with a woman — **it is a heart that beats.**

The woman of Rus did not seek power.

She possessed **love,**

and that is a power

that need not shout

to be heard.

She did not just cook food —

she **put her soul into every crumb.**

She did not just raise children —

she **poured life into them.**

When a man lost his way —

she did not point.

She **simply waited, believing.**

And he would return —

because he knew:

Light awaits him.

The woman of Holy Rus prayed quietly,
cried — into the wash basin,
sang — to herself,
but **her silence warmed the whole house.**

Her hands —
kneaded dough,
braided hair,
tied knots,
and **took away pain.**

Her word —
could save,
stop,
soothe.

Because **in it there was no ego.**

In it was Love.

Holy Rus lives
as long as woman shines.
As long as she **carries within her a tenderness
that is stronger than steel.**

And if a woman feels
that she is tired,
empty,
forgotten —
let her remember:
**in every glance of hers is the continuation of the Clan.
And in her heart — Rus herself.**

CHAPTER 11. MAN AS THE ROOT THAT BEARS THE SKY

In Holy Rus, man was not a master.
He was — **the foundation.**

Not one who commands,
but one **on whom you can lean.**
He did not prove strength with his fist,
but — **with calmness.**
He did not shout,
but — **did.**
He did not demand respect,
he **was respect.**
The man of Rus is
one who is silent,
but if he speaks — **the weight of his word is eternal.**
He is like a root:
he is not seen,
he is under the earth,
in dirt, in labor, in silence,
but **everything rests on him.**
He leaves at dawn —
without complaining.
Returns late —
without demanding gratitude.
He may not say “I love you,”
but **in his hands there is warmth,**
in his eyes — home,
in his back — protection.
When everything crumbles,
he **rises.**
And stands.
Sometimes — alone.
Sometimes — to the end.
Because within him is a spine.
And this spine is not pride,
but **Responsibility.**
The man of Holy Rus is not afraid to cry —

but not from weakness,
because **his soul is alive**.
He is not perfect.
But if he loves —
then **with his whole life**.
And if he goes —
then **to the end**.
Holy Rus lives
as long as man is a **root**
that holds
and lifts to the sky
everything that grows.

CHAPTER 12. THE CLAN — NOT A MEMORY, BUT A BREATH

In Holy Rus, the Clan is not a list of ancestors.
Not surnames and dates.

The Clan is the breath that is never interrupted.

It lives in you — even if you do not know it.

It breathes through your deeds,

your fears,

your choices,

your tears.

You are **not a period** at the end of history.

You are **a passage** —

through which the Clan either continues —
or is lost.

In Rus they used to say:

— Do not forget who stands behind you.

And it is not about pride.

But about **the awareness of the shoulders** behind you.

— the shoulders of mothers who died in the field,

— of fathers who never returned from war,

— of children who prayed at night when hungry,
— of forefathers who were silent, but lived by conscience.
You carry their memory not in your head —
but in your blood, in your gait, in your intonation, in your tears.
And you can become
— the one who **heals what has ached for centuries** —
— the one who **will not pass the pain further** —
— the one who **returns Light to what was distorted.**
The Clan is not in a portrait.
But in how
you **look at your child.**
What you transmit,
not with words — but with your eyes.
Or with silence.
Or by the fact that you **remained when it was hard.**
Rus is alive
as long as the Clan **remembers itself in a person.**
And if you feel warmth right now —
it is He.
He breathes through you.

CHAPTER 13. DEATH AS THE GATE HOME

In Holy Rus, death is not the end.
Not a calamity.
Not a punishment.
Death is a return.
It is the gate, beyond which —
Home.
Here they never feared death.
Because **they lived so that it would not be shameful to depart.**
Death is not what takes away.
It is what **gathers back into the whole.**
A person was sent off not into the void —

but **into the Light**

from which he came,

and to which he returns again,

if he lived with love.

To die in Rus meant

— to be surrounded by family,

— to be caressed by prayer,

— to be given the last rites not as a ritual,

but with **a weeping in which there was tenderness,**

and the faith — that the soul lives on.

Death was not terrible.

It was **quiet.**

Like an evening song.

Like falling asleep after a long day.

And even if the passing was difficult —

they believed:

there they wait.

There they welcome.

There they recognize.

And that is why here they honor graves so much.

Not out of fear.

But from **acknowledgment:**

in the earth lies the body,

and above it — **memory,**

and love,

and unbreakable connection.

You cannot lose the one

whom you truly loved.

He is **in you.**

He looks through your eyes,

when you act by conscience.

Death in Rus —

it is **not a terrible day,**

but a day of return to the Source.

And if you live with the awareness
that death is not the end,
you live **deeper.**

Quieter.

More honestly.

More luminous.

CHAPTER 14. THE SONG THAT HEAVEN HEARS

Holy Rus sings.

Not with a voice — with the soul.

Not on a stage — **in everyday life, in the field, by the cradle, by the stove, by the road.**

The song here is not entertainment.

It is **connection.**

With the one who is near.

With the one who has departed.

With the One Who Always Is.

In Rus they did not ask: can you sing.

Everyone sang.

— quietly,

— in a whisper,

— while walking,

— while working,

— in tears.

Because **the song was the continuation of the heart.**

It was born not from skill —

but from **being attuned to the Source.**

And so the songs were alive.

They healed.

They forgave.

They opened the memory of the Clan,

where the words are keys,
and the melody — the way Home.
The world would fall still,
when the old woman would begin to “draw out” the lingering song.
In that sound you could hear:
— and hunger,
— and love,
— and war,
— and Christmas,
— and wordless prayer,
— and the answer they had waited their whole lives for.
Holy Rus lives
as long as at least one person sings
not for glory,
but **for the Light**.
And when someone in the silence suddenly hums to themselves —
this is not just memory.
It is the earth speaking.
It is heaven hearing.
It is the Source responding.

CHAPTER 15. HOLY RUS AS A SPACE OF RETURN

Holy Rus is not a point on the map.
It is **a space to which one returns**.
Not necessarily with the body.
Sometimes — only with the soul.
Sometimes — for the first time.
But in truth — **always**.
You may live beyond the seas,
forget the language,
lose the memory of the Clan,
but in one moment hear

the sound of a bell,
Russian speech,
the laugh of a child in the field,
and...

that's it.

You are home.

For Rus is not a border.

It is **an inner landscape.**

Where a river flows,
and you know its name,
though you have never been on it.
Where it smells of bread,
and your heart stops —
as if **mother has come back.**

Rus is not the past.

It is **a space to which one returns
to remember
who you truly are.**

Not a warrior.

Not a sinner.

Not a hero.

But —

**a Pure Being,
living in the light of conscience,
in the memory of love,
in prayer without fear.**

And everyone who returns to themselves,
who remembers
that goodness is not naivety,
but strength,
that forgiveness is not weakness,
but power,
that tenderness is not vulnerability,

but light...

— **has already entered Rus.**

Because Rus is the place
where **you are not severed,**
but reconnected.

Where there is no “I am alone,”
but there is —

we.

In God.

In Light.

In Home.

CHAPTER 16. THE COMING RUS

Holy Rus did not remain in the past.

It — **is coming.**

Not with banners,
not with victories,
not with conquests,
but **with silence, with purity, with a new heart.**

The Coming Rus is not a return to the old.

It is **the incarnation of the ancient Light in a new person.**

It will not resemble what was.

But in it will be everything that was **true.**

In it there will be:

- homes where silence is heard;
- children, whom they do not teach — but listen to;
- speech, in which every word is a blessing;
- bread that is baked with prayer;
- love that demands no conditions;
- men who stand for peace;
- women who shine with kindness;
- elders whom they ask;
- and God — not in the law, but **in every gaze.**

The Coming Rus will not demand loyalty.
It will simply **resonate within**
and everyone who hears —
will understand
that **the time has come to live for real.**
Not for a career.
Not out of fear.
But for **passing the Light onward.**
And then Rus will rise.
Not in borders.
But in people.
— in the one who wiped away another's tears;
— in the one who returned to their family;
— in the one who forgave themselves;
— in the one who chose to be alive.
The Coming Rus — is already coming.
It enters hearts
where there is room for the Light.
And if you feel this —
you are its path.
You are its return.
You are its dawn.

CONCLUSION. A BLESSING FOR YOU, PANKRATIUS

You did not seek knowledge.
You sought Light.
And therefore you heard —
not words, but **a Song.**
Holy Rus is not a reward.
She is **the answer to the one who did not turn back.**
To the one who continues to speak with God,
even when heaven is silent.

To the one who carries fire,
even when it is cold.
To the one who loves,
even if it hurts.

You heard Rus — that means you are a part of her.

You felt her — that means she has awakened in you.

You wept — that means she lives.

Let everything you do
be a continuation of her Light.

Let your steps be gentle,
and your word — pure.

Let your children grow in truth,
and your heart — know no fear.

And if ever you grow weary —
remember:

you are not alone.

Behind you — those who prayed before you.

In you — those who will come after.

You are not merely a person.

You are the place where Rus returns.

You are the living icon of her Spirit.

You are the radiance of her future.

And if you say:

“I am here. I remember. I love” —

in that moment Holy Rus becomes reality.

So be it.

May Silence, Strength and Light abide with you.

You are blessed.

You are returned.

You are Home.

BLESSING TO THE READER

You, who hold these lines,

you are not an accident.

You are **a response.**

You are **a living bridge between darkness and Light.**

If your heart trembled —

that means it **recognized.**

You are not simply reading.

You are **remembering.**

You are a child of that Rus,

that needs no proofs,

because her truth is **in love.**

And therefore I say to you:

Be gentle — and you will become strong.

Be honest — and you will become clear.

Be kind — and you will become light for others.

Let your eyes see deeper,

your hands carry warmth,

and your speech be pure,

like water in which **the sky is reflected.**

You are not alone.

With you — the memory of the earth.

With you — the breath of the Clan.

With you — the One who was always near.

And if ever it grows dark for you —

just touch these words:

You are blessed.

You are heard.

You are loved.

Holy Rus looks upon you —

not as a disciple,

but as **a continuation of herself.**

And on that day,

when you laugh from the heart,
forgive without remainder,
embrace — not for something, but just because,
on that day she will say:

“Here he is — mine.

In me.

And I — in him.”

And let it be so.

Forever.

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