

# **BORN OF THE SHELL**

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*writing as Osé Dergriff*

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Scripture quotations are taken from the King James Version (KJV) of the Bible.

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## Dedication



To those who, deep down, still feel their worth—even when the world tries to crush it.

To the weary ones—tired of being confined, restricted, beaten down by unseen hands and silent systems.

To those who are ready to say:

Enough.

This is my time.

To rise.

To soar—wherever courage dares to take me.

**Epigraph**

"Then said I, Lo, I come... to do Thy will, O God."

— Hebrews 10:7



## Author's Note



Born of the Shell has its own peculiar characteristics.

It is a child.

Not of flesh and blood, but of thought — conceived from the lived truths and spiritual architecture of its parent, *The Wisdom of Osé* — a collection of experiences of the author woven into pieces of wisdom.

Its words carry inherited traits — metaphors, convictions, and Echoes — shaped by a different voice, yet born of the same soul.

This child speaks not in instruction, but in story.

It does not debate — it reveals.

Through these Echoes and Reflections, the child lifts its voice, shaped by silence and stirred by memory.

## To the Young Reader

This book was written with you in mind.

Life does not come with easy answers or clear directions. At times, it feels like being inside a shell — closed off, uncertain, waiting for the right moment to break through. *Born of the Shell* is meant to walk beside you in those moments.

You will not find rigid rules here. Instead, you will find echoes — words meant to stir your own questions, reflections, and courage. Each page is an invitation to pause, think, and grow into who you are meant to become.

You may choose to read this book alone, letting the words guide your private thoughts. Or you may share it with friends, mentors, or groups, turning the echoes into conversations. Either way, remember: growth is not a single act, but a process.

**Dedication****Author's Note**

To the Young Reader

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## Map of the Becoming



Each Echo in this book reflects a moment —  
A sound stirred from silence deep within.  
A memory that returned in waves.  
A truth I once whispered to myself.  
These are not chapters in the traditional sense.  
They are fragments of becoming.  
Resonances from within the shell.  
Ripples that shaped my flight.  
You will begin in the silence —  
Where the shell wraps tight.  
Then will come the tremors,  
The sound, the stretch, the break.  
You will meet yourself again —  
Not as you were, but as you are becoming.  
This is the journey:  
From containment to courage.  
From fear to flight.  
This is how the shell breaks.  
And you are born.



## Introduction



To come into existence is not a right but a privilege.

To become is not automatic—it is a duty. A sacred responsibility.

One shaped not by competition, but by internal potential.

The goal is not to be better than others, but to become the best version of oneself.

We are called to acknowledge the forces that surround us—some that support us, others that oppose us.

We discern. We perceive. We shift. We respond.

And in doing so, we grow.

We ask Questions: We observe. We learn. We adapt. We become.

This is not imposed from without—it is inherent.

Who taught the creatures of the earth to multiply?

Who whispered to the eagle how to soar, or to the tree when to bloom?

No classroom. No audience. Yet they know.

So do you.

This edition of *Born of the Shell* is intentional.

It is a call to the individual to look within, to discover potential, and to release it.

To find identity. To claim it. To assert it.

To accept uniqueness—not as flaw or fault,

but as part of what makes the world a beautiful and diverse place.

You have a right to be here.

The layout of this book is deliberate.

First, a poetic overview of the journey — raw, symbolic, evocative.

Not merely for beauty, but to stir hunger.

At the end of each echo, there is a pause to reflect.

Then comes a chance to apply. To grow.

Growth is a process, not a single act.

While group study can enrich the journey, the reflections are also a tool for personal meditation. They are not rigid prescriptions but open suggestions — guides, not chains.

The meaning you discover is yours to carry.

Though we annotate, you are not bound to our insight.

Like scripture itself, this journey resists private ownership.

It unfolds to each soul differently, as light meets readiness.

Here is your invitation:

Become what you are meant to — confident, whole, and un-afraid to claim your worth.

In these pages, you will encounter two guiding metaphors: **Naming** and **the Sky**. Naming is the act of claiming identity—defining yourself rather than allowing others to define you. The Sky is the boundless space of freedom and possibility, where your identity finds room to live and breathe. It is the place where multiple birds—multiple lives—fly differently yet co-exist. Together, they remind us that to know who we are, and to know where we belong, is the beginning of true self-worth.

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## Echo 1



### The Warm Dark

*Mistaking comfort for peace; beginnings are soft*

*“The comfort zone is a beautiful place, but nothing ever grows there.” — Osé  
Dergriff*

#### The Shell

It was warm in there. Not just in temperature, but in rhythm — in habit — in the quiet certainty of repetition.

Before the crack, there was calm. A darkness that felt like comfort. A silence that didn't disturb — it protected. I didn't yet know I was in a shell. I just knew the shape of what held me.

I grew without asking Questions: I absorbed without examining. Everything I needed was already provided. Thought, belief, identity — all shaped by the walls that encased me.

There were no mirrors. No decisions. Only development.

And yet, even then — before the pain, before the light — there were hints.

A flutter. A shift. A moment of unfamiliar pressure. As if the space that once cradled me was slowly beginning to resist me.

That's how transformation starts — not with a scream, but with a stretch. But at first, I did what all things in the process of forming do. I nestled in. I called the dark home.

And I whispered to myself:

This is enough. This is life.

Until one day, it wasn't.

That's when I knew — even comfort can become a cage. Even nourishment has an expiration. Even silence, when prolonged, becomes a form of forgetting. And that is when the warm dark shifted from shelter... to shell.

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### Reflection 1

#### *Highlights from Echo 1*

“Before the crack, there was calm.”

“I didn't yet know I was in a shell.”

“Even comfort can become a cage.”

“That's how transformation starts — not with a scream, but with a stretch.”

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#### **Annotations:**

This reflection explores the early stage of growth — when we are surrounded by familiarity, rhythm, and ease. It feels like peace, but often it's just the absence of disruption. The narrator describes a time of quiet formation, before awareness, before questioning. It is the spiritual twilight — where soul and structure feel indistinguishable, but restlessness signals the arrival of dawn.

But growth always brings discomfort. The space that once felt safe begins to resist. Something stirs inside. At first, it's easy to ignore. It's easier to stay curled up in what we know. But eventually, the warm dark becomes too tight.

This is the start of change — not loud or dramatic, but internal. A shift. A pressure. A whisper that says: this is no longer life, it's limitation.

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#### **Reflection and Discussion**

##### **Questions for Thought and Dialogue:**

- Have you ever stayed in a place, habit, or mindset because it felt comfortable — even if it no longer helped you grow?

- How do you tell the difference between peace and stagnation?
- What “shell” in your life once felt like home, but has since become too small?
- What’s the earliest sign you’ve felt that change was coming — before it was obvious?
- What does it mean for you to stretch, even before you fully understand why?

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**Scriptural Insight:**

Ecclesiastes 3:1— “To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.”

There is a time for rest and a time for rising. Even seasons of comfort can expire — and when they do, we must have the courage to stretch into the unknown.



## Echo 2



### Consuming The Albumen

*What forms us: culture, trauma, habits, beliefs*

*"We reference what we have experienced irrespective of the source."— Osé  
Dergriff*

Before the light came, there was substance.

Warm. Soft. Shaped like safety. I didn't ask to be in the egg. But once inside, I consumed it without question. That's how survival works — first we feed, then we think. If we ever think at all. The albumen was my culture.

My upbringing.

My mother's tired sigh.

My father's silence.

The hymns we sang and the rules we broke.

It was every word I overheard through the



