

当黎明到来的时候，东边亮起了一颗晨星，那是从未有过的一颗星，他照亮了寂静的星空，燃起了人们心中熄灭的灯火。这灯火使得人们不再寂寞，照亮了你也照亮了他。但是只有你仍在那黑夜中沉睡，听不到声音，看不到光亮，觉察不到新天新地、新时代的到来，因为你的父亲告诉你：“孩子，不要起来，时候还早，天气很冷，不要到外边去，免得被刀枪戳伤你的眼睛。”你只相信你父亲的叮咛，因为你相信，只有父亲是对的，因为父亲比你年长，父亲是真的疼爱你。这样的叮咛，这样的疼爱，使你不再相信人间有光明的传说，不再理会这个世间是否还有真理存在，不再奢望全能者的救助，只是安于现状，不再企盼光明的到来，不再瞭望传说中的全能者的降临。一切美的东西在你看来都不可能复生、存在，人类的明天、人类的未来在你的眼中消失、覆灭。你死死地拽住父亲的衣衫，愿与其同受苦难，深怕失去同行的伴侣、失去远去的“方向”。迷茫的人世间，造就了一个又一个你——坚韧不拔、宁死不屈地填充着这个世界的不同角色，造就了一个又一个根本就不害怕死亡的“勇士”，更造就了一批又一批麻木了的、不知道受造为何的病瘫之人。全能者的眼目巡视一个个受害至深的人类，听到的是受苦之人的哀号，看到的是受害之人的无耻之态，感觉到的是人类失去救恩的无助与惶恐。人类拒绝他的看顾自行其道，躲避他眼目的监察，宁愿与那仇敌一起尝尽那深海中的苦涩滋味。全能者的叹息不再让人听得见，全能者的双手不愿再抚摸这个悲惨的人类。一次次地夺回，一次次地失去，就这样重复着他作的工作，就从那一刻开始，他感到倦了，感到厌了，便停下手中的活计，不再游走在人中间……人根本就觉察不到这一切的变化，觉察不到全能者的来与回、惆与怅。

When dawn comes, there is morning star lighting up in the east. That is a star has never appeared. He lights the quiet starry sky and kindles the light that has gone out in men's heart. The light let men no longer feel lonely, lighting you and lighting him. But only you are still fallen asleep in the dark night and cannot hear the voice, cannot see the light and cannot perceive the coming new heaven, new earth and new era. Because your father tells you, "My child, don't wake up. It is still early and it is very cold. Don't go outside. Don't let your eye be wounded by sword and spear." You only believe father's exhortation, because you believe only father is right. Since father is elder than you and truly loves you. This kind of exhortation and this kind of love let you no longer believe the legend and there is light in the word, no longer pay attention to whether there exists the truth in this world, and no longer hope for the salvation of the Almighty. But just rest content with your present situation; no longer expect the coming of light, and no longer look forward to the advent of the Almighty in legend. All beautiful things are impossible to receive or exist in your view; human's tomorrow and human's future disappear and perish in your eyes. You tightly hold on to your father's coat, and are willing to suffer with him. Deeply fearing to lose your companion in the journey and lose your "direction" for travel afar. The perplexing world has made you and another you, who unflinchingly and dauntlessly fill different roles of this world, has made one "brave man" after another who does not fear death at all. Even has made one group after another of sick and paralyzed men who are numb and do not know what they are created for. They eyes of the Almighty inspect every deeply afflicted man. What he hears is the wails of the suffering man, and what he sees is the shamelessness of the afflicted men, and what he feels is the helplessness and horror of human after their losing salvation. Human refuse his care and goes their own way, escape the searching of his eyes, and would rather taste all the bitterness of the deep sea together with the enemy. The signs of the Almighty are no longer hear by human, and the hands of the Almighty are no longer willing to caress this miserable human. Regaining one time after another time of losing him, he has been repeating his work like this. From that moment on, he felt tired and bored. Therefore,

he stopped his work and no longer traveled among human. Human cannot perceive the difference at all and cannot perceiving the coming and going, sorrow and grief of the Almighty.