



SACRED ROADS

WELCOME TO THE GREATEST STORY
EVER TOLD

Dear Friend,

Welcome to Sacred Roads!

You've just joined something we believe in deeply — a year-long journey through the greatest story ever told, witnessed firsthand by a man who was actually there.

Over the next **twelve months**, you'll receive **24 letters**, arriving every two weeks, from a traveling cloth merchant named **Silas**. He didn't set out to witness anything extraordinary. He was simply a man on a trade route, minding his business, skeptical of holy men and grand claims. And then everything changed.

This isn't a history lesson. It isn't a devotional in the traditional sense. It's an **immersive**, unfolding story — one that puts you in the dust of the road, the noise of the crowds, and the quiet moments in between, as Silas watches the most important events in human history unfold in front of him.

Here's what awaits you in every letter:

Each letter from Silas comes with more than words. Inside, you'll find hand-drawn **maps** tracing his journey, period **illustrations** and cards that bring each scene to life, his own personal **reflection slips**, and artifacts from the road. You will also received in-depth **discussion questions** for your own reflection — whether you're reading alone or with a group.

What happens next:

You'll find a short letter introducing you to **Silas** himself below — who he is, what kind of man he was before any of this began. Then, in just a couple days, his first letter from the road will arrive, and your year with him will officially begin. Add us to your contacts, and if the first email lands anywhere but your inbox (spam folder), drag it to Primary — it teaches your mail app that letters from Sacred Roads matter.

We're so glad you're here for this. Silas has been waiting a long time to tell someone his story. Now he finally can.

Until the road ahead,
The Sacred Roads Team

SACRED ROADS

LETTERS FROM WITNESS ROAD



- MEET SILAS -

Dear Friend,

Before my first letter reaches you, I think you should know who's writing it.

My name is Silas. I am, by trade, a merchant of cloth — wool mostly, some linen when the trade routes allow for it. I have walked more roads than I can count, from Tarsus to Damascus, down through Galilee and into Judea, more times than I care to remember. I am no longer a young man. My back reminds me of every mile I've walked, and my eyes have seen enough of this world to no longer be easily impressed by it.

I tell you this so you understand something important: I am not a man given to wonder. I have heard hundreds of merchants swear by hundreds of miracle along these roads, and I have learned, through long experience, to keep my coin purse close and my opinions closer.

So when I tell you that what I witnessed changed me — truly changed me — I need you to understand that this is not the kind of thing I say lightly.

It began on an ordinary trade route, the kind I had walked dozens of times. I was not seeking anything. I was just looking,

as always, for a fair price on good wool and a place to rest before nightfall.

I am writing these letters now because I am old, and I have carried this story long enough in silence. I watched things along that road that I still struggle to put into words — moments of such sorrow, and such wonder, that they have never left me. Not for a single day since.

I do not know exactly why I am the one telling you this. I am not a holy man. I am not a scholar. I am simply a merchant who happened to be walking the right road, at the right time, and could not look away from what I saw.

So I will tell you everything — from the beginning, exactly as I remember it. Every letter that follows will take you further down that road with me. Some of what I witnessed will bring you joy. Some of it, I warn you now, will be very hard to read. But I think it is time someone finally heard it.

Walk with me a while. I have a great deal to tell you...

Until the next road,

Silas

Written somewhere along the road, looking back

Silas's sketched of the region - from memory



I have crossed this land more times than I can count. I know every road. What I did not know, until recently, is where they were all leading. Now, join me on the road.

- Silas



PROVINCIA IYDAEA

BY AUTHORITY OF THE ROMAN ADMINISTRATION AND THE TETRARCHY OF THE REGION

PERMIT OF PASSAGE AND TRADE

BEARER: Silas of Tarsus

TRADE: Merchant of cloth and dye

GOODS DECLARED: Linen, Wool, and Dyed
Fabrics

BEASTS: One Donkey, One Mule

ROUTE PERMITTED: The northern road -
Damascus through Samaria to
Galilee, and the southern way to
Jerusalem and Bethlehem

ISSUED: Year of the census

VALID: One Year from Issue Day

TOLLS & INSPECTION

Jerusalem Gate - PAID 2 den.



Bethlehem Road - PAID



Samaria Crossing - PAID

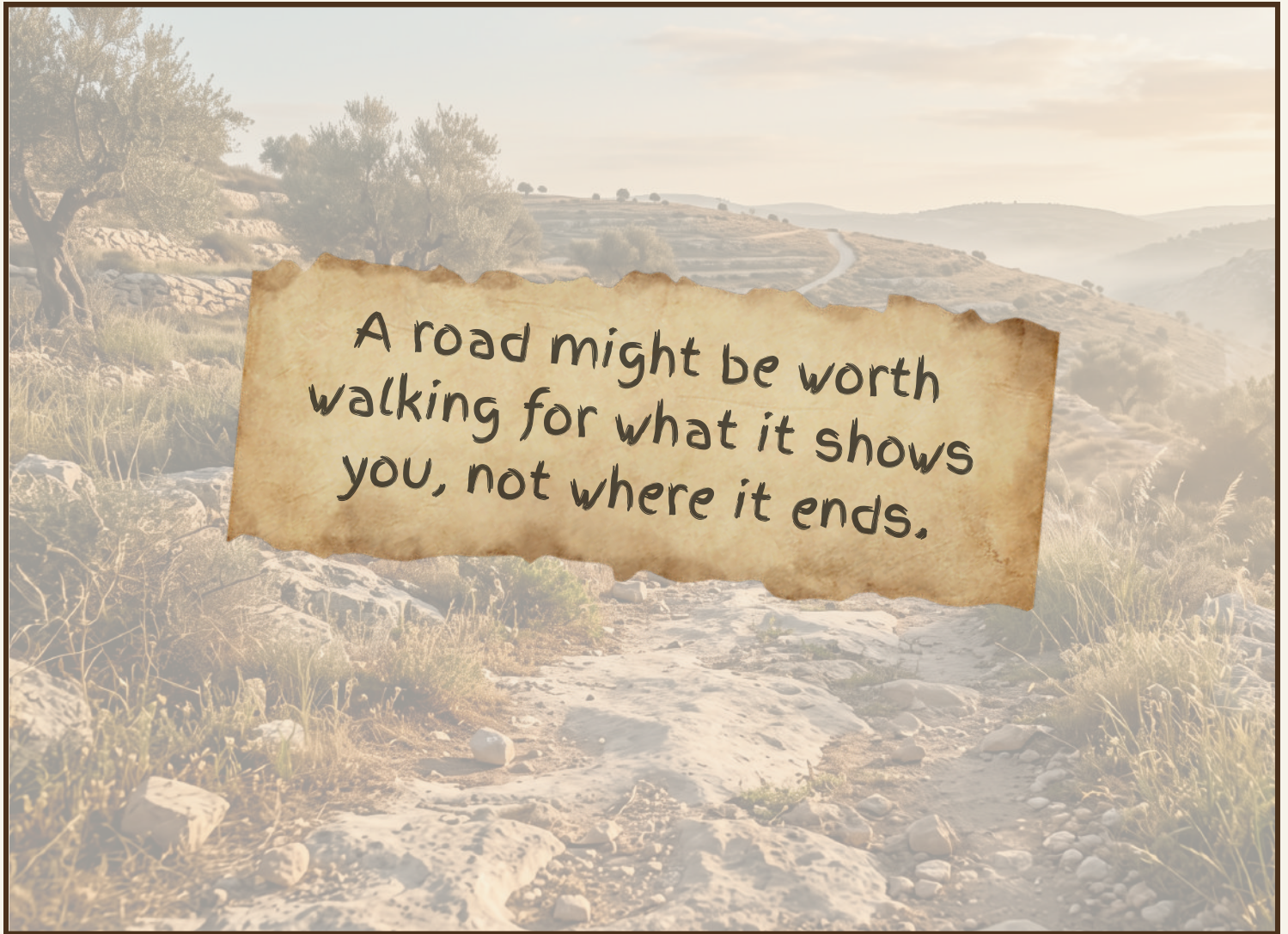


CHECKPOINT NOTATIONS:

Merchant of Tarsus, papers in order. Speaks well for a tradesman. Carries writing reeds among his goods — unusual for his sort. Harmless. Passage granted.

I have carried this pass through more gates than I can count. The officials stamp it, weigh my goods, wave me on. To them I am a line in a ledger, a merchant of cloth from Tarsus, one donkey, one mule, nothing worth remembering. Perhaps they are right. But I have begun to suspect there are things on these roads that no toll can account for. So I have started writing them down.

- Silas



A road might be worth
walking for what it shows
you, not where it ends.

REFLECTION QUESTIONS:

- Silas trusts what he can weigh and measure. What do you tend to trust — and what might that make hard to notice?
- He writes to make sense of what unsettles him. Where in your own life do you find yourself writing, praying, or puzzling toward understanding?
- As you begin, what would it mean to approach a familiar story as if seeing it for the first time?