

The World of Shadowind

The Big Picture:

Logan and Mindy are sent inside Shadowind by Uo, Captain Aimery, and Chief Purdy to spread the cure for a computer Trojan. The insidious virus has saturated the hollowed-out asteroid, including its occupants of cyborg animals, galactic aliens, and humans both virtual and real. Even some of the Light Shades that were inside became corrupted and morphed into Deep Shadows and Silhouettes. When the life-support system was reset, it restored life to the inhabitants of Shadowind, but the virus remained. Ultimately, a battle of galactic proportions takes place at Terra Altus, or Old Earth, where Captain Aimery engages the Nulenacs. The Christian undercurrents rise to the surface and strengthen as the series progresses, symbolizing Logan's (and our) maturing walk of faith.

The Story Behind the Story

The entire Shadowind series was spawned by my childhood relationship with one of my sisters. We had a large family living in a small house. My brother and I shared a room with our youngest sister. In order for her to fall asleep, I would perform plays using her stuffed animals. Every night when the lights went out, the stories would commence (hence, my opening line "And then the lights went out...") until she finally fell asleep, or until our mom came in, flicked on the lights, and said, "Okay, that's enough for tonight." I considered using that line to end the series, but I think Book 8's conclusion is more fitting. It also leaves a "dime-sized hole" for a continuation of the series.

Many years later, that same sister gave birth to a son who had a dime-sized hole in his tiny heart. Before doctors could do surgery, the Lord took him home. In *Quests of Shadowind*, I kept his name, Logan, but changed my sister's name. It was my intent to allow my sister the pleasure of running around with her son as Mindy and Logan – not as mother and son, but as sister and brother in Christ.

And so I began writing plays when I was eight years old, and my first book when I was nine, simply entitled, "*Adventure*."

Parallels to Christianity:

- + Shadowind: a microcosm of life on earth (it became corrupt when sin [the virus] came into it. “Shadow” and “wind” are words found in Ecclesiastes.
 - + Earth: heaven (people on Shadowind are trying to reach home)
 - + Uo: God (United One – Genesis 1:26, Deuteronomy 6:4) story-wise, the Father
 - + Aimery: Jesus Christ – the “cure” who restored the life-support system
 - + William “Crazy Bill” Purdy: Holy Spirit who spoke in riddles*
 - + Mainland and shipside dwellers: (beings with souls — us!)
 - + Watchmen: Jesus’s undershepherds who watch over His children
 - + Deep Shadows and Silhouettes: Demons
 - + Light Shades: Angels
 - + Nulenacs: anti-Christian forces
 - + Scursions: agnostics, and people with indifference toward Christianity
 - + Anibots: animals (they don’t have souls, hence their robotic nature)
 - + Spider Bots and Mesa Island: death
 - + Giant Ants: nature and the laws of science (God working behind the scenes and, sometimes, right in front of our eyes)
 - + Computerworld: the rat race — engaging deeper in the ways of the world
- * The riddles: God’s Word/parables. When Logan and Mindy first began reading the riddles, the words were difficult to understand. But as they read them more often, the life-saving meanings became clearer. Just like daily Bible readings.

The combined work of Uo, Captain Aimery, and Crazy Bill rescued the prisoners of Shadowind, and would ultimately take them to Earth (home).

Christian Background:

- I was baptized into God’s family at infancy by a Wisconsin Evangelical Lutheran Synod pastor. I was confirmed in that faith at age thirteen, and have been a member of that church body my entire life.
- I have served as an usher, on the boards of Fellowship and Evangelism, as an Elder and as a president across several congregations. Because of my musical background, I also served as the chairman of the Sound System Committee, and as a praise band bassist and music director.
- I have written and recorded more than a hundred Christian songs in the contemporary, pop, and rock genres. Everything I write is a reflection of, and an offering to, our Sovereign Lord.

These activities make me painfully aware how much I need my Savior, Jesus Christ. All my righteous acts are like filthy rags (Isaiah 64:6). Jesus did everything in loving selflessness and in perfect submission to His Father's will. Jesus – Messiah, “the Prophet” -- kept God's laws perfectly in our stead. He is the fulfillment of the Old Testament sacrifices, and became the “atoning scapegoat” (Leviticus 16:10, 21-22). We laid our sins on Him, took Him outside the city gates, and abandoned Him. He bore the sins of the *entire world* on His innocent Self and fulfilled the payment price: death, even death on a cross. Nails didn't hold Him there, but His love for us securely did. On that cross He conquered sin, death, and the devil. Death could not hold Him, so He arose from the grave and ascended to heaven. All this He did so He could lead us home and forever live with Him.

By faith in Jesus Christ, I'm God's forgiven ambassador. If it's the Lord's desire, He can use *Quests of Shadowind* to further His kingdom.

When I started Book 1 at the request of a friend who wanted “clean” material for her intelligent, young boys, I had nothing but a setting – a hollowed-out asteroid housing kids whose parents were missing. I had no storyline and no characters. You kinda need those to write a book, right? After a month of creatively thinking on my own, I still had nothing. Taking a leap of faith, I just started typing. After 700,000 words of what seemed like dictation, I finished. I've found the same happenings at work musically, too: oftentimes tunes pop into my head when I'm not even thinking about music. My deduction? That art is yet another one of the “good and perfect gifts coming down from the Father of the heavenly lights, who does not change like shifting shadows.” (James 1:17) God gives songs and stories as part of His good and perfect gifts. Yet they don't qualify as divine inspiration. Unlike the Bible that is God-breathed, the Lord accepts the inclusion of my own nuances. He enables me to grab hold of His gifted songs and stories, of which I then scribble crude drawings and regift them to Him to put on His refrigerator, all to His glory through Jesus Christ.

It's my prayer that Logan's walk of faith may remind you that Jesus is with you, helping you in every way and in every step of your own walk toward home.

--Larry “L.A.” Miller