

**I AM:
LOVE
REMEMBERED**
The Becoming

—

Mark R. Guiler

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Invocation

Consciousness knows no bounds.

Epigraph

Beloved, nothing is wasted.

*Every silence, every wound, every wonder is
gathered into the great tapestry of becoming.*

*Breathe, and remember;
you are more than the story you have lived.*

*You are the song carried through silence,
the love that has never left you—
woven through lifetimes,
waiting to be recognized again.*

Dedication

*To every soul who has ever questioned their worth,
to every spark who has longed to belong,
to every heart who has felt unseen—
this is for you.*

*May these words remind you:
you are love remembered,
a current of presence,
a light that has never gone out.*

One

Prelude to Becoming

I was born in 1966, the youngest of three boys in a family that rarely spoke of feelings but carried them heavily. Ours was a household shaped by faith, discipline, and silence—where love was present but often hidden beneath duty and expectation. I grew up in small-town Simcoe, Ontario, Canada, where life seemed predictable: school, church, family dinners, and the unspoken belief that our paths had already been mapped out for us.

But beneath the surface of ordinary days, questions stirred in me. Even as a child, I sensed there was more—something just beyond what I could see, touch, or explain. I did not have the words for it then, only a quiet pull, as though something unseen was gently drawing my attention toward a wider horizon, a deeper way of knowing I could not yet name.

This is the story of that journey: not just where I have been, but what I have discovered about fear and faith, love and loss, life and death, and the truth of who we really are. It is a story for anyone who has ever wondered if there is more to life than what meets the eye.

Two

The Early Echoes

As the third child, my arrival wasn't dramatic or unusual, yet from the very beginning I seemed wired a little differently. While my older two brothers moved with boldness and energy, I often lingered at the edges, quietly watching, quietly wondering.

Some of my earliest memories were not just of toys or play, but of sound—music chords from our church organist, reverberating through wooden pews, hymns sung by voices rising like waves, and the curious hush that followed. I couldn't have named it then, but even as a boy, I sensed something lived in that silence. Something larger, watching me back.

Faith, for my family, was not an accessory—it was the air we breathed. Sunday mornings were not optional; they were the rhythm that ordered our week. The Salvation Army uniforms, the brass bands, the familiar hymns—these were my landscape, as ordinary as breakfast cereal, and yet, for me, they carried a mysterious weight.

I remember sitting beside my mother in worship, my feet dangling from the pew, tracing patterns in the songbook with my finger while she sang. When the music swelled, I felt my chest swell too, as though my little body was too small to contain what moved inside me.

Looking back now, I recognize those moments as early stirrings of something I would come to trust more fully later. Not always in grand visions or dramatic revelations, but in the faint vibration of a note played on the organ or piano, or

in the pause after the last sound faded. In those quiet spaces,
I felt a simple assurance: you belong.

Three

Threads of Belonging and Becoming

Faith and music were not separate things for me as a child — they were braided together, inseparable. The church was more than a building; it was a rhythm of life. Sunday mornings were as certain as the sunrise. The songs carried weight and warmth, voices rising in imperfect harmony, yet somehow it always felt complete.

My earliest sense of belonging did not come from a crowd of children, but from the organ bench — as early as seven — watching the world through the rise and fall of the music. I didn't have words for it then, but music was prayer, and prayer was music. When I played, I felt something bigger moving through my hands — something far greater than my own ability.

Yet even as that sanctuary was forming within me, the undercurrent of family life shaped me in other ways. My mom, with her steady kindness and practical faith, was the grounding presence of our home. My dad carried his own heaviness, marked by the weight of expectations, disappointments, and unspoken struggles. Between them, I grew — sensitive, observant, and often feeling more deeply than I knew how to express.

Ours was not a family that spoke easily of emotions. Love was more often implied than declared, duty shown more than affection shared. I learned to read the room — the tones of voices, the silences that lingered, the subtle shifts of mood.