The Heart Of The Matter

by rednihilist

Summary

Castiel was Last, until him.

Notes

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Such that thyself be found in numbers, thou dost dwell within All. Praise be Father.

In His Name, we are.

Praise be unto Him. Go Forth.

Love is The Word, and His Word is Love.

There is no "them" over "us." There is no "someone," "other," "alone."

All is We. All is I. Every one is everyone, and all are His.
His brothers do not, for the most part, understand this concept. There are exceptions, yes, but not many.

Archangels, for instance, are especially prone to the denial of such a tenet. Yet that blasphemy is largely overlooked. Theirs is a bearing of deserved power and standing. With that... comes arrogance.

And detested amongst them above all: Pride.

To Fall is... Betrayal and Refusal of God.

To Descend, however, is to forever be Shamed.

If Other can exist within their Father's Heavens or Earths, then surely The Descended is... Other.

Disobedience is found in the actions of The Fallen, but Pride led to Descent.

There has only ever been one to Descend, but many have Fallen. The latter is a choice. The former is God's Will.

It is amazing to Castiel then that so many of his brothers carry out their Tasks with blatant disgust for their Father's Creations. The Earths are His, as much as, if not more so than, The Heavens.

The Heavens came into being by His Presence; The Earths were Created by His Being.

There is no "them" over "us," and there cannot be "us" over "them."

Castiel is Angel, but he is also Created. Castiel, too, is His Creation... as much as any human or animal on any planet or star.

We are all God's Children, he is fond of saying. His brothers, for the most part, see not the Truth, or humor, or Word in such a statement.

Castiel is Fourth of the Angels of Travel.

Castiel is Thirteenth of The Archers.

Twenty-Second amongst Thursdays.
Thirtieth in all of November.

Castiel is the Eighty-Ninth Angel of Autumn.

Last. Last. Last. Last. Last.

Castiel's Day holds no significant events in any History.

He Serves. He does not Lead. He is Angel, but not Archangel.

To many, Castiel... is lesser. He's not Fallen, nor is he Descended of course, but...

Castiel has seen Hell. His Post in Third Heaven was once under Jagniel-Under-Azrael-Under-Anael-Under-GOD. Once, long ago, it was Castiel's Task to push Lost Souls down the River of Flame... towards their end. He saw into The Pit.

Castiel saw the fire and pain of Lucifer's Domain. He felt the heat of such flame, and heard the agony in those souls' screams.

He may be lesser in many of his brothers' opinions, but he is not Lesser. That spot is reserved for traitors and, to his dismay, humans. Animals rate higher in most Heavenly outlooks than does Man.

In most, but not in all.

It was Castiel's greatest privilege to Serve Under Anael. However long the chain of command, he was once part of that Angel's Regiment. Anael had been of unparalleled understanding and compassion. Leader and Archangel of The Third Heaven of The Lord, it was Anael's Task to Keep the Peace between Heavens and Hells. Anael, once glorious and beloved, was known as the Angel Who Begged to Stay By Hell.

He would not leave, Hechashiah once told Castiel. Anael begged, and God... God Permitted.

Anael, it was Known, had Spoken With God. Anael was Archangel, though, and such a thing was expected in one so high.

Pride led to the Descent, and Disobedience was behind The Fallens' actions, but...

Castiel had Served Under Anael. He had met the Archangel Who Begged, had thought, there. There is my brother, as is myself. Castiel dost dwell in All, and All... included Anael, and gladly.
But then Anael, it was Heard throughout The Heavens and The Earths, Fell. Brother, General, Leader, Warrior, Peace Keeper and Diplomat to The Descended. . . left all the realms of The Lord, their Father and. . .


He who had talked with Castiel, who had told him of the joke played upon their brother Raphael, who was the only other Angel Castiel had ever known to praise Man rather than denigrate, was now Below.

Praise be to God, it made him. . . fee--

Anael Fell. Castiel was moved and no longer did Serve in Third. Again, he was last in all things, in all regard.

But Go, Castiel, came The Voice. Into Third, he came. And, go, he went.

Go Forth Into The Fire And Bring Forth.

Castiel had seen Hell from a distance. He had seen, Witnessed, the once great Anael journey within its boundaries numerous times. He had felt the heat and smelled the stench, but he had never before. . . stepped Within.

It was Descent, if only temporary. It was an Order, from the lips of the Lips of God. Castiel went forth, and he too journeyed down into The Pit.

And he Fell and he Descended and he found that man whom he was to Bring Forth from The Abyss. Castiel gripped this man tight and raised him from Perdition.

And the Word is forever Love, and Love is now until forever His Word. Understanding and compassion for all their Father's Creations. Love thy Lord and thou Love thy Enemy and thy Brother and thyself.

Castiel was his Father's Son.

And Dean Winchester was His Creation.

Castiel would Love him because he. . . Loved all things, and all things were The Lord.

Dean was Man. He was Animal. He was Created. He was Skin and Bone and Blood in memory, and nothing but Shame in Soul.
He was broken, disfigured, ruined. Dean.

Dean it was whom Castiel took out of Hell. Dean, he Brought Forth. *Dean* was his Task.

Dean Winchester. Dean, Dean, Dean. Through Hells at first, but then Without and away. Through The Earths. Through Time. Castiel held that Soul; he raised it himself. He Ascended once more. . . and he brought Dean Winchester with him.

**go forth and bring forth**, he heard the voice whisper

Man into Dust, and Dust... back into a man. He was damaged in Soul, but not in body, not when Castiel had completed his Task. He Brought Forth that man.

Castiel, Last of The First, was the only one to do so.

In this regard, he was not only first.

In this regard, Castiel was Only.

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