**Allegory of the Garden\***

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**Allegory of the Garden**

Imagine, for a moment, a garden, more beautiful than you have ever seen. Imagine a garden full of flowers and trees, sights and sounds, sparkling diamond water and clear emerald forests. Imagine a garden of unbelievable fertility, variety, and bounty, where life flourishes in peace, love, and joy. Imagine a garden where only beauty exists, and where the only feelings were contentment, bliss, happiness, and love. In this Garden, there was no sadness or war. In this Garden, there was no hatred and no sin. This Garden was perfect in every way and would remain so for all eternity because this was way the Lightwalkers, shining glorious suns of creation, wanted it. When they created the Garden, they created it as a reflection of their perfect light and love. Each heart’s desire fulfilled. Perfection in every way, with only teeny-tiny little problem. After an eternity of beauty and bliss, the Lightwalkers were excruciating and painfully bored.

So, one day a few of the Lightwalkers, we’ll call them the explorers, thought to themselves, “maybe a change is needed.”

“Maybe we could have more beautiful flowers and trees.”

“Maybe we could have more brilliant sights and sounds.”

“Maybe we could have more light and love.”

Excited by the possibilities, they constructed a plan and took it to the elders, and the elders agreed. It was an amazing plan and if it worked, it would bring something glorious new. Of course, thought the elders, the Plan would require much work. Not only that, but the plan explores would have to muck around in the darkness outside the Garden, and that was cause for concern.

“It would be no picnic,” said the elders. “It would not be a holiday paradise.” “You will,” after all, “be descending into darkness, and in darkness, there is no love nor light.” The explored nodded in understanding and with that, they bid their tearful goodbyes, walked out the gate, slipped into the darkness, and disappeared from all view.

Which worried those who stayed back. Nevertheless, patient and trusting they waited and watched, and waited and watched until finally they reached their limit. They began to consider a search party but just as that was about to form, “it” happened. The silence and the darkness was broken by a flash and a sound. Then, another flash and another sound. Then another, and another, and another. Pretty soon the flashes were like lightning and the sound was like thunder. Those who stayed behind breathed a sigh of relief. [The Great Work](https://spiritwiki.lightningpath.org/index.php/The_Great_Work) had finally begun.

And thus did the work go on. While the lightwalkers in the Garden continued to exist in joy and bliss, the explorers worked hard in the darkness. There were flashes and there was thunder, there were crashes and there was rumble, and every once in a while a crackle of fire danced across the skin of the darkness. It looked dangerous, but it was exciting, so exciting that some were overcome by the excitement. Nodding to the elders, they packed their bags and ran off into the darkness to help. And that fed the fire. And the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed and fire crackled over the skin of the dark until, all of a sudden, nothing.

All the flashing and the thunder just stopped. Those who had stayed behind looked puzzled.

“What could have happened?” they asked themselves. “Has something gone wrong?”

They waited, and waited, and waited to the limits of their patience and when they had surpassed their limit, they formed a search party. But then, just as the search party leaving the gates, the chaos began anew. As before, lightning, thunder, and fire crackled over the dark.

And thus did the work go on. There were flashes of lightning and smashes of thunder and fire crackled over the dark. The lightwalkers gazed in fascination and amazement for it was a show unlike any other, and much more exciting than the first. More energy. More power. More vibration. It was a pulsating energy ball, like an oscillating star going nova, and it was very exciting indeed. It was so exciting in fact that wave after wave of joyful lightwalkers ran into the darkness to help. And as more and more joined The Great Work, the chaos grew. Lightning flashed, thunder rolled, and fire crackled over the dark until until suddenly,

\*FLASH\*

…and then…

…DARKNESS…

and

…SILENCE…

and

…NOTHING…

The lightwalkers who remained in the Garden were startled by this. Puzzled, they waited, wondered, and worried. Something had clearly gone wrong. Not wanting to waste a minute they called for volunteers and sent a search party out into the darkness and just as the searchers began to disappear from view, the explorers came screaming out of the darkness.

“Did you see that?” they said breathlessly. “Wasn’t it awesome?” “We almost did it, but we need your help. There was too much,” they gasped… “And too many.” “It was too soon!” they cried. “WE NEED YOUR HELP!”

And the Lightwalkers, anxious to help, sked, “What can we do?” The explorers thought and finally said, “it is black down there and we have a hard time seeing. Sometimes we get lost in the darkness. Sometimes we get confused. It would be great,” said the explorers, “if some of you guide us.” And of course, the Lightwalkers agreed. “We will walk with you in the shadows, we will light your path in the night, we will guide you through the darkness.”

Now, seeing that everything was in place, the explorers smiled and turned back into the darkness and the work began anew. For a long time there was nothing, until suddenly, FLASHES in the darkness.

Everybody looked and sure enough, they could see sparks in the darkness. To no one’s surprise, these sparks quickly grew and soon lightning, thunder, and fire crackled across the dark. The light and the energy were intense. The energy hummed and pulsed, expanding with a raging crescendo only to back off from the edge again and again and again. Each expansion featured more energy and more fire. Each cycle burned brighter and hotter than the last. It was a giant pulsating balloon of energy, puffed up and deflated, puffed up and deflated, each time straining against an unseen barrier that kept it contained within its own boundaries. The lightwalkers watched the undulation in fascination, wide-eyed and awe-filled. Then, after what seemed like an eternity (but was really only a few moments in the creative consideration of Spirit), “it” happened. Just as the crackling ball of fire was at its most intense, just as it seemed as if the heat from creation’s forge could not get any more intense, there, in the heat of an already intense fire, in the cracking of an engorged cosmic balloon, a single brilliant explosion of light, and then another, and another, and then ten more, and then a thousand more, and then ten thousand, and then a million, and then seven billion.

And then, a crack on the surface.

And then, tendrils of fire racing over the skin of the darkness.

And then, an explosion of light and power.

Eyes widening.

Light. Love. Expansion.

Happiness. Joy. Bliss.

Scintillating, glorious, power.

No words.

Weeping.

Then, just as it seemed the lightwalkers would be overcome by the glory, the procession began. Amongst cheering and laughter, wonder and celebration, those who had entered into the darkness began to emerge in magnificence. Riding chariots resplendent in golden fire, like angels in an undefeatable Army of Light, everyone who entered emerged glorious and new. And with them, with us, comes the Fire and the transformation and, in fulfillment of the Plan, a new Garden more glorious than anything we have ever imagined before.