

**Chapter 1 : Why can't I find 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust' in the Bible?**

*Freyja's POV I was in the garden with my siblings, enjoying breakfast when I felt myself fading. "What the bloody hell?" Kol shouted, dashing over to me, holding onto my shoulders as I smiled at him.*

El glanced at her alarm clock. By the time El had made her way downstairs, Mike was sitting at the kitchen table with Joyce, a plate of eggs and toast before him. They joined hands under the table. Oh, you all look so grown up now. I almost forget you guys are still kids. Joyce Byers was only really Joyce Byers if she was doing five things at the same time, all the while looking completely overwhelmed. I have to go to work soon. They sat in silence for a few moments, chewing on their food when Joyce spoke up again. She squeezed his hand in agreement. You have a nice at work, Michael. She fixated on the purse, focusing on making it move with her mind. The purse obeyed, floating up in the air. Eleven made it glide over to the shoe rack beside the front door. Her powers had gotten stronger over the years. It took her less effort to complete minor psychokinetic tasks. She barely even had nosebleeds anymore. Joyce burst through the door, her eyes darting around the room frantically. Where on Earth did I put it? Mike stifled a laugh. These thunderous snores coming from such a small and adorable person. It was kind of cute, actually. Small, powerful, and adorable. He kissed her on the cheek. Her heart raced at the thought of tonight. It was late afternoon when Eleven stepped into Wheelerz, the skate shop at Starcourt Mall. Maxine Mayfield stepped out from the backstore, carrying a mountain of skateboard apparel. Eleven loved English class. Mike, on the other hand, was terrible at it - poetry and literature were not his thing. So El would help him with English and German, whereas Mike would tutor her in science and math. It worked out perfectly for them. El turned beet red. Her mouth fell open. Eleven had never been so ashamed in her life. Is this for Mike? Eleven desperately reached for underwear, but Max kept it them out of reach. And two, I need answers. The store was basically empty, except for one customer who kept curiously glancing back at them. And so El told her. About how she and Mike had taken steps in that direction, and that due to these recent events, she now had confirmation Mike was ready too. Max took a deep breath. I mean, you guys are basically soul mates. Lucas and Max had slept together for the first time last year, and it had kind of messed everything up between them. After a messy breakup, it had taken some time for them to be friends again. One of the reasons she liked Max so much was because of how laid-back and easy-going she was. It was very hard to offend her, no matter how clumsy El could be when expressing her thoughts. They had even grown to be best friends over the last few years. She studied herself in the bathroom mirror after applying her second and final coat of mascara, and barely recognized the person staring back at her. Her shoulder length hair was heavily teased at the roots, her loose curls frozen in place with the help of a ton of hairspray. El studied her brand new bra and underwear. The fabric was beautiful, but so uncomfortable. Even though this was far from her usual style, she thought she looked pretty decent. The lingerie fit her perfectly, hugging her curves in all the right places the bra was a push-up and even helped her B-cup breasts look just a little bit bigger. Plus, she had bought her very first pair of heels. She let out a nervous sigh, and did a turn on herself in the mirror as a final inspection, adjusting a few stray strands of hair here and there, pushing her boobs up. She thought her heart was going to leap out of her chest. A knock at the door. El scuttled to her room as fast as she could in her heels, lighting two candles and placing her newly-bought vinyl record of Cry To Me on the turntable. She heard the door open, close. Mike taking off his shoes, placing his bag on the floor. El stood, trembling, waiting impatiently. Mike opened the door. The expression on his face turned to utter shock. El offered him a nervous smile. Mike stood, unmoving, staring at her mouth agape. El took two careful steps towards him. Mike squinted at her. He paused to sniff the air. This was not the reaction she had anticipated from him at all. Suddenly she felt completely ridiculous and had somehow lost the ability to look Mike in the eyes. She had spent so much effort and not to mention wasted half her paycheck to please Mike, and he was making her feel like a clown. Mike always told her she looked beautiful. But right now he was looking at her like she was a different person entirely. She began to choke up. Mike continued to stare at her. This seemed to snap him out of his daze. Her shame was giving way to anger. How dare he make her feel stupid like this! Or was she was the stupid one for setting this whole thing up to impress him A pained look

across flashed across his face. She glanced upwards at him and looked him dead in the eye. I said I was sorry. It broke her heart, even in the heat of the moment. The biggest part of El wanted him to take her in his arms, apologize probably another hundred times, and things would go back to normal. But the small part of her that was hurt and angry wanted to punish him for hurting her feelings. Mike stood frozen in place, baffled. Mike recoiled, looking like he had just about been stabbed in the heart. She turned her back to him. In the distance, she heard the front door close. She burst into tears. Why was she reacting this way? Why had she pushed him away? For the first time in her life, she both loved and hated Mike. She made her way to the living room and picked up the phone. She sank into the phone, fresh tears running down her face. Your review has been posted.

**Chapter 2 : Ashes to Ashes Dust to Dust - Fimfiction**

*Follow/Fav Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust By: BubblySqueek "I've come back from my long slumber to fight once more" A vampire girl has awoken from her slumber the only thing is, so has a great evil.*

He awoke on a what appeared to be an abandoned desert, dust gathering in the distance clouding the vision of all who try to see. He looks around and found nothing but the spires made from ashen volcanic rock. One would assume that there was no one for miles, but Alexandros knew better he knew soon a familiar face would appear. He felt a breeze brush against his back. He turned slowly and saw who he was expecting. A large shrouded human with a voice that sounded like a choir of them. Standing firm in front of him was the manifestation of the souls in the legendary weapon he carried or as it prefers to be called, Ashbringer. Ashbringer spoke loudly as they said, "I have been waiting an eternity for you, Highlord. He knew that this was no chance meeting. He only met with Ashbringer if something would go wrong or if they had information for him. Ashbringer was very much a part of him, over the course of the time Alexandros wielded the blade they became one. The souls and Alexandros. One cannot exist without the other now. They sustain each other, even though the blade is long gone. Alexandros cringed at the title, he was no longer worthy of such a title. But explaining things to Ashbringer was not exactly easy, Alexandros normally just let things happen between him and Ashbringer. With the Lich King defeated the Horde and Alliance have been stirring and aching for some bloodshed. I fear either one will do something to plunge the whole of Azeroth into destruction. Maxwell Tyrosus is doing well and Tirion leads them both well. And now I fear your destiny lies in that new land. You have to stay and figure out why you were resurrected. But you cannot find this out on your own. I am here to help you old friend. How are you supposed to help me? Your blade is very much in that world. You just need to keep open eyes to find what you seek. His vision whitened and blurred and he slowly regained consciousness. Alex awoke to another unfamiliar spot. He was lying on a bed in a monochromatic room of simple white and tan tile floors. He did not feel as sore and his wounds were nearly gone. He focused on something else, six mares filled the room at the foot of his bed. Rarity who he instantly made eye contact with. He then looked over to the lavender unicorn with dark violet mane and tail who was the first to speak, "Hello He looked over the others and they all looked, interesting, to say the least. He looked over at Rarity and said, "Okay Who are these mares? And where am I? And these are my friends. Rarity said the you saved her and Spike from three timber wolves! All for good reason. He moved his gaze to the last one, a bright yellow mare with a bright pink mane and tail. That would just make matters worse for him. You had six broken ribs, two sprained hooves, among other wounds. All healed within twenty four hours of you receiving them. No pony can naturally heal that fast. And not to mention that They all looked at Rainbow Dash who just shrugged. It seemed like a legitimate question to him. Rainbow Dash was the first to speak after the shocking question, "How can you not know what a cutie mark is? Ever since he could remember he was always quick to anger. Instead he just said in an aggravate tone, "Will some This place just got from strange to weird, but he would have to learn to accept these changes. Alex spoke out, "Then I see my mission for now. His coat was a dark blue and his mane and tail were a dark brown. He wore glasses on his snout and he was looking at some papers as he entered. He said in an aged tenor voice, "Oh. If you ladies will excuse me, I need to talk to Alex alone. Rarity lead her friends outside. They stopped in the front of the hospital. I mean he did save Rarity and Spike right!/? The doctor responded quickly, "You are a clean bill of health after those serious injuries. You are a sight to behold Alex. He was somewhat happy that something good came out of this, but it was not all well and good for him yet. He thought of what he needed to do next. The least thing he would expect. Alex moved the weight on his shoulders and said, "Thank you for the treatment doctor. He stepped out and looked up. The air was warm and pleasant, the sun shining high and not a white cloud in the sky to distract from the beautiful blue sky. Alex took in all that he saw and noticed the buildings were mostly thatch roofed. Bright colors adorned every building. He looked and saw the group of mares that met him in his hospital room. He walked closer to them and he said, "Thank you all who helped me with my healing. I hope to see your faces again soon. I insist that you stay with me. Leaving him and her in the afternoon air. He looked back over at Rarity.

You are too generous. The light burned on his skin and it felt warm and stimulating. They continued in silence until Rarity finally spoke up, "So, about what you said earlier. Where were you planning on going? A piece of me that was lost a long time ago. Perhaps it was a trinket or an object of some sort. She studied the way he walked and how he carried himself. He looked like he was lost, like his mind was elsewhere. She wanted to help and he is doing nothing to try and open up to her. He was giving her a hard time in trying to befriend him. He was distant and lost, it just tore her insides apart how much pain he was carrying. They stopped on the porch to her humble abode, Caresoual Boutique. She looked over at him and his face lifted up in her eyes and he said calmly, "Why are you helping me? He was hiding something that was eating him alive. She opened the door and ushered him in the building. Filled with extravagant decorations and decorum. Every color in the shop and house accented each one very well. It was odd placement and an odd choice because of the location. Alex moved his eyes over every detail and as he finished inspecting Rarity said with a warm heartedness, "Welcome to Caresoual Boutique. Where everything is chic, unique, and manifique! Alex said, "A cute saying indeed. You have a lovely home. Alex said under his breath, "But I feel as though I am unwelcome.

Chapter 3 : Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust Chapter 2, a soul eater fanfic | FanFiction

*CHAPTER 2. Eleven woke up to the sound of the doorbell ringing. "Honey! Michael's here!" yelled Joyce Byers, her adoptive mother. El glanced at her alarm clock. It was 10h She had slept like a rock and hadn't heard Mike get up and leave through the window - their customary morning routine.*

Peter needs to sit down. A lot just happened in the span of only a few minutes. His head whips back and forth between the couple. Quill seems to be frozen in his spot, the very sight of Gamora paralyzing him in a state of euphoric shock. After seconds that feel like hours, Quill unfreezes as if someone sent an electric shock throughout his body. The two of them envelope each other in a hug, having an entire unspoken conversation through the embrace. Her face is buried in his shoulder, and when she moves to kiss him, a wet spot remains on his shirt from her tears. Peter almost awws our loud, but then realizes how much of a third wheel he is. He decides he should probably leave the happy couple to their reunion. Must be a common name on Earth. You helped me find my Peter. D-did you see me? Swinging through the trees, I mean. Quill said her name was Gamora, right? I should probably tell the two of you what I know. Should we find a place to sit? The ground is full of people, but the branches of the tree are empty, serene and out of the way. She hesitates, but continues. A battle hardened warrior afraid of sitting in a tree? I just monopolized this conversation with my stupid phobia. They settle into place, with Gamora against the wall and the two Peters facing her.

**Chapter 4 : Lyrics containing the term: ashes to ashes dust to dust**

*Once the dust had settled and life had been restored to the universe, Tony had taken to alcohol again like a thirsty man to water. He had watched Rhodey and Pepper look at him with undisguised pity and worry but they never told him not to.*

Araluen A story about a vampire who got a sarcastic teenage girl dumped on his doorstep. Tears streamed down my face. My throat was dry as I turned the corner down the lonely deserted street. We just wanna play. I woke up in a dark room, clothed in a simple brown dress. You could only guess what Kind of slave I was. I sighed, breaking out of my thought. I could hear the malice dripping in his voice as he spoke. How sick is that? Two years ago I had been a happy-for the most part- healthy teenager. It turned out that my parents had owed a lot of money to a lot of some ones that were on the wrong side of the law, so instead of waiting, or making them pay a little at a time. My sister, fortunately died with them, and died quickly, I am the unlucky one. Just as I thought I was going to be killed, a man in a white suit told them to stop. He brushed a finger across my cheek and I spit in his face. He only laughed and slapped me hard across my face. I had almost passed out then. And now here I am two years later. Two years older, two years I snorted at the thought of someone actually buying me for that reason. They must have no shame, no morals. I sighed and leaned back against the cold steal wall of the trunk. The truck hit a pothole and my head hit the wall. I rubbed it with dirty hands. My eyes fluttered as my mind weaved in and out of consciousness. I must of hit it pretty hard, I thought to myself, feeling the bruise that had formed a couple minutes of later. I pulled the dress closer to my body as I tried to get warm. Time passed, probably to me, what seemed like one or two hours. I hummed songs of old choir classes I took to myself, and blinked the tears away as I thought of all my friends that I had left behind. Certainly their lives were better than mine, they had to be. The trunk door opened and moonlight poured in. The problem was, I was out of ideas. Anxiety shot through me as I was dragged out of the back of the truck and set on my feet. I shivered at the cold as I began to walk into the back of what looked like a harmless club, for rich, snooty folk who love to come and gamble. I shivered yet again, at the cold, and at the thought of what was going on inside those double doors. I sniffed as I was pushed through the double doors. Rich folk from what looked like the 19th century were sitting scattered throughout the place; some at pool tables, some at the bar, some just sitting in random tables that were scattered throughout the place. A young girl of about 8 or 9 stood on a podium at the front of the club. I wanted to scream, but most of all I wanted to barf. But she was so young. Her green eyes were tear stained, her face was dirty and tears stained it as they streamed down her face. I saw her look of horror as she was shoved to the highest bidder. I pinched myself to keep from punching my guard in the face and taking on every single person in this room to save that little girl. A single tear escaped my eye. The guard to my right chuckled. I stifled a gasp as he pulled me up the steps and onto the stage. They called out my age. Blocked that out too. My hands balled into fists and I looked down at my feet. If I ran, they would either bring me back, kill me or I choked a sob, as I shook, with anxiety, with fear, with fury. I looked into the crowd, someone would buy me, and then I would escape I looked up, blinking back the tears. I shook my head. I was to scared, so scared that I was numb. I started humming to myself, a song that my mom used to hum to me when I was scared. Scared of the monster under my bed. His voice had enough sharpness in it to make the whole room of strong grown men, quiet. It had happened before, but the rest of them were silent. The same man with the black hair, the boy, continued. He shrugged and just calmly said. Ran out of ideas, eh? I opened my eyes; there was the hand, inches away. But another hand stopped it. I stared at him with large eyes, he barely even noticed me. As soon as I get to that house, I will kill myself. There is my brilliant plan. An old man stepped out of it. I took a step back and raised my arm in defense as he took a step closer. He looked at me with sympathy in his eyes. I stared back, with coldness and emptiness because that was all I had, that is all I have.

Chapter 5 : Ashes to Ashes and Dust to Art â€“ Nexus Media

*Chapter Text. Peter needs to sit down. A lot just happened in the span of only a few minutes. Honestly, the best-fitting word he can use to describe his emotional state is "shook". His head whips back and forth between the couple. Quill seems to be frozen in his spot, the very sight of Gamora paralyzing him in a state of euphoric shock.*

Faerydae When Cindy falls for a human, complications arise as he delves deeper and deeper into her dark past. She must choose between betraying her family Rated M for mild incest and graphic scenes. Ashes to Ashes The house sits forlornly atop a hill where flowers are now beginning to bloom. The front yard is unkempt and the grass appears to be at least three feet tall. Three figures rush out of the house, each carrying a small suitcase packed with their meager belongings. Moments later, the house explodes in a burst of brilliant red and orange flames. The light from the fire lights up the dark sky eerily and covers the three figures in a blanket of warmth. A young woman with long, pale-blond hair begins to snifle as screams of pain issue from the burning house. The screams die away, taking with it the last drop of her remaining humanity. It had to be done, but that does not lessen the pain in her aching heart. Cindy turns her gaze on him, her blue eyes ablaze with undisguised anger. She pushes him, screaming at the top of her lungs, "How can you be so fucking calm!?! They protected you, Ezra! It had to be done!" and with no regrets. For as long as he can remember, he had always been in love with his sister and had never tried to hide it either. They all turn as one, blending into the darkness. The house continues to burn but the flames are now weakening. Cindy looks over her shoulder and finds that nothing is left of the house, save for the ashes that are now being blown away by the gentle spring breeze. For the rest of her immortal life, she will always be haunted by the memories of her past. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 6 : Where in the bible does it say ashes to ashes dust to dust.? | Yahoo Answers

*Fantasy Fanfiction Josh Vampire Ashes More.. Chapter 1. Chapter 2. Chapter 3. Chapter 4. Ashes to Ashes, and Dust to Dust Chapter 4.*

Wong had looked regrettable, had given Pepper the flower bouquet and had left. Tony chucks the glass and pushes the bottle away. He is supposed to be alone in the compound. Nobody would get hurt. He fishes his mobile out and checks his Inbox. Las Vegas looks fun. Will be back next week. He is truly alone then. Hell, she is even more trustworthy than most human beings Tony has met in his life. He cherishes their friendship. She is never hesitant to speak what is on her mind. Tony chuckles recalling that moment he can never forget now. It had been four months since life in universe had got halved, since he had lost his child Vision. Tony balls his right hand to fist and tries to not think about the dead, vacant body in which once intelligence and philosophy harboured. Tony had almost gone into a cardiac arrest when Rhodey had slowly laid his son at his feet. Tony had been standing at the altar as the most beautiful woman of his life had walked down towards him. They had been looking to restore some normalcy to their lives and to everyone who was watching. Tony had been wearing a bespoke suit with boutonniere attached to it. He had smiled widely because he had been genuinely blessed to have her in his utter miserable life. He had taken her dainty hands and had exchanged vows but he knew both their vows were just words and nothing else. His forehead had sweat dripping down and he had kept trying to sneak glances towards the audience, towards the Exit. You all can leave now. Go save the world. As he had pressed the switch on his wrist and the Bleeding Edge armour had covered his skin, he had scooped Nebula up and they had shot up to the sky, he had earned the trust of another being. Tony, she had said later, earned her trust and respect that day. He had lost Pepper as his fiancée and at any chance of settling down with her but he had found a person who trusted him. Only you have the will to do what the world needs, son. I hope the world knows the sacrifices you made for it It leaves him with chills. I hope the world remembers you Tony rakes a hand through his hair and almost teeters off the edge and he welcomes the rush of air against his face. His freefall from one of the tallest roofs of the Avengers Compound is cut short as a hand shoots out and grabs him by the elbow and pulls him back up. As Tony stumbles and the bottle gets kicked as he is manhandled into a hug, Tony can only gape as his face is pressed against the strong, warm chest of Steve Rogers. Did you think it was Stephen? Bleeding Edge Armour is such a turn on if you get my drift] Actions.

**Chapter 7 : What does it mean that Job repented in dust and ashes?**

*Read Chapter 2: Shiganshina District from the story Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust by Chloryl with reads. snk, shingeki, titan. The soap has a calming scent.*

Noriko has returned to Lord Death to with the capture of an immortal being. This is a story about new relationships, new talents and a war between Death an immortal. Fiction T - English - Supernatural - Chapters: Forty-six souls down and fifty-four to go! Soul crumples to the floor with a loud thud holding his head for some sort of protection from the crazy girl. Serves you right for being such a jerk" "what I was only telling the truth" glaring at each other with their tongue stuck out. Soul silently smiling to himself burst out of the garbage attacking Black Star with a left hook and they started to brawl it out. Soul slowly walks backward towards Maka almost tripping over his feet while Black Star is crushed against the floor sparking with electricity "Black Star! I am a St-star after all!" "Well what do we have here? He was quite tall with short blue hair and an eye patch covering his left eye, he was wearing black trousers with a white dress shirt and a long black coat and behind him stood another man more plain looking with short brown hair with similar attire as the man in front and is much taller than the other. The silence between them soon ended when Mr. Noriko notices the henchmen walking past the young Lord now heading towards her with purpose to stare that could kill. Smirking to herself she leaps up and grabs the wire pulling it hard to dislodge it from its source, by doing this it causes a loud boom! Noriko takes this chance to slip by and escape from where they came in taking one last look at the young Lord, she swears that he was the little boy she saw but how could he of age so quickly, but this was no time to think about that. Where the hell is, you imbecile! Swatting at the smoke unsuccessfully and becoming more agitated as time went past the smoke filing lifted and she was gone thankfully for Noriko had distracted them long enough for her to escape. Although she is strong, she feels incredibly exhausted drained of energy it was difficult enough for her to get away from them. Where do I go? She looked frantically around there were 3 doors along the sides of the room one on the left two on the right and decided she would slip into one of the doors on the right. It was a small room with few tables along the sides holding office supplies an old coffee maker and in the center of the room a large desk with papers and broken draws around it from when the guy came in, she guessed, the actual desk itself seemed like it had better days but had a certain charm to it. Lingered eyes stared at it for a while until she noticed a light shining against the oak wood and look to its source a window beside door on the left side of the room leading towards the outside and by the seams of it was a stormy day, but no rain and it was dark but not dark enough to be night. She slowly walked towards the window examining the frame up close her eyes lingered on the flaky paint on the wood slightly picking at it reveling in its texture her eyes then lead to the reflection of herself in its glass before her. Noriko slightly surprised herself their own reflection not only did she feel tired she looked tired and ragged at that. Her once red dress was now faded and tattered, her hair long knotty and blonde but not too out of control and her heterochromia eyes one eye black one eye white. Noriko stood there for a long moment before slapping cheeks taking her back to the moment. Now focused on the task at hand she checked the window for any locks and pushed it open with both hands the window sliding up it stiffened as she pushed further till it wedged in place. Good for Noriko it will take them a while to realize she has left. Noriko jumps out the window and grabs hold of the piping alongside the building and slides down with ease. An hour later she deems herself safe enough to rest and to think about what she needs to do before carrying on open fields of sand, rocks, and pebbles to be seen as far as she can see the stormy clouds above her creating pressure in the air, she collapsed to the floor gasping for air and puts her hand to a forehead attempting to control her breathing. Maka now taking charge "Soul! Quickly get Prof Steiner now she needs help! As he comes closer, he calls out a name in a whisper like he seen a ghost "Noriko!" Maka repeats his words "Noriko! Who is she Lord Death? Do you know her? Sol and Prof Stine should be here any minute now she needs to see a doctor" and as if on cue Prof Stine and Soul come through the doors. Stein looks at death and then to the unconscious girl in his hands "this is the girl I assume". Now in the infirmary Prof stein gets Noriko into a bed to examine the damage "so I assume you know her" Stine briefly looks to death while still carrying on with his examination "yes in fact I

know her quite well" Lord Death states. Your review has been posted.

### Chapter 8 : Earth to Earth, Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust.

*Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust Romance Ashley Wilson has lived a crazy life, her father Kingpin Big Vick passed away when she was just 18 years old, now at 23, she is a salon owner and wifey to notorious drug lord Czar "Sunni" Sanders.*

He watches them closely. Some years ago, he noticed that many monuments underwent regular cleanings for no reason other than to make them look pretty. The Ethics of Dust: By definition, dust pollution is useless. I put it to a new use by making art out of it. In the process, I want to change how people perceive pollution. As the latex dries, the evaporation creates a suction effect on the surface of the walls that pulls the pollution off and transfers it to the latex. Then he peels the dry latex off the wall with the pollution and fashions the dry latex into a piece. They think of it as shapeless and uncontrollable as the wind. But by making it art, I turn it into an object, one that invites viewers to rethink their relationship to the environment, and perhaps to each other. Commissioned by the Victoria and Albert Museum. Even from outer space you can only see half of it. At first, my works might seem like peelings of monuments. But when you stop to wonder where that dust came from, you realize that it is a deposition from the man-made atmosphere. Maison de Famille Louis Vuitton Panel 7 of the heptptych. All we do is push it around so it is far from view, to dumps, to the bottom of rivers and oceans, to the top of the atmosphere. This, to me, reveals something fundamental about our society: That we cannot tolerate things we cannot control. The fact that we tolerate pollution when it is preserved shows that preservation operates as a way of controlling, of expressing something shapeless, a way of making something tolerable. The black dust encrusted on walls is also not damaging the buildings, save in some rare situations. This means that the Romans already polluted the atmosphere, and that pollution lasts longer than any monument. Now we are 7. So I have come to see pollution as the greatest monument of our civilization.

### Chapter 9 : Daily Bible Study - Job Is 'Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust' Really In The Bible?

*"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust" is poetic. That exact phrase is not in the Bible, but it is Biblical through and through. Each church of the Anglican Communion has its own version of the Book of Common Prayer.*