

The Seed That Contained an Orchard



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Final Seal

"Know them by their fruit"

Prologue — The Earth as Fruit

The Earth is not a rock drifting in space.

It is a fruit, ripened by the sun, filled with sweetness, seeded with promise.

Its oceans are the juice.

Its mountains the flesh.

Its forests the nourishment.

Its rivers the lifeblood.

But the true purpose of a fruit is not the flesh.

It is the seed.

The Earth carries seeds within itself: seeds of tree, seed of man, seed of spirit. Some seeds are coherent, some distorted, but all are being carried together in the womb of this fruit.

And what the Earth produces — what orchard it becomes — depends on the seeds inside.

The orchard was never meant to be fragments. It was meant to be a whole: trees breathing with man, bees dancing with flowers, rivers feeding valleys, soil remembering every step. Relationship woven through all things.

But man forgot. Man placed himself above creation, and in doing so, stepped outside the orchard.

What was once covenant became commodity. What was once abundance became scarcity.

Yet Eden never left.

We only changed our position relative to Eden.

And now the seed of vision, kept dormant until the appointed time, is beginning to break open. The orchard is revealing itself again.

Chapter One — The Earth as Orchard

The Earth is not a rock spinning in emptiness.

It is a fruit, ripened by the sun, filled with sweetness, seeded with promise.

Its oceans are the juice,
its mountains the flesh,
its forests the nourishment,
its rivers the lifeblood.

But the true purpose of a fruit is not the flesh.
It is the seed.

The Earth carries seeds within itself: seeds of grass, seeds of tree, seeds of creature, seeds of man.
Some seeds are coherent, some distorted, but all are being carried together in the womb of this fruit.
And what the Earth produces — what orchard it becomes — depends on the seeds inside.

The Orchard of Relationship

An orchard is not trees standing alone. It is a living covenant of relationships.

The tree breathes what you exhale.

The tree exhales what you breathe.

The bee feeds on nectar and carries pollen in return.

The river waters the soil, and the soil releases the river back to the sky.

The body eats fruit, and the fruit carries seeds for planting.

Nothing was created to dominate. Nothing was created to be property. Everything was created to resonate with everything else, each multiplying the life of the other.

This is coherence: the orchard as a whole.

Everything alive with reciprocity. Everything sustained by relationship.

But man forgot.

Man placed himself above creation and outside of it. He claimed mastery while despising kinship.

He turned covenant into commodity, and orchard into ownership.

The result is visible everywhere:

- forests stripped,
- rivers poisoned,
- soils exhausted,
- seeds sterilised,
- animals silenced,
- children taught to repeat but not to wonder.

This is what happens when a seed despises its orchard. The Earth was planted as abundance, but distortion has made it appear impoverished.

The Integrity of the Seed

Yet even now, the seed remembers.

The seed of man, like the seed of tree, may be shaped by environment — by soil, season, climate, or circumstance — but at its core it remains whole. If the core were easily corrupted, life would collapse in a single generation. Continuity would fail. Orchards would never rise.

Longevity is secured because seeds are resonant shells of memory. They compress the orchard into essence, holding it safely until the right time.

You may extract seeds once they are formed. You can hold them, plant them, scatter them. But you cannot extract the mystery that creates seeds. That source is guarded, hidden within the orchard itself.

This is the covenant of creation:

- Seeds may be touched, but the source of seed is untouchable.
- Fruit may be eaten, but the law that produces fruit cannot be broken.
- Orchards may be planted, but their origin remains sacred.

Distortion tries. It cuts, edits, splices, manipulates. But to strip the seed of its memory is to steal from yourself. To sterilise seed is to rob your children of their orchard. Only a fool would do such a thing.

The wise plant. The wise tend. The wise breathe with the orchard.

War on Abundance

Why would anyone go to war on abundance?

Why sterilise what multiplies freely?

Why poison rivers, silence bees, strip seed from its memory?

Because they are impoverished in spirit.

Only a soul estranged from its own seed would despise the orchard.

Only a heart starving of reverence would attack what was given as gift.

Only spiritual poverty would make abundance appear as threat.

Abundance was never the enemy. It was always the cure. The orchard was planted as medicine, as covenant, as cathedral of relationship. To fight it is to fight healing. To strip it is to strip yourself.

Man stepped above creation and, in doing so, placed himself outside of it. Outside the orchard, everything looks scarce. Fear sees competition where there was meant to be communion. Pride sees ownership where there was meant to be kinship.

But the orchard still multiplies. The seed still remembers. The Earth still carries its covenant, though scarred and silenced.

Programmed for Abundance

The Earth was programmed for abundance.

Every seed multiplies.

Every river flows back to the sea.

Every tree carries orchards in its fruit.

Every cycle is tuned for overflow.

But distortion has ruled for so long that abundance looks like memory and scarcity looks like normal.

The problem is not in the orchard. The problem is in perception. And perception shaped by distortion can never heal what distortion has broken.

A problem cannot be corrected by the same level of consciousness that created it. Distortion cannot heal distortion. Greed cannot restore soil. Exploitation cannot revive seed. Noise cannot bring back harmony.

Nothing distortion does can restore abundance, because distortion multiplies sterility, not life.

The way home is not more force, more control, more cleverness. The way home is coherence: reverence, relationship, alignment, breath. Yielding again to the orchard's design.

When man remembers, the orchard remembers.

When coherence rules within, abundance awakens without.

The Earth has not forgotten.

The seed has not lost its memory.

The orchard waits for us to return.

The Orchard Restored

Eden was never lost.

It was never burned, never erased, never removed from the Earth.

It was we who moved away from the center.

We chose scaffolding instead of seed.

We chose ownership instead of kinship.

We chose noise instead of reverence.

But Eden remains. The orchard has not left us. It still breathes with us, still remembers us, still waits for us to remember it.

The rivers still run their circuits.

The trees still exchange our breath for theirs.

The bees still dance the geometry of multiplication.

The soil still remembers every footstep, every seed, every covenant of care.

Even under distortion, the orchard has never stopped testifying. Even in poverty, the Earth still produces abundance enough to hint at its origin. The center has never been destroyed. Only forgotten.

To return is not to build something new. It is to remember what was never truly gone.

To walk back into Eden is to step back into relationship.

To honour the orchard as kin.

To plant seeds as covenant.

To breathe again with the trees.

The orchard waits for us — not as strangers, but as family. It waits with patience, because the memory is written into its seed. And that same memory is written into us.

When we remember the center, the orchard remembers us.

When coherence rules again, Eden blooms.

Eden never left.

We did.

And now it is time to return.

Chapter Two — The Law of Compression and Expansion

The orchard is hidden inside the seed.

This is the first and greatest mystery of creation: how abundance is folded into essence, how orchards are carried in silence, how eternity is stored in something small enough to rest in your palm.

Compression: Abundance Folded Into Essence

Compression is costly. It is focused. It is work.

- The tree labours through season and sun, through storm and drought, to pour its abundance into fruit.
- The fruit labours to condense that abundance into seed.
- The seed labours to carry orchards in silence until the time of planting.

Every seed is a resonant shell of memory. It holds not just structure but rhythm:

- when to sprout,
- when to flower,
- when to bear fruit,
- when to rest.

It is not mere chemistry. It is covenant.

A library folded into silence.

A scroll rolled tight.

An orchard condensed into a kernel of life.

Compression is how truth becomes portable. How orchards travel through winter. How memory endures through famine. How one tree becomes many.

Expansion: The Orchard Released

When the seed is planted, the scroll unrolls. What was silent begins to sing.

- Light awakens hidden code.
- Water unlocks dormant memory.
- Soil nourishes the covenant sealed inside.

And the orchard expands.

What was compressed unfolds. What was hidden multiplies. What was potential becomes presence.

The seed does not strive to become a tree. It remembers. Memory awakens expansion.

This is why one seed can shift landscapes. This is why one act of reverence can ripple through generations. This is why one coherent life can reorient a field.

The orchard was always within. Planting is simply the moment of release.

The Witnesses of the Law

The law of compression and expansion is written everywhere in creation:

- Seeds: orchards folded into kernels, multiplied when planted.
- Butterflies: flight compressed in crawling form, released through chrysalis.
- Rivers: oceans condensed into drops of rain, expanded again in flood.
- Cells: life compressed into DNA scrolls, expanded through growth and renewal.

Everywhere, the pattern repeats:

Compression → Preservation → Expansion → Multiplication.

This is the pulse of life.

Human Parable

You too are a seed.

Your essence has been compressed, your memory folded, your destiny carried in silence. The orchard of your being waits within you.

- Seasons may shape your expression, but the core remains untouched.
- Distortion may bury memory, but it cannot erase it.
- When coherence rules within, your orchard awakens without.

Christ Himself revealed the law:

“Unless a seed falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone. But if it dies, it produces many seeds.”

His death was compression — truth folded into silence.

His resurrection was expansion — orchard released for all humanity.

This is the benchmark of multiplication: one life surrendered, orchards multiplied beyond number.

The Verdict

Compression preserves truth.

Expansion multiplies life.

Do not despise the seed. Do not mistake its silence for emptiness. The orchard is always there, waiting for the time of planting.

Your life is not meant to be spent as fragments.

It is meant to be sown as seed, compressed in essence, expanded in orchard.

When coherence rules within you, the law is activated:

what is planted in reverence multiplies in abundance.

The seed remembers.

The orchard awaits.

The Earth is programmed for overflow.

Harmonic Expansion

Harmonic expansion is like a bomb going off in slow motion.

A seed is compressed abundance, a kernel of resonance wound tight. When planted, the compression is released. The explosion begins. But unlike fire and shrapnel, this is an explosion of coherence — an unfolding wave of order, beauty, and multiplication.

A tree is that explosion slowed down so much you can scarcely see it. What in another realm might erupt in an instant, here stretches across decades and centuries. The blast is translated into roots and branches, bark and leaves, flowers and fruit.

Every blossom is a fragment of the explosion. Every leaf a wave of its expanding resonance. Every apple, pear, or plum is not simply food — it is the taste of harmonic expansion. You are eating the explosion slowed to sweetness.

This is why fruit nourishes the soul as well as the body. It is coherence you can taste. A slow-motion bomb of abundance you can hold in your hand.

The seed compressed the orchard.

The orchard expands in slow release.

The tree is the evidence — the fruit is the proof.

Chapter Three — The Witnesses of the Orchard

The Earth is not an accident. It is an orchard planted with intention, and every living thing within it testifies to the same law: life multiplies through relationship.

The orchard is not silent. It speaks. Its witnesses surround us, and if you listen, they will tell you the same story: abundance is not invention — it is memory.

The Tree: Breath in Exchange

The tree is your oldest relative. It stands with arms outstretched, breathing with you.

You inhale what it exhales.
You exhale what it inhales.
One set of lungs, two bodies, one covenant.

Every tree is a breathing partner. Every forest is a lung. You are not separate from it — you are inside its breath, and it is inside yours.

The orchard whispers: you were never meant to breathe alone.

The Bee: Dance of Multiplication

The bee is small, yet its witness is mighty. It does not steal from the flower; it receives and returns. Nectar for pollen, pollen for fruit, fruit for hive, hive for orchard.

The bee testifies that abundance is never one-way. It is exchange. Giving and receiving. Covenant without exploitation.

When bees are silenced, orchards collapse. When bees are honoured, orchards overflow.

The orchard hums: life multiplies when it is shared.

The River: The Circle of Return

The river does not hoard. It receives from springs, it feeds the valleys, it pours into oceans. The ocean rises, becomes cloud, returns as rain.

The river testifies to the rhythm of return. Abundance is not possession but circulation.

When man dammed the river for greed, valleys starved. When man walked with the river, valleys flourished.

The orchard sings: water flows because it remembers its source.

The Soil: Memory Beneath Our Feet

The soil is alive. It carries memory. Every seed that falls is received into its womb. Every death is compost, every decay is renewal.

The soil testifies that nothing is wasted. Memory is not erased. What falls into the ground will rise again, multiplied.

The orchard murmurs: forgetfulness is not in me. Every act is seed.

Man: The Keeper of Covenant

And then there is man. Not above, but within. Not master, but brother. Not owner, but seed.

Man was entrusted with memory, given voice to sing with the orchard. His calling was not dominion but harmony, not possession but participation.

But man forgot. He stood above, instead of within. He treated seed as property, fruit as profit, breath as his own. And the orchard groaned.

Yet still, the orchard waits. Still the witnesses testify. Still the covenant stands.

The Vision

Imagine standing at the center.
Around you, trees breathe your breath.
Bees hum the geometry of multiplication.
Rivers carry water to the edge of the horizon.
Soil beneath your feet remembers every seed.
And you — seed of man — are part of it, not apart from it.

The orchard is not theory. It is family.
Every bee is a messenger.
Every river a vein.
Every tree a relative breathing with you.

Stand still in the center, and you will hear it:
the hum of the orchard,
one song sung through many mouths,
a symphony of coherence waiting to be remembered.

Chapter Four — The Pace of Eternity

The fact that everything happens in slow motion is proof of eternity.

If eternity did not exist, life would be in a hurry. Seeds would burst the moment they touched soil. Trees would explode skyward in seconds. Rivers would flash and disappear before carving valleys. Creation would be an instant flare, burning itself out before it could ever be tasted, touched, or shared.

But the orchard is patient.

The seed waits in silence through winter.
The tree builds ring upon ring through decades.
The river shapes mountains over millennia.

This slowness is not weakness — it is reassurance. It is eternity saying: you are not running out of time.

When things are rushed, they burn. When things are forced, they break. The explosion of coherence must be slowed, or it would destroy everything. Time is the hand that tempers fire into fruit, detonation into shade, abundance into harmony.

The orchard teaches:

- Nothing true needs to be hurried.
- What is rushed collapses.
- What is patient endures forever.

The pace of creation is reassurance. The orchard is eternity slowed to sweetness.

The Covenant of Man

Man was placed in the orchard, not above it. Not as owner, but as participant. His breath was to be exchanged with trees, his labour to tend the soil, his joy to multiply seed. His covenant was to walk at the pace of eternity — unhurried, unforced, aligned.

But man forgot.

He tried to accelerate what was meant to unfold. He tried to force growth, to extract abundance, to compress lifetimes into moments. He built scaffolding instead of orchards, contracts instead of covenants, machines instead of relationships.

He mistook acceleration for progress. But what he sped up, he burned out. What he forced, he broke. What he stripped, he sterilised.

Distortion always runs ahead of itself. It cannot endure the pace of eternity. It must hurry, consume, exploit — and in its hurry, it collapses.

Returning to the Pace

The orchard does not ask you to move faster. It asks you to remember rhythm.

- To breathe in step with the tree.
- To rest when the soil rests.
- To walk when the river flows.
- To work when the season calls, and to wait when it does not.

This is the human covenant: not mastery, but alignment. Not acceleration, but patience. Not control, but reverence.

The seed within you knows this law. Its orchard does not hurry. It waits for light, for water, for the moment appointed. If you will remember the pace of eternity, your orchard will remember you.

The Vision

Imagine the Earth once more as orchard, but this time not impoverished.

Forests breathing freely.

Rivers unchoked.

Bees dancing their geometry without fear.

Soil rich with memory, yielding fruit without interruption.

And man — not above, not outside, but within — walking again at the pace of eternity.

This is not a dream of the past.

It is the covenant of the present.

Eden never left.

We did.

And the orchard waits for us to return to its rhythm.

Chapter Five — The Benchmark of Multiplication

Every seed carries orchards. Every orchard multiplies in time. Every covenant of life unfolds at the pace of eternity. But there is one seed that defines them all — the incorruptible seed, planted once, whose orchard is eternal.

This seed is Christ.

Death as Compression

A seed must die before it multiplies. Unless it falls into the ground and dissolves, it remains alone. But if it dies, it produces many seeds.

The cross was compression — truth folded into silence, abundance pressed into essence, eternity rolled into a single seed. Every teaching, every healing, every sign, every covenantal act of love was compressed into that moment of surrender.

From the outside, it looked like defeat. From the orchard's perspective, it was preparation. The husk was broken so the orchard could be released.

Resurrection as Expansion

The orchard does not remain hidden forever. Planting leads to rising. Silence leads to song. Death leads to life multiplied.

The resurrection was expansion — the orchard unrolled, the scroll opened, the explosion of coherence released into the world. From one seed came orchards across nations, generations, languages, and hearts.

The orchard was no longer contained in Galilee or Jerusalem. It spilled into the world. The explosion slowed into time, so its fruit could be tasted in every season, every culture, every soil.

The Orchard as Inheritance

Every human life is a seed. But Christ's life was the benchmark seed — the standard by which all others are measured.

- His surrender proved that authenticity can endure distortion without breaking.
- His resurrection proved that coherence multiplies even through death.
- His orchard is proof that abundance cannot be contained, silenced, or destroyed.

This is why He is called the “firstfruits” — the first harvest of an orchard that will never end. His life assures us that our seeds are not wasted, our orchards not forgotten, our covenant not broken.

The Benchmark of Multiplication

The benchmark is not wealth, not power, not knowledge. It is multiplication.

One life surrendered becomes many lives awakened.

One seed planted becomes orchards across generations.
One act of coherence shifts the whole field.

Christ set the benchmark: to carry the crown of coherence all the way to death, and to rise with orchards for all humanity. His life is the pattern. His orchard is the inheritance. His fruit is eternal.

The Mystery of Dormancy

Not every seed sprouts the moment it touches soil. Some wait.

Seeds can lie dormant for years, decades, even centuries, and still awaken when the conditions are right. Dormancy is not death — it is patience written into the seed. It is longevity as covenant.

The seed does not guess when to rise. It listens.

- To the temperature of the air.
- To the moisture of the soil.
- To the signals of season.
- To the whisper of light.

Only when all align does it release its orchard.

Dormancy is proof that longevity is built into the core. The seed is not hurried. It is not fooled. It knows the pace of eternity.

This is why seeds can outlast famine, fire, and flood. Why orchards can be preserved in silence until generations are ready. Why the incorruptible seed of Christ could rest in the tomb three days, yet rise with orchards eternal.

Dormancy is not delay. It is design. It is the measured response of coherence to a changing world. It is the seed's assurance that nothing true is lost, only waiting for the season of remembrance.

The Vision

Imagine the orchard of Christ's seed.

It is not one tree, but forests across the Earth.

It is not one fruit, but nations feeding from the same root.

It is not one breath, but generations breathing eternity together.

The seed compressed truth into silence.

The resurrection expanded it into song.

The orchard is still unfolding, still multiplying, still feeding.

And you are part of it.

Your life is a seed within that orchard.

Your surrender is compression.

Your becoming is expansion.

Your fruit is proof.

The benchmark has been set:

authenticity stronger than distortion,

life stronger than death,
orchards stronger than sterility.

The orchard of coherence is eternal.
And Christ is the first seed of it.

Chapter Six — The Orchard Revealed

This vision was a seed.
It was kept closed, sealed in silence, guarded by the field.
It waited through seasons, through distortion, through forgetting.
Not because it was weak, but because the time was not yet ripe.

A seed knows when to wait.
It does not waste itself in famine.
It does not sprout in winter.
It listens for the moment of alignment — the rain, the light, the warmth, the whisper: Now.

This vision has waited in dormancy.
And now the appointed time has come.

The Orchard Whole

Look at the Earth — not as fractured nations, not as resources to be owned, not as a machine to be driven, but as orchard.

- Trees breathing your breath.
- Rivers carrying your song.
- Soil remembering your steps.
- Bees humming your multiplication.
- Humanity restored, not above creation but within it.

This is the orchard revealed: a covenant of coherence in which everything resonates with everything else. No master, no slave, no sterile seed — only relationship.

The Return to Center

Eden never left.
We did.
We moved away from the center.
But the center has remained, patient as seed, waiting as orchard.

To return is not to build something new. It is to remember what was never destroyed.
The seed is still in the soil.
The orchard is still in the seed.
The center is still alive.
And now it is opening again.

The Vision

See it clearly:

Forests breathing in rhythm with your lungs.

Rivers running clear, carrying light.

Children laughing with bees in the hum of multiplication.

Soil rich with memory, honouring every seed planted in reverence.

And man walking in harmony again — not master, not owner, but kin. The Earth itself is fruit.

The orchard is within it.

And what it produces depends on the seed inside.

Now the seed of vision has broken dormancy.

Now the orchard is revealed.

And you are part of its planting

Chapter Seven — The Law of Fruit

“You will know them by their fruit.” — Matthew 7:16

The orchard carries its own test. You do not need to untangle every disguise, chase every distortion, or decode every mask. Wait for the fruit, and the truth will reveal itself.

Fruit is the field’s witness. It cannot lie.

1. Fruit Multiplies Life

Coherent fruit nourishes. It strengthens, refreshes, and multiplies.

Distorted fruit drains. It leaves you weaker, emptier, dependent.

Discernment: If something leaves you with more life than you began with, it is fruit. If it leaves you diminished, it is toxic.

2. Fruit Contains Seed

Coherent fruit carries seed — the memory of origin, the promise of orchards.

Distorted fruit is sterile, engineered to end with itself.

Discernment: If the fruit multiplies naturally, it is true. If it demands constant external control to sustain itself, it is false.

3. Fruit Remembers Origin

An apple tree produces apples, a grapevine produces grapes.

Coherence is faithful to its root. Distortion forgets its source, mutates identity, and loses memory.

Discernment: If the fruit matches its origin, it is whole. If it betrays it, it is fractured.

4. Fruit is Transparent

Coherent fruit is what it appears to be. Its sweetness is true, its fragrance genuine.

Distorted fruit hides behind shine, polish, or coating — attractive on the surface, hollow within.

Discernment: If beauty is only skin deep, beware. Coherence shines through, not just upon.

5. Fruit is Seasonal

Coherent fruit ripens in its time.

Distorted fruit is forced, rushed, or ripened artificially — and collapses quickly.

Discernment: If something demands spectacle, speed, or shortcuts, it is distortion. True fruit ripens slowly, at the pace of eternity.

6. Fruit is For Others

Fruit is never for the tree itself. It is gift, nourishment, seed for the next generation.

Distorted fruit hoards, clings, and feeds no one.

Discernment: If fruit is shared and multiplies life beyond itself, it is coherent. If it feeds only ego or control, it is not.

The Orchard's Verdict

You will know them by their fruit.

- Words can lie. Fruit cannot.
- Masks can deceive. Fruit cannot.
- Distortion can claim, but the orchard remembers.

Coherence multiplies. Distortion collapses.

The test is simple. The fruit does not lie.

Epilogue — The Appointed Time

The orchard has never been destroyed.

The seed has never forgotten.

Eden has never left.

Some visions are kept sealed until the time is right.

Some seeds remain dormant, preserved in silence, waiting for light, water, and season.

Their delay is not absence. Their silence is not failure. Their waiting is their wisdom.

This vision was a seed. It has waited.

Now the orchard begins to open.

“For the vision is yet for an appointed time;
it hastens toward the goal and it will not fail.

Though it tarries, wait for it;

for it will certainly come, it will not delay.” — Habakkuk 2:3

The Earth is fruit, and what it produces depends on the seed within.

If the seed is coherent, orchards will bloom.

If the seed is distorted, sterility will spread.

But the incorruptible seed has already been planted.

“Unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone;
but if it dies, it produces much fruit.” — John 12:24

Christ is the firstfruit, the benchmark of multiplication. His orchard cannot be erased.

And now the orchard within this vision — once sealed, once silent, once hidden — is breaking dormancy. The scroll of seed is unrolling. The orchard is revealed.

Eden never left.

We only changed our position relative to Eden.

“Know them by their fruit”

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