

“My dear Wormwood,

Humans are amphibians, half spirit and half animal. As spirits they belong to the eternal world, but as animals they inhabit time.”

“My dear Wormwood,

I note with grave displeasure that your patient has become a Christian.”

—C.S. Lewis

*The Screwtape Letters*

*To you who are my kind,*

Romans, Greeks, Hebrews, Judeans, Samaritans . . . words, words all around me, but I have no way to tell you what has happened. I have no news of The Ten, or of what has become of them. I have a great deal of other information, but most of it is still incomprehensible to me. Calling things by names seems to be very important here. I am at a place that is called Damascus, but it is also called Syria. I apparently work for a “king,” the highest member of a grouping here, that is named Herod Agrippa. But there is another king that is sometimes named Caesar, sometimes named Gaius Caligula, and sometimes named both. Caligula is king over the other king, and I am befuddled. They may not define the term “highest” as we do. They are built of matter, after all, and are like nothing we have ever encountered.

Our science was wrong. Our fanciful supposers were right, our brethren to whom we insisted that “that sort of thing” just couldn’t be true, couldn’t be real. These beings are alive, sentient, and intelligent, even though they are made of matter. We have been so arrogant. We never suspected compositions built from particles could be alive and aware. But I have now confirmed a third sentient race in our universe.

I am not accustomed to feeling befuddled. Nor am I accustomed to losing track of information. They tell me words, and in confusion I forget

many of them. I think the information is stored in their highest matter cluster, positioned in their heads. That is where I sense myself being, now that I am encased in one of these creatures of matter. Maybe only limited data can be held in a head. I don't know. I forget much, and must have my new friend record for me as I speak, as I am having him do right now with this epistle. There is no way for you to access this, of course; there is no way for me to access it either, but my friend will keep telling me what I have said because of my need to remember. I cannot yet explain how the recording of thoughts and events is done here, but these ones, these matter-made sentients, call it *writing*. My new friend is named Judah. He protests that I am not using proper form to have him record who is writing my information, but I want to remember to tell you all things.

Judah names me Saul of Tarsus, but already wants to call me by a different name. He says the old term Saul (old to him, new to me) makes me the namesake of an ancient, arrogant king, but that the name he now chooses for me, "Paul," means "humble." When I ask him why he wishes to call me humble, he says it is because I have met the Risen Christ on the road to Damascus. When I ask him what a Risen Christ is, he says that it is the King of all Kings, Lord of all Lords.

This is a race quite enamored of their kings.

I am to *sign* this epistle with my name. Judah will guide me, and I will feel what he calls his *hands* on what now are presumably my *hands*. But I realize I have no name that you recognize by our customs. (We must consider adopting the custom of names.) Before today, we knew only of two sentient races: ourselves, and Our Enemies, all the distinction we needed. Now we see mind in matter . . . *sarx*, Judah calls it, "flesh" in the language of the wise Greek groupings here. You are my Not-Flesh race, my *a-sarx*, so I shall call us the Asarkos. This race of sentient matter I call the fleshed ones, the Sarkate. And myself, I shall be called according to the wishes of my first friend here.

I am tired now, but there shall be much more later.

Yours from among the Sarkate,  
Paul of Tarsus