

The Kamite Pilgrimage

*A Bwa Sacré writing instituting the pilgrimage of the five days
outside of time and the common reference of the calendar – so
that all the Kamites of the world may celebrate on the same day*

S P E C I A L P U B L I C A T I O N

Solemn writing of the Venerable

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President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, September 2, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto

“The Secret Revealed”

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré – and, like “The Feast of the Worker” before it, it does more: it institutes. It is addressed to the members of the Bwa Sacré and, beyond them, to all the Kamites of the world, of whatever sanctuary, whatever obedience and whatever shore they may be.

Let the nature of this text be read carefully. It is not a negotiation, and it is not a justification: I owe no one a justification for having put order in our house. It is an explanation. I explain, at length and without detour, so that every Kamite may reach the truth of the matter by himself and say to himself, on the last page, what I said to myself before writing the first: this decision was needed, it comes at the right time, it is just and necessary.

What is instituted here holds in two lines. First: a common reference of the calendar, from which all the Kamites of the world will count the same time. Second: the Kamite pilgrimage, held every year during the five days outside of time, from July 21 to July 25, in every sanctuary and according to the rites proper to each sanctuary – gathering into those five days all the feasts we scatter today across the whole year.

What is not instituted deserves to be said with the same clarity. Nothing is imposed on anyone. No rite is abolished, no sanctuary is moved, no obedience is diminished. Freedom of conscience lies at the heart of African spirituality, and this writing serves it rather than restricting it. As always in this series, this text criticizes disorders, never persons.

I. Opening: the cacophony

Let us look at ourselves without indulgence, for that is the only gaze that heals. Among the Kamites, today, every day of the year is a feast somewhere. Here, one obedience celebrates the epagomenal days in July; there, another celebrates them in August, because a different calculation leads it there; further on, a third has fixed them in January, and a fourth celebrates them whenever its founder so decided, on a date that has meaning for it alone. A single feast bears three names and five dates. The Djibon here, the feast of the Menu there, fixed by some on January 10 and by others elsewhere; here an annual sacrifice, there an initiation, further on a pilgrimage to a hill, a spring, a forest – all legitimate, all sincere, all alone.

The result, everyone can see: we are a people that celebrates without cease and never celebrates together. Our calendars contradict one another, our new years follow one another months apart, and when a Kamite from Dakar meets a Kamite from Kinshasa, from Port-au-Prince or from Salvador de Bahia, they discover that they do not live in the same year. A people that does not count the same time is not yet entirely a people: it is a crowd of families.

And this cacophony has a cost we do not measure enough. Outside, we are not taken seriously – and why would we be? Those who took a century to admit that we spoke not of religion but of spirituality have not yet recovered from that hangover; this is not the moment to add the spectacle of a people that does not know what day it is. Inside, the cost is graver still: if every day of the year is a feast, a libation, a pilgrimage somewhere in our community, then our community is in permanent festivity – and a community in permanent festivity has no room left for the one we have just exalted in our

previous writing: the worker. One cannot, in a single breath, institute the feast of the worker and let the feast devour the work.

That is why I write. We are going to fix a common reference of time, and we are going to gather our scattered feasts into a single pilgrimage, held by all the Kamites of the world on the same days – the five days our ancestors had placed outside of time. This will put order in the cacophony. This will reconcile the Kamites of the world around a single calendar. And this will give the rest of the year back its vocation: work, family, the œuvre.

This writing sets out why, and how.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. Time is a decision

An illusion must first be dispelled: the one that would have a calendar be something one observes, and not something one decides. History says exactly the opposite. All the peoples that have counted as peoples have, at some moment, decided their time – and decided it long after the events they took as their landmark.

The Romans counted from the founding of their city, *ab urbe condita*: a date fixed by scholars centuries after the fact, and which no one had seen. Christians count from the birth of their Christ; but that era was invented in the year 525 of our calendar by a monk, Dionysius Exiguus, five centuries after the event, and centuries more were needed before it prevailed – and it is known today that he was off by a few years. Muslims count from the Hegira; but it was not the Prophet who decided it: it was the caliph Omar, seven-

teen years later, in consultation with his companions, who chose the emigration to Medina over the birth or the revelation, and who fixed the first month. Jews count from the creation of the world, according to a rabbinical computation established well after the texts it adds together. And the Gregorian calendar itself, the one that today regulates the affairs of the whole world, was born of a decision: the bull *Inter gravissimas* of Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, which struck out ten days with a stroke of the pen – people went to bed on October 4 and woke up on the 15th – so that the feast of Easter would stop drifting.

None of these peoples waited for the sky to dictate its calendar. Each one decided, from a reference it judged to be founding, and time did the rest: the reference became self-evidence, and self-evidence became identity. What we are doing today is therefore neither an audacity nor a novelty: it is what every people does when it decides to exist in time.

And we have, to do it, a title that no one else possesses. For the calendar of the year of three hundred and sixty-five days – twelve months of thirty days and five added days – is an invention of our ancestors of the Nile valley. When Julius Caesar wished to reform the chaotic calendar of Rome, he sent for a scholar from Alexandria, Sosigenes, and copied the Egyptian calendar, adding to it the leap day. The Julian calendar is a copy of ours; the Gregorian calendar is a corrected copy of the copy. Those who worry at seeing us touch the calendar forget that it is by correcting ours that the world arrived at its own. We take nothing from anyone: we take back what is ours, and we put it in order.

III. The common reference: the first year

A calendar holds by its starting point. Ours is fixed, and has long been fixed in Kamite memory: the first year of the Kamite era corresponds to the year -4236 of the Gregorian count.

Where does this date come from? From the astronomers and chronologists who, tracing back the Sothic cycle – the one thousand four hundred and sixty years at the end of which our ancestors' civil calendar came back into phase with the rising of Sirius –, placed the institution of that calendar in the fifth millennium before our era, around -4236. Kamite tradition attaches this origin to the founding figure of Narmer, the king of the South who unified the Two Lands and set, on the palette that bears his name, the order of Maat over chaos. Whether the reign of Narmer falls precisely there or a few centuries later is a quarrel of scholars, and I leave it to the scholars: a reference is a convention, and what gives it its value is not to be exact to the day – no era in the world is – but to be one, common, and counted by all. Christians did not give up their era because Dionysius was four years off. We shall not give up ours because theses dispute a date: we fix it, and we count.

The count is simple, and I want it known by heart in every Kamite home. The Kamite year begins on July 26. From January 1 to July 25, the Kamite year is the Gregorian year plus 4236; from July 26 to December 31, it is the Gregorian year plus 4237. Thus the year 2025 opened in 6261 and saw, on July 26, 2025, the year 6262 begin. The year 2026 opened in 6262; on July 26, 2026, we entered the year 6263 – and it is in the year 6263 of the Kamite era that this writing is sealed. July 26, 2027 will open the year 6264. There

is no more ambiguity, and there never will be again: whoever can add knows in which year he lives.

The architecture of the year is that of our ancestors, without retouching: twelve months of thirty days, three hundred and sixty days regulated like a clock, then five days set outside the year – the epagomenal days, the days outside of time – from July 21 to July 25; then the new year, on July 26. The leap day that the civil calendar adds every four years is absorbed by the civil count itself: we anchor our five days to the dates of July 21 to 25, and we leave them there. Our ancestors had a calendar that slid slowly across the seasons, and their descendants in Alexandria had remedied it by adding a sixth day every four years; we obtain the same result without touching the five days: they will return every year in the same season, on the same date, for everyone.

IV. Why calculate rather than observe

It will be objected – and I prefer to answer before it is objected – that our ancestors did not count: they looked. The new year was the heliacal rising of Sirius, Sopdet, the brightest star in the sky, which reappears at dawn after seventy days of absence; and it was the flood of the Nile, which it announced, and which fertilized the valley. Why not keep looking at the sky and the river, as they did?

Because the sky and the river are no longer the same, and we are no longer in the same place. The heliacal rising of Sirius does not fall on the same day in Memphis, in Abidjan, in Kinshasa, in Port-au-Prince or in Paris: it depends on latitude, and it shifts by weeks between north and south. It also moves with the centuries: in our

ancestors' time, it fell around mid-July of our calendar; today, in Egypt, it is in August. A people scattered across the whole Earth cannot take as a common landmark a phenomenon which, by nature, changes with the place. As for the flood of the Nile, it no longer exists: since the completion of the Aswan High Dam, in 1970, the river no longer overflows into the valley, and the landmark of four thousand years went out in a reservoir. To remain attached to observation is no longer to be faithful to our ancestors: it is to be faithful to conditions that have disappeared.

And look at what observation produces among those who still hold to it. Every year, on the eve of Ramadan and its feasts, the Muslim world watches for the moon – and every year, the moon divides: one country begins the fast on Monday, its neighbor on Tuesday; a single family, scattered over two continents, celebrates Eid a day apart; committees contradict one another, scholars clash, and the feast of the same God falls on different dates depending on the cloud cover. We shall not enter that quarrel. We shall do what the Romans, the Christians and the Gregorians did: we shall calculate from a reference. It is clean, and it is clear. A ten-year-old child, with a pencil, will know in every capital of the world on which day the Kamite year begins – and he will be right.

Our ancestors, for that matter, were not contemplatives waiting for the star: they were engineers of time who had built a calendar of three hundred and sixty-five days precisely so as not to depend on the moon. They had chosen calculation over observation, more than six thousand years ago. We are only completing their gesture.

V. The five days given back to man

In the ancient tradition of the valley, the five days outside of time were the birthdays of the Netjeru: Osiris, Horus, Seth, Isis, Nephthys. That is how the texts name them, and I do not hide it, for this series has never hidden anything of what the sources say.

But we hold from our ancestors – and we have established it in “The Parable of the Twins,” in “The Invisible Ledger” and in “The Feast of the Worker” – the faith in the one Creator, whose bounty covers our continent, and whose Ancestors are the intercessors, not the rivals. We do not celebrate gods. When the Kamite pilgrimage is held every year during the five days outside of time, the gods will disappear from them of their own accord, without anyone needing to drive them out: their place will be occupied. Occupied by whom? By the one for whom time was made. These five days, outside of time, are reserved for man.

“The Feast of the Worker” has already ordered these five days, and the pilgrimage receives them as they are, without changing a line. July 21, first day: the pregnant woman and the child to be born – for the worker begins in his mother’s womb, and his mother is the first worker. July 22, second day: the child, from birth to puberty, celebrated not for what he produces but for what he becomes – and it is at the threshold of this day that the initiations are held. July 23, third day and summit of the five: the Worker, honored by name before the community. July 24, fourth day: the wise, those who have laid down the tool and whose word remains. July 25, fifth day: the Ancestors, those who have departed and who watch over us, for whom names are spoken and the libation is poured. Then July 26, the new year.

Look at this arc: it begins before birth and ends after death. It contains everything African spirituality knows of man – that man is a being of passages, that every passage is crossed before witnesses, that the dead are not dead. And it contains, without anything needing to be added, everything our scattered feasts each try to say on their own side: fertility, initiation, work, wisdom, the dead. This arc is more consonant with our faith than any pantheon, because it has no rival to offer the Creator: it presents Him only with His creature, from end to end.

VI. What the Kamite pilgrimage is

It must now be said what this pilgrimage is, for the word could mislead. A pilgrimage, in the mind of the world, is a crowd converging on a single place – a Mecca, a Jerusalem, a Rome. It is not that. The Kamite pilgrimage does not have one center: it has a thousand. Every sanctuary is a destination. The Kamite pilgrim does not set out for a distant city; he returns to his own – the sacred grove of his village, the spring, the hill, the house of the Ancestors, the temple of his obedience, the house of his initiation – and if he lives at the other end of the world, he goes there in spirit, and the sanctuary comes to him in a room in Paris, Montreal or Bahia where his own gather. What makes the pilgrimage is not the distance traveled: it is the return, on the same days, to what made us.

Each sanctuary therefore organizes this pilgrimage where it wishes and according to its own rites – as was done before. I say it and I repeat it, because it is the heart of the institution: the Kamite pilgrimage is proper to each sanctuary. The Bwa Sacré will hold it in its own way; the Vodun sanctuary in its own; the Bwiti temple in its

own; the hunters' brotherhood, the initiation society, the cult of the Ancestors of a lineage, the house of Candomblé, the Haitian peri-style – each according to what it has received. No rite is prescribed by this writing, and none will ever be forbidden by it. What is common is the date and the meaning. What remains free is the place and the form.

And here is the second half of the institution, which gives the first all its weight: this pilgrimage gathers together all the disparate feasts we hold during the year. Initiations, annual sacrifices, libations to the Ancestors, feasts of founders, the Djibons, the feasts of the Menu, pilgrimages to hills and springs, days of obedience – everything that today is scattered from January to December finds its place within the five days. The first day receives what touches fertility and the life to come; the second, initiations and everything that carries the child across; the third, what honors man in his work; the fourth, what honors the elders and wisdom handed down; the fifth, everything owed to the dead – sacrifices, libations, names spoken. There is not a Kamite feast, wherever it is held, that does not find within these five days the day that suits it.

The rest of the year belongs to work. Not that it is forbidden to pray outside these days – one prays every day, and pours the libation when the heart asks for it – but the feast, the great feast, the one that stops the village and empties the offices, will have its time, and that time will be the same for all. A people that knows when it celebrates also knows when it works; and a people that celebrates together, on the same days, across the whole Earth, is a people the world sees.

VII. Order within freedom

I will be told: so you want to make everything uniform. No. And I want to take the time to say why, for it is here that the difference lies between what we institute and what others have imposed.

Look at creation. God could have made a single color of man; He made the Black, the White, the Yellow and every shade in between. He could have given men a single language, which would have been far more convenient for understanding one another; He gave thousands. Where other traditions see in the multiplicity of languages a punishment, we see the opposite: a bounty. Diversity is everywhere in creation – in the trees, the birds, the faces, the climates – and it is not there by accident: it is the signature of God. When one looks at a photograph of Western heads of state gathered together, one would think they all had the same barber; that is not our ideal. We say yes to diversity, and we respect it down to our rites.

That is why the Bwa Sacré has never seen in Bwiti, in Vodun, in Poro, in Komo, in the cults of the Ancestors of each lineage, in the Candomblé and the Vodou of the opposite shores, competitors to be diminished: it sees a complementarity. Each of these sanctuaries keeps one room of the common house, and the house is whole only if all the rooms remain. This complementarity would deserve a writing of its own, and it will come; let it suffice here to set down the principle: African spirituality does not convert, it welcomes; it does not replace, it adds; and its freedom of conscience is not a tolerance conceded, it is its very nature.

But diversity of rites is not disorder of dates. An orchestra plays on a hundred different instruments, and that is its richness; it plays at

the same tempo, and that is its music. If every musician chooses his tempo, only noise remains, and the most beautiful instruments change nothing. What we institute is the tempo, not the instrument. Each keeps his instrument, his timbre, his score; all play on the same days. The order we set takes nothing from freedom: it gives it a stage.

VIII. Peacefully, as our ancestors did

There remains the question of manner, and it is decisive, for the history of calendars and feasts is also a history of constraints. The Council of Nicaea fixed the date of Easter and struck with anathema those who celebrated it otherwise. Empires have imposed their calendars by the sword, Churches by excommunication, States by decree and fine. Follow my gaze: we know what an imposed time is, since the calendar that today regulates our administrations reached us in the baggage of colonization, as an instrument of uniformization, and our own landmarks – the agricultural seasons, the rites, the stars – were relegated by it.

We shall not do that. This institution is firm in substance and entirely peaceful in form. There will be no Kamite holy war, neither small nor great; there will be neither anathema, nor exclusion, nor debate organized to conquer. He who does not follow the common reference will suffer nothing: he will remain our brother, and his feast will remain his feast. We do not argue in order to constrain; we explain so that each may see. Our ancestors instituted by palaver and by example, never by the blade: when a decision was just, it was understood, and once understood, it was followed, and no one remembered any longer that it had been decided. That is how the in-

stitutions that last were born – and that is how this one will be born.

For I know it from experience, and history confirms it: what is useful prevails on its own. The Gregorian calendar did not conquer the world by the force of Gregory XIII, who had scarcely any; it conquered it because it was accurate and convenient, and the Protestant nations that had refused it on principle adopted it out of necessity, a century or two later. A common reference of Kamite time will render a service to every sanctuary – one will know when to come, when to invite, when to close the offices and when to open the sacred groves – and because it renders a service, it will be taken up. The first pilgrimage will gather a few sanctuaries; the tenth will gather nearly all of them; at the hundredth, no one will remember that it was ever otherwise. This is not the first time we institute peacefully what has become necessary, and it will not be the last.

IX. What we institute

Let the nature of this writing be measured, as for “The Feast of the Worker”: it is not a proposal, it is a protocol, and it executes. It has its ordered steps, which this volume unfolds; its exact words, which follow; its witnesses, who are all of you, members of the Bwa Sacré and Kamites of the world who read it; and its definitive writing – the signature and the timestamp that seal this publication. According to our own teachings, when these four things are gathered, the change is not described: it is done.

Consequently, and from this day forward, the following is instituted.

First, the reference. The Kamite era counts its years from the first year, which corresponds to the year -4236 of the Gregorian count. The Kamite year opens on July 26. From January 1 to July 25, it equals the Gregorian year plus 4236; from July 26 to December 31, the Gregorian year plus 4237. We are in the year 6263.

Second, the year. It is made of twelve months of thirty days, followed by five days outside of time, from July 21 to July 25, then by the new year, on July 26. These dates are fixed for all the Kamites of the world, in all places, without observation of the sky or the river.

Third, the five days. They are reserved for man, according to the order already instituted: the pregnant woman and the child to be born on the 21st; the child on the 22nd; the Worker on the 23rd; the wise on the 24th; the Ancestors on the 25th. No divinity is celebrated in them; the one Creator is thanked in them, and His creatures are honored.

Fourth, the pilgrimage. During these five days is held, every year, the Kamite pilgrimage. Each sanctuary organizes it in its own place and according to its own rites, as was done before, without this writing prescribing or forbidding any form. The pilgrim returns to his sanctuary, in body if he can, in spirit if he must.

Fifth, the gathering of the feasts. The feasts, sacrifices, initiations, libations and pilgrimages that the Kamite obediences hold today on scattered dates are gathered into these five days, each on the day that corresponds to its meaning. The rest of the year is given back to work, to family and to the œuvre.

Sixth, freedom. Nothing in the foregoing is imposed on anyone. Freedom of conscience remains whole. No sanctuary is bound, no rite is abolished, no brother is excluded. This institution spreads by its justice and by its usefulness, and by these alone.

Seventh, the seal. The present writing is electronically signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain, so that the date of this institution may be established for all and forever without the help of any authority. The common reference of Kamite time now has a certain date of its own.

X. What we teach

From this institution follow a few instructions, and they are simple.

To the sanctuaries: keep your rites, and fix your dates. From the year 6264 onward – July 21 to 25, 2027 – hold your pilgrimage during the five days, in your place, in your manner; publish your program in advance, so that your own, wherever they live, know when to come and when to gather in recollection. If today you hold your great feast on another date, do not abolish it: move it to the one of the five days that corresponds to it. You will lose nothing by it, and you will gain all the others.

To the families: make these five days the annual return. We taught it for funerals and for feasts, we repeat it for the pilgrimage: keep the protocol, prune the ornament. A journey to the village or to the sanctuary, a shared meal, the names spoken, the libation poured – the dignity of the pilgrimage is measured neither in expenses nor in kilometers. And teach your children the date and the year: a Kamite

child must be able to say in which year he lives, as he can say his name.

To the diaspora: the sanctuary is portable. A room where your own gather, on the same days as the village, with the same names spoken, is a sanctuary. The Kamite pilgrimage does not ask you for a plane ticket; it asks you for five days, the same as those of your mother who stayed in the country. That is the reconciliation of the Kamites of the world: not to meet in the same place, which is impossible, but to meet in the same time, which is now certain.

To every Kamite, finally: know your year. You live in the year 6263. Your year begins on July 26, and the five days that precede it are yours – your mother's who carried you, the child's you were, the worker's you are, the wise man's you will be, the Ancestor's you will become. When you are asked which calendar is yours, you will no longer have to hesitate or apologize: you will answer with a number, and that number will be the same in the mouths of all your brothers.

XI. Solemn Conclusion

I summarize, so that it may be retained and handed down.

We celebrated without cease and never together; our calendars contradicted one another, our feasts covered the year and devoured the work, and the world did not take us seriously – rightly. All peoples have decided their time, and the calendar of the world is a copy of ours: we therefore had the right and the duty to decide our own. We have done so. The first year is fixed at -4236; the year opens on July 26; we are in 6263, and no one will be able to doubt it any longer.

We calculate instead of observing, because the star changes with the place and the river no longer overflows, and because we want no quarrels over the moon. The five days outside of time are given back to man, from the pregnant woman to the Ancestors, and the gods withdraw from them of their own accord. During these five days the Kamite pilgrimage is held – in every sanctuary, according to its own rites, gathering all our scattered feasts – and the rest of the year is given back to the worker. All of it in freedom, in the diversity that is the signature of God, and in peace, as our ancestors instituted.

This writing has not proposed: it has instituted. The witnesses have read, the words are exact, the seal is set.

A people that celebrates on the same day is a people. Let us meet from July 21 to 25, in every sanctuary of the world: the year 6264 will open upon reconciled Kamites.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, September 2, 2026, in the year 6263 of the Kamite era.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré

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This volume does not ask to be believed on its word. The objects cited are in museums, the texts are published, the dates are established. The list is indicative, not exhaustive.

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