



The Tent of Life

David Cammegh

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By David Cammegh

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Chapter 1.

The Temple Falls

*It was a long time ago;
But it could have been now;
So, let's say it was now,
As it will always be.*

They toiled and they sweated and they carried rocks to the top of the mountain. Then they carved and they sculpted and they placed the rocks on top of each other, and walls were made. Then a hundred spires were erected, and a thousand domes appeared.

But that was not enough, so they covered the spires and the domes with gold.

Then the world paid homage to this heavenly building. And crowds gathered as truths were

spoken, and many people went on their knees and gazed upon the heavens.

And the Temple's glorious years began.

But Time looked on and said: 'This is not enough, for there is never enough.' And so he sent many summers and many winters. And the gold peeled from the hundred domes and the hundred spires.

And there were many frosts, followed by blazing heat to make cracks that would weaken the great building's foundations.

And Time was pleased because the Temple no longer shone in the sunlight, but became a shadow on the horizon. And the people in the world soon lost their interest, and forgot how to understand the truth, and no longer went on their knees.

The Temple became isolated. But inside lived many priests, who believed they would be praised in the highest Heaven if they stayed with the Temple.

But they became very poor and had to repair the cracks in the walls, spires and domes, which was a great task when they only had bread and water to eat.

The Leader of the Temple was called Axel, which means *peaceful*. And this name suited him well.

And during these difficult days Axel worked with his priests on the never-ending repairs. And this made him sad, because his priests were good and honest and did not deserve to toil and sweat.

So Axel did not know what to do.

Time summoned a great storm. And it was the biggest storm ever, because it shook the very foundations of the Temple.

The wind and rain caused many of the Temple's domes to collapse and many of the spires to tumble into the rock whence they came.

There was more noise than ever as they fell. And the priests were afraid.

When the storm had gone they looked at the damage and wept in despair, for their will to save the Temple had gone. And they said, 'Lord Axel! The Temple is gone forever! What else can we do, but go into the world like everyone else? For there cannot be any God, as He would not bring such terrible times.'

Then they left and went into the world.

Axel was alone. The years passed, and he grew old. His robes became rags, his hair thinned, and his beard was shabby. But every day he did some repairs on the Temple, and he always prayed for the Temple to last forever.

One day Axel had his first dream since he was a child. And a man came from a dazzling sky. He spoke with a voice that reached to the depths of the soul.

And he said, 'Axel, beautiful child, lost in the past and living in death. Now it is time to know yourself, it is the time to know your fears, it is time to understand, it is time to create, to laugh and to imagine, and it is time for you to be responsible for the joy you create. But it is also time for The Temple to fall, and it is time for you to wake up. And it is time for you to live with God; for you now know the true powerlessness of a man who is without God.'

After the dream, Axel awoke with a start, and his mind was suddenly full of questions: they were frightening questions, because they challenged his whole life. They challenged all that he had believed

in and all that he had lived for, which was the Temple.

To clear these doubts from his mind, he went to his window to look at the horizon. But instead of the horizon he saw a bright light that was made from many changing colours.

And this bright light approached Axel. And inside the bright light Axel saw the most beautiful and extraordinary person he had ever seen. But Axel was afraid to look into the person's eyes.

The person was unusual to look at and quite small. He was wearing clothes that were never the same as a moment passed, because they were like the bright light that surrounded him. Sometimes they were gold, sometimes purple, sometimes red, sometimes orange, sometimes white, sometimes a mix of all these colours.

Axel was speechless, but the man from his dream suddenly spoke in his mind, and he said: 'This person will help you with your questions'.

Then the person smiled, and he said: 'Axel, my name is Ajiksoon. I am from Elsewhere, where everything is understood, and where everything is clear. Now let me tell you this: the man in your

dreams is speaking the truth, because I will help you with your questions. Please join me, as the Temple can no longer serve you. And it is time for you to discover the freedom of the Tent of Life.'

But Axel was afraid, and did not look at Ajiksoon. So he looked down at the ground and asked: 'What is the Tent of Life?'

Ajiksoon replied: 'You will find the answer to that question when you enter The Tent of Life.'

Axel asked: 'Can we put up The Tent here?'

Ajiksoon answered: 'How can we put up a tent to see all that is new when we are sitting in the past with this crumbled temple? If we sit in the past, The Tent will not give you what you need.'

Suddenly Axel had the courage to look into Ajiksoon's eyes. And Axel saw that Ajiksoon's eyes were very big and slanted and completely blue.

And when Axel had looked into Ajiksoon's eyes, he was immediately calm and had no fear.

Then Axel was with Ajiksoon in the bright light, and the Temple had vanished.

And in the bright light Ajiksoon gave Axel The Tent of Life.

And Axel took The Tent, which was rolled up and made from many colours. And there were some poles, which were yellow and gold. The Tent did not weigh anything.

Ajiksoon said: 'Your Tent of Life will help free you into what you have always hoped for, which will be a great step for you.'

Chapter 2.

Axel Receives His Questions

Axel was happy to be in the bright light with Ajiksoon, so he asked: 'Do you think religion is *ending?*'

Ajiksoon looked directly at Axel and spoke gently: 'Religion is dying everywhere on Earth. But there are death-throws. And you can see these in some of the extreme actions that have been happening in the name of religion. And extreme actions happen when there is attachment to anything that is dying. For that which dies does not exist. And it is painful to discover that an illusion is not Life; and so more illusions are created to maintain the illusion and avoid the pain – and that is why in your world God is so abused. But the heart of everything that dies must rise again. And so, the heart of all true religions shall rise again.'

And when they rise again the true religions will breath truth into the world, which means that all individuals shall have their power and there will be no order under man's control that is greater than the nation. And so there will be many individuals and many nations. And there will be understanding and truth will abound and responsibility will thrive, and people shall ride the power of God like a fish on the waves.'

After this little speech, Axel and Ajiksoon were no longer in the bright light, for they were in The Tent of Life, which was made from many colours. And there were five poles: one in each corner, making a square, and a tall one in the middle.

Suddenly the front of The Tent vanished and there was a barren land. The sky was red heat. There were no trees; nor was there any life.

Axel stepped outside The Tent, and said: 'It is a very dry place and a very horrible one. Are we in the desert?'

Ajiksoon replied gently, 'We are in a world where there is only desert and nothing else anywhere. Nothing is here except heat and rock.'

Axel was in despair and said: 'This is an awful, dreadful place!'

But Ajiksoon said: 'Please know that you will soon see with more understanding, and understanding is surely an important thing to have, for it unlocks Life.'

Axel shook his head and went back inside The Tent.

He was amazed, because he saw a sheet of light that was like a sheet of paper. Next to it was a pen that glowed like the sun.

Axel knew what to write, and so he wrote nine questions:

What happens when you are born?

What is hope?

What is good and evil?

What is the point of existence?

What is God?

Should we fight in the name of what is good?

What was the point of religion?

What is compassion?

What happens at death?

Axel was amazed because as soon as he had written all of the questions, they vanished with a blinding flash, followed by absolute darkness.

Then Axel's doubts returned, and they made him think that Ajiksoon was a devil. So he was angry with himself, as he had revealed himself through his questions. And so he waited for the flames and the eternal torture that he knew was associated with devils.

Chapter 3.

The Little Man

But there was no hell: no flames, no devil, no torture. There was nothing but a shining man.

He was also a very happy, delighted, laughing man. He wore a white robe with a golden collar, but he was very small indeed.

And he had a little beard, rather like Axel's, but it was neater, more bushy. And, rather like Axel, he had lost much of his hair, but that which was remaining was longer, more curly.

In fact, most incredibly, he was Axel, but, notwithstanding his size, he was at the same time more than Axel.

And he said: 'Hello, Axel! Hello Ajiksoon!'

'Hello,' they replied in unison in the darkness.

The small Axel pointed at Axel and said: 'I am the same as you. But, as you can see, I am here and not

there. I am sitting where you are. I am also very tiny. I am also very happy and free. But most of all I am here to give you a little introduction. Because what you are about to experience in your Tent of Life is a wonderful set of responses to all your questions.’

The little Axel then leapt into the air and landed on a stool that appeared from nowhere.

Then he continued: I mention “responses”, because the questions you have asked cannot have answers in the way that many people think of answers. And, as the responses to your questions will help reveal the divine, they will give you inspiration for you to move on with your quest, which is to reveal to yourself even more of the divine.

So after your journey in The Tent of Life you will not have factual answers. But you will have the **essence**, and you will have the knowing, and it shall be rooted – rooted in the answers – and that is the only real way to the truth, which is Knowledge.

And so, Axel, let me say this: the texts of the true religions are beautiful. And that is exactly what they are - beauty. They were intended not only to guide with the basics Laws of Life but also to inspire, and they were intended to give an essence that would

help liberate the soul. So, whilst their true Laws are essential for the survival of mankind, mankind cannot exist only with a list of rules: mankind also needs meaning. For, when we know that the divine is beyond time, how can a word, or a million words, or a billion words ever express the divine? They can support it in a moment but not express it beyond time.

Alas, the literal interpretations of the texts of the true religions have been used to achieve power over others; so the people have been imprisoned. But power over others is not infinite, for to be under someone else's power is to be limited, which is also not infinite, because limitations over others can never be infinite.

And so, in many cases, the texts of the true religions have been turned into legal documents that are used to control. And to control is to spread fear, and fear is used by those who are terrified to be free. And so, the fear and loss of meaning of the true religious texts have been used to turn people away from God. And this is to turn away from the Laws of Life, and to turn from these laws is to bring chaos and debauchery. For, when the true essence of God

is experienced and understood, the Laws of Life always exist. But the Laws of Life alone do not bring the essence and the understanding.

And please know that God is not fear.

And please know that to understand your fear is to be closer to God, for the fear of God is only the fear of your own falsehood.

And remember this: all illusions are fun when you see them as an illusion.

And remember this: when you are in The Tent of Life, it will appear that you are on a journey, but while you are on your journey you will not leave The Tent.

And remember this: you will benefit from all that you will shortly experience in your Tent of Life. Because, even if you do not receive something, at least you will receive nothing, which is something because you will have thought that you had nothing, and to think is to create. For a thought is close to the beginning of all creation, so choose your thoughts well.

Now I must go. Enjoy yourselves!

At this, the little man vanished, leaving Ajiksoon and Axel in dark silence.

Chapter 4.

The Rug Of Light

Axel was very pleased with what he had just seen, especially as there was no hell and no devils and no torture. So he asked Ajiksoon a question: 'How did that happen?'

As it was still dark in The Tent, Axel could not see Ajiksoon, so Ajiksoon's reply was from the darkness: 'It's your Tent, so you should know.'

'And that's the answer?'

'So far as I know.'

Then Axel said: 'That little man looked very much like me. Was it me?'

Ajiksoon replied: 'It looked like it.'

And Axel asked: 'Where is he now?'

Then Ajiksoon said: 'With you somewhere, I should say, or you are with him.'

'So what happens next?'

‘Wait and see.’

Then they were sitting on a rug of light, which was very soft and more than big enough for the both of them.

Then two doors opened slowly, and light came inside.

The rug of light took off, and it was good at flying, for it took them swiftly through the doors into the light. And in the light they went over a meadow that was full of pink flowers.

Axel turned to Ajiksoon, whose clothes were changing colours quicker than ever before.

And Axel asked: ‘Are we still in The Tent, just as the little Axel said?’

Ajiksoon replied: ‘Try to trust the little Axel, for he would never deceive. And so, yes, we are still in The Tent, although it seems we have left in behind.’

Then the rug of light took them into the sky, and Axel asked: ‘Where are we going?’

Ajiksoon replied: ‘Only you know that.’

Axel smiled because he was beginning to understand.

And on they went, going very fast through a cloud.

Chapter 5.

What Happens When You Are Born?

Ajiksoon and Axel looked down at the country lanes and acres of cornfields with green shoots. And they did this until they descended and flew past a sign that said: '***Birthday Hut - welcome.***'

Then they stopped outside the Birthday Hut, which was very clean and very well made from wood, carved by great craftsmen.

A woman appeared at the entrance.

She said: 'Welcome Ajiksoon, and welcome my dear Axel. My name is The Midwife. Now, Axel I have to thank you for your question. And I remember it perfectly. The question was: *What happens when you are born*'. This is a very good question, and it must be attended to immediately, so please follow me.'

Inside the Birthday Hut they walked along a passage, and The Midwife said: 'I love birth! One minute a woman is two or more people all at once, and then, pop, she's one person again, with another person or persons next to her. Oh! It's all a wonder to me. A woman is blessed because she is the great nurturer of life, and her most important nurturing begins the moment the two halves of life, the male and the female, meet to form another life within the deep comfort of the womb. But, enough of the very beginning of life; let me tell you my opinion of what happens when you are born.'

When you come into this world you are joined to an umbilical chord, all wet and bloody and screaming. It also hurts both mother and infant the same amount for they are still one and the same at this time, and it takes a lot of effort, and the baby's head gets all squashed so the mother can squeeze it out.'

The Midwife stopped outside a door and said: 'But that is my humble view. And I know that you are after something that is not just words, but what is also beyond them. So I shall leave you in here with a newly born baby. He has not been given a name yet, for he was born only minutes ago. But his mother

does not mind him talking to you, because she is resting for a while. Now, please go inside.’

It was a dimly lit but clean chamber with a low ceiling. There were two wooden chairs and a cot. There was a picture of a tree on the wall. The only light in the room came from an unidentifiable source somewhere above the cot.

In the cot was a tiny white blanket, and under this was the new born baby, because it looked at them and said in a baby’s voice: ‘Hello, I am the new born baby you are looking for. So please call me New Born Baby. I apologize for not introducing myself better than that, but as you know I have not been given a name yet. Now, please sit down, because it will not be long before I forget everything, including your question, which was: *What happens when you are born?...*

.... Now listen to what I have to say...

...There is a finite space but there is infinite light and infinite love and infinite fun and infinite music, all of which do not need space, for they are beyond it. And so there is infinity in which to grow and expand. And there are many choices.

Now, the moment before you enter the womb you see that each of these choices is in a mirror, where everything is different, but appearing to be the same on the other side.

Those who return from their mirror always say:

“There were good times and hard times – very hard and dark times. But even those hard times - what fun they are now!”

For all things, even the bad things we experience in the mirror look very much brighter when we are out of the mirror; and so those times in the mirror help us in the Realm of Truth to dance with the lightest movements, and to see with more love than before... but that is a clue of death, and I am here to talk of birth... but the two are so closely linked, so please forgive my digression.

Anyway, before you enter the blissful sleep of the womb, you take your chance and leap through the looking glass.

It is a dazzling pool, but full of darkness.

Then you see a woman in a golden hat (it is always a woman) - she is your Guardian of the Mirror. As she approaches, she smiles and says: “Are you ready for this? Are you sure it is for you?”

You pause, and you think, then you know you are creating.

So the Guardian smiles and says some lines. These were the ones she said to me:

*There is bondage in freedom,
There is freedom in bondage,
For freedom is understanding,
And understanding is being,
And being is creating,
More understanding to be;
And that is to smile,
With inspiration's fire.*

And then my Guardian said: "Hello, how are you? Now choose a card, for I have your pack here with me. And when you return they will have changed."

And your Guardian offers you some cards, and each is alive with the mirror's illusion of true life. And the cards look like heaven, even the lowest of the low of them, because you have not yet forgotten about all that you know.

So I made my choice, and my Guardian said: "Well done bright star, and good bye for now. You will hear

me shortly after you are born, and my words will make you forget. Because I have to say this: if you remember what is here, there is no point in being there.”

And thus, my friends, she spoke. But when she finishes it is always dark and you sleep the most beautiful sleep (for the womb is the place of undisturbed sleep) until there are motions of wakefulness. These motions make you suddenly aware - a body, a mind and the strangest set of waves that rise and fall, emotions you call them, a great test for us all. It is very exciting. And you prepare to be born in the ebbing and flowing of your mother’s heart beat.

Then you feel an urge, and it is within and without, and then you are here in the Birthday Hut.

And now my friends, Axel and Ajiksoon, my Guardian of my Mirror has returned. She is whispering these words, which, when I have finished, will make me forget. So let me now say good bye.

Here are her words:

*And it is time to forget,
For in the remembering,*

*Is the seeing,
And at the end,
Is the beginning.
My dear friend I am always with you.*

New Born Baby then squeezed his eyes shut and he started to scream like the baby he was. The Midwife rushed in and calmed him. She picked the baby up and said soothing words that changed his tears to laughter.

Then she said: 'Axel and Ajiksoon, it is time for you to go. I wish you well in The Tent of Life.'

Chapter 6.

What Is Hope?

Ajiksoon and Axel flew into the sky on the rug of light.

Then they came from the sky and stopped near an opening in the woods. There were wild orchids and blue bells and pale green leaves all around.

And there was a teacher and a group of children. And the teacher said: 'Children, now go away and play.'

The children cheered and ran in all directions to collect flowers or to hide from each other.

One of the children was a little girl, and she was full of the fun of childhood. And she approached Ajiksoon and Axel, who were still on Axel's rug of light.

When the little girl caught their eyes she said: 'Hello, Axel and Ajiksoon. I am a child, so please call

me The Child. Isn't it lovely to go to school in the woods?'

Axel smiled and said: 'Very wonderful.'

And the Child said: 'Good, I am glad you agree. Now, I know why you are here. You are here with the question, *What is Hope?* And as that is such a good question, I shall tell you a story that might give you hope.'

The Child smiled and sat on a log where the sunlight was on her face and she said: 'Now listen to this story:

There was a little girl, whose long hair was tied with magic ribbons. She wore a blue dress and satin shoes. Her eyes were violet and very big. She smiled a lovely smile, and there was light around her so that she was everywhere.

One day she was walking through the forest and she heard a noise. It was a weeping boy. She crept up to the boy, who had his head in his hands and the boy was saying:

"There is nothing, nothing, nothing, but pain. There is no God of happiness. For I have seen the holy man and he said that happiness was the devil's toy.

And so I want to die, because I know that in life there is only pain and fear of more pain.

And I have no friends. I have no sisters. I have no brothers. And my mother and father want me to work just to bring in money; because they say only money will give me a safe future.

And so they want me to kill the present and prepare for a future that ends in death.

So I am alone and lost in despair. Please, if anyone is listening, I ask this: give me a hint of something that will help me begin to discover and understand, otherwise I will surely disappear into darkness.”

Then the girl with violet eyes watched the boy fall asleep.

When he was asleep she went silently up to the sleeping boy and said in a whisper that only spirits could hear: “Little boy, there is nothing to despair about.”

Then she took the magic ribbons from her hair and threw them into the sky, so they became the longest red carpet the world had ever seen. For it started at the boy’s feet and unrolled and unrolled, and went up and up.

The carpet finished at the doors of a palace that was made of clouds, and the clouds were gilded by the sun.

Then the palace doors opened. And twenty horses made from white clouds galloped out with all the power you have ever seen. They pulled a carriage that was as tall as the clouds that stack up high on evening horizons. And they stopped at the sleeping boy. Then the carriage door opened and there was a dazzling brilliance, because the Sun stepped out.

The Sun was magnificent. His smile was the most tranquil and warm that had ever been seen. He withdrew a sword from beneath his cloak. The sword was as long as a bolt of lightning. His cloak was as big and as blue as the sky.

The Sun spoke with a voice that could be heard across the Universe, and he said: "Wake up little boy!"

The boy did not move, for he was still asleep. But his soul flew from the top of his head.

His soul was not as light as it should be, for it was burdened by the fetters of despair.

And so the Sun said: "Poor child, now come with me."

The boy's soul climbed into the carriage with the Sun, and went to the palace in the clouds. And the huge cloudy doors closed behind them.

After a short while, the Sun's carriage flew back along the red carpet. And the boy's soul leapt out, for he was no longer heavy with despair. Indeed, his soul was now golden and as fast and as pure as a holy thought. And, as everyone's pure soul is too nimble to be deceived by the limitations of the body and the restrictions of the heaviness of despair, he had been able to see all that had been forgotten, which was light and knowing, love and God.

The boy said: "Thank you, Sun."

The Sun said: "Now you have seen what is, and you have seen what will always be, and you have seen what is not and you have seen what will never be, and because you have drunk with the Sun, while your earthly body is still alive you shall from now on in your earthly life always know your way."

The boy's soul went back into his body, which suddenly shone like a star, for it was now inspired, and would remain so for his life, during which he would teach the truth of Hope, even if he did not

know he was doing so, for such teaching always shone from his very core so that all could see.

Then the carriage of clouds galloped back into the sky and took the Sun back to his palace.

And a gentle breeze slowly broke up the palace of clouds, and the sky was cloudless and blue. Then the red carpet fell from the sky and became two red ribbons, which the girl put back in her hair. And she hid in a tree to watch the little boy wake up.

And the boy was no longer sad, for he had a big smile, and there were no more tears. Then he ran off through the forest, singing a song he had learned in the Sun's Palace:

*“I have learned to be,
That which can see,
All the sun in the hills,
The agony and the ills,
The star beyond the stars,
The light beyond the light,
And that gloom in the heart,
Is but a walk in the night.”*

And I *hope* you liked that story.’

Axel was affectionate and said: 'Thank you for that lovely story.'

Ajiksoon also thanked her.

'That is all my pleasure,' said The Child. 'Now I have to say good bye, because my classes are starting again.'

Then The Child who had told this wonderful story turned and ran to her class, where she was welcomed by her teacher.

Axel and Ajiksoon flew away.

Chapter 7.

What Is Good And Evil?

They flew high in the sky where it was all blue, like a bright sea in the air.

Then there was a sudden glow that approached at the greatest speed, and grew brighter and brighter. And it was a horse of white fire with a rider who was wearing flames, and his tunic was golden. Across his back was a bow, and there were arrows that were burning with eternal fury.

The rider was a youth who was full of agile power. His arms were strong enough to shoot his arrows beyond the horizon, and his thighs were strong enough to ride the most restless horse. And he was suited to a restless horse, because he was himself restless, and saw movement and humour in everything. And in his face there was fun.

But Axel was afraid because he had never before seen such a powerful figure.

The youth understood his thoughts and said: 'Hello, Axel and Ajiksoon. Now, Axel, listen to this: you only fear me because you can see me. But know this: you would be unable to see me if you did not have me within you. So try to be happy and light and open to my presence. And I want you to laugh.'

Then together they all laughed very much until tears came to their eyes, and the flaming youth said: 'Now we are relaxed enough to talk, let me introduce myself. I am The Messenger. I can go above and below, inside and out, here and beyond. And I carry messages. And I have a message for you, Axel, because you have asked the question: *What is good and evil?* And some may say this is a good question and some say that it is bad, but it is merely my job to deliver it and not to judge.'

Then The Messenger took a scroll that was made from a sheet of white fire, and he said: 'Now please listen to this little tale.'

He read from the fiery scroll.

There was a hollow tree that was very much alive and its leaves shone in the spring sun. And its roots went deep into the world.

It was where the butterflies were born.

As soon as the butterflies were born they saw the light at the top of the hollow tree, and they wanted to fly away. So they dried their wings and prepared for their flight and were full of enthusiasm, which they did not yet understand.

Then from the darkness at the bottom of the tree a scarlet butterfly appeared. And it was as big and as powerful as a crow. This butterfly wore a scarlet crown that was so polished it flashed in the darkness. For this was indeed a divine creature. Yet, although it was a divine creature, it could not fly. And it could not fly because its wings were as thick as velvet, and very heavy, but very beautiful.

The scarlet butterfly spoke in a deep voice to the newly born butterflies. It said: "I am the Scarlet One. And you must not fly. You must be like me."

The young butterflies looked at the Scarlet One and saw that its wings were a hundred times bigger than theirs. Then they saw its crown and realised it must be an authority. And they thought that if this

magnificent scarlet butterfly says they must not fly, then surely they must not fly.

Then the Scarlet One said: “Do not be deceived by the light at the top of the hollow tree, for it brings great peril.”

And the newly born butterflies believed this.

Then the Scarlet One said: “We all have wings, but they are sent by the devil to tempt us into flight, and we must turn from this, because all flight ends in death and pain. And it is our duty to resist this temptation. And when we follow our duty to resist temptation, we shall become pure.”

The butterflies believed this. Then they became sad and believed that sadness was happiness. Then they began their lives, and they ate only decayed wood, for there is no honey in a hollow tree. And butterflies like to eat honey more than they like to eat decayed wood. But, as they had never had honey, they believed decayed wood was the best food for them.

There were some individual butterflies who wanted to fly, and they said to each other: “We shall go against the Scarlet One and take off!”

But there were followers of the Scarlet One who were always very close by. And they always heard these words of rebellion, which made them angry.

They said: "You filthy butterflies! Unworthy of the name butterflies! Have you not heard the Scarlet One say that it is wrong to fly and use your wings? Do you not remember that the Scarlet One has said that our wings have been sent by the devil to tempt us? Now we shall punish you!"

So they hit the rebellious butterflies with blades of dry grass until the rebellious butterflies became good.

And The Scarlet One smiled happily, and without hate. And this was because the Scarlet One saw that his followers were suffering and that they chose to suffer, otherwise they would surely fly away.

The Scarlet One also smiled because it was aware that it had told lies that had to be heard, and these lies would soon be understood by everyone, and would therefore disappear.

The Scarlet One also smiled because it knew that The Golden One would soon come from the light above, and free these frightened creatures into the joys of the infinite skies.

As soon as these thoughts entered The Scarlet One's mind, the most glorious butterfly that had ever been seen appeared at the hole at the top of the tree, and it looked down from there into the darkness of the hollow of tree. Its wings were as fine as light itself, for they shone and reached into the sky. And this butterfly was more powerful than The Scarlet One, and he was called The Golden One.

And The Golden One looked down and said: "My dear friend, The Scarlet One, I hope you are well."

And The Scarlet One looked up and said kindly: "Thank you, Golden One. I am well, and I hope you are happy. But I do believe it is time for you to show these young butterflies freedom to do as *they* truly wish."

None of the other butterflies heard this conversation. And they did not yet know that The Scarlet One and The Golden One loved and understood each other.

Then The Golden One talked to the other butterflies, and said: "Now it is time to be free to do as you truly wish. And it is time to eat honey and not decayed wood. So come into the skies, where you

will be free from both me and The Scarlet One. Then you will know both me and The Scarlet One.”

Some of the butterflies in the darkness of the hollow tree said: “We are doing as we truly wish. And we do not wish to fly, because The Scarlet One has always said that there is death and danger in flying. And The Scarlet One also says that if we use our wings we are being tempted by the devil.”

Then The Golden One said: “If that is what you truly wish then do it. But perhaps you are just staying with what you know. So let me say this: I realise that you do not yet know me, but you will all know me one day. And when you know me and come with me into the skies you will then know me *and* The Scarlet One. Then you will understand that there is more than just the hollow tree, and you will understand that there is more than merely The Scarlet One’s words, which are also hollow. You will also know that there is more than just my words, which are hollow without The Scarlet One’s words. And when you understand this you will know that you can return to the hollow tree to talk to The Scarlet One whenever you wish, and you will know

that you will always be free to leave whenever you wish.”

Then The Golden One flew away.

Many butterflies were inspired by his speech, for they took off for the skies, and none of them died, and none of them had pain. But they all soared in the fresh breezy air and beheld the wonders of a world of flowers and rivers and mountains and winds and sun. And they all discovered the joy of eating honey, and realised that decayed wood was the most foul food.

Then the vigorous followers of The Scarlet One wept in the darkness of the hollow tree, because they wanted everything to be as it had always been. And these tears were so strong that misery was no longer a joy but misery indeed.

Then a butterfly called down to them and said: “Stop your silly tears, for they are self indulgent. Now come into the sky.”

But the followers of The Scarlet One said: “You are the voice of the devil, and although we have now found misery, which we have realized we do not like, we are comfortable here, and we are afraid to fly.”

Then the butterfly said: “Do as you choose, but you will not do it for ever, because I tell you it is very wonderful here.”

At these words many followers of The Scarlet One were suddenly inspired and realised that misery need not imprison them. So they left the hollow tree, and flew in the skies.

And as soon as they realised how wonderful it was they also called down to those still in the tree, and they said: “They are right, it is wonderful here. So stop your tears, free yourselves from the indulgence of misery, and come with us.”

Eventually, the last ones slowly walked away from the Scarlet One. And The Scarlet One made it very difficult for them, by pretending to be sad. And when these last ones took off, they realised how wonderful it was to fly and how wonderful and, indeed, necessary, it was to have known to The Scarlet One.

And so all the butterflies thanked The Scarlet One for his lies, because they knew that without his lies they would never have experienced the true joys of being outside the hollow tree.

And so all the butterflies were free and they all understood fear.’

Then The Messenger said: 'I hope you liked my story. But now I must be on my way. And I wish you a glorious time in your Tent of Life.'

Then The Messenger galloped into the sky.

And Axel said: 'That was the most glorious youth! And a very exciting story, full of more than an answer.'

As he spoke, the rug of light took them down towards a wood. They arrived at an open air theatre, and, sitting in front of a silk curtain was a young man, who said: "Welcome to the Outdoor Theatre, where life is watched, and so life is known, for to know is to watch. And I am an actor, so please call me The Actor. And you have a question for me to look at, and the question is: *What is the point of existence?* And as it is such a good question, I shall perform a play for you.'

Chapter 8.

What Is The Point Of Existence?

The Actor snapped his fingers and suddenly it was night and the moon was in the sky.

And The Actor said: 'In the play I shall be The Man Who Exists, and it is a great part to play because the play is called *The Point Of Existence with The Man Who Exists.*'

Then he said: 'Start the play!'

The moment he said this, he vanished.

Ajiksoon and Axel remained on the rug of light.

Suddenly the silk curtain was lifted to reveal the most remarkable scenery on the stage.

Then The Actor was The Man Who Exists, and he was on a plateau of a golden mountain. And on this

plateau was a stone seat. In the distance there was the white light of beyond time.

The Man Who Exists was very dramatic and said: 'I am here to ask: *What is the point of existence?* And, lost in an eternal question, I ask this a million times, and flounder in despair! And as I flounder I wish I did not exist.'

Then he sat on the stone seat, and mused at the endless distance, and said: 'Oh, help me and grant me the all that I seek!'

And suddenly there stood a tall Being of Transformation, who said: 'I am The Being of Transformation and I am here to help you answer your question.'

The Man Who Exists was pleased and said: 'That is good, because I need to know the point of existence.'

The Being of Transformation said: 'Then perhaps that is the point.'

The Man Who Exists said: 'Well that is too simple.'

The Being of Transformation smiled, before saying: 'Do you know, there was once a young man who bought some flowers?'

The Man Who Exists replied: 'Of course, many young men like to buy flowers to give to young women.'

The Being of Transformation laughed and said: 'You are right. And flowers are beautiful. Now explain that.'

Then The Man Who Exists answered: 'They are beautiful to make the bees go to them.'

The Being of Transformation laughed and said: 'So practical! And are the women you love, bees? Of course not! Now let me tell you this: One day there was something that did not exist, and it said: "I do not exist." On another day there was a young man who said: "I do not want to exist!" And I said: "You *both* exist!"

Then The Man Who Exists was angry and very dramatic and said: 'Being of Transformation, you talk such rubbish. Please never talk rubbish again.'

The Being of Transformation spoke firmly: 'You are very insolent! So now I shall put you on a trail of madness and then I shall see what you have to say!'

The Being of Transformation threw a silver ball at The Man Who Exists, and there was a flash and all was dark infinity, and there was slime like there is on

slugs, and The Man Who Exists fell in the slime, and prickly plants grabbed at his limbs, and terrible birds screamed and pecked him. The Man Who Exists laughed and laughed with an excitable noise of horror as he fought his way through the slime.

Years passed, and The Man Who Exists became an old man, and very thin, living under the only tree he had found. It was growing on one of the few pieces of ground not covered in slug mucus. All he did was shout at wispy ghosts. Then The Man Who Exists died, and all was light again, and he was back on the golden mountain with The Being of Transformation, just as before.

He looked at The Being of Transformation and said: 'That was horrible. You made me mad for a whole lifetime. What was the point in that?'

The Being of Transformation replied: 'Aha! Now you have returned from madness to ask about the point of madness. So perhaps the reason for your existence is for you to discover the point of madness.'

And The Man Who Exists was dramatic and said: 'So the point of existence is the point of madness?'

The Being of Transformation was growing impatient, and replied: 'If you like.'

‘Then make me mad again, so I can know more.’

At this The Being of Transformation threw the silver ball at The Man Who Exists, who once again went mad, and died, and came back again and said: ‘That was quite funny, because that time I had some idea about what was going on, and so it was not as painful.’

So the Being of Transformation rubbed his chin and asked: ‘Then you think that the point of existence is to avoid pain by knowing what is going on?’

At this, The Man Who Exists leapt up onto his stone seat and said: ‘It must be! Now make me mad again!’

And The Being of Transformation said: ‘I am now tired of you asking me to make you mad. So, why do you not do it for yourself? You can if you like. In fact, you can do anything you want. Now take my magic ball.’

Then The Being of Transformation tossed his silver ball to The Man Who Exists.

Here was the end of the first act, and the curtain fell.

The curtain went up again and the golden mountain had gone, because there on the state was now a dawn of pink light that came from a billion miles away, cast across a calm lake of infinity.

Then a shore emerged on the right side of the lake. And there were trees and shrubs and bushes and wild flowers.

And there sat The Man Who Exists, who held up his hand to show his audience the magic silver ball that The Being of Transformation had given him.

And The Man Who Exists spoke to the magic silver ball and said: 'Magic silver ball, you now know that I *have* to find the point of existence, so I have left the golden mountain and I am now at the calm lake of infinity. And The Being of Transformation said that I can do what I like to find my meaning of existence. So, as you are magic, create for me a clever man who will give me the answer I seek.'

Then The Man Who Exists tossed the ball into the air, and it landed on a stone. There was a huge flash and the stone became a clever man, who paced around. That clever man had an idea, and he said: 'Aha! Because my name is The Very Clever Man, I know what the answer is. Existence is all an

accident. And there is nothing but chance, so the point of existence is to live by chance.'

The Man Who Exists rejoiced at this answer, and said to The Very Clever Man: 'Then I shall be a set of dice!'

So, he tossed his magic ball into the air and he became two dice. Then he rolled about and cried: 'I want to land on double six!'

But he never landed on double six; so he tried again and again, and you could tell he was enjoying himself very much, rolling around, because he was laughing and saying: 'Oho! It's funny! Oh! So funny being two dice, because being two dice gives me no idea why I exist beyond that of wanting to be a double six. It is also very funny because I am beginning to see myself, just like Axel and Ajiksoon can see me. And that is as a foolish set of dice.'

The Man Who Exists went on rolling about for a while, but soon became bored, and he said: 'I no longer want to be two dice.'

So, in a flash, The Man Who Exists stopped being a set of dice and once again became The Man Who Exists.

Then he looked at The Very Clever Man and said: 'You are not as clever as your name suggests!'

The Very Clever Man was angry and said: 'I am very clever indeed.'

So The Man Who Exists laughed and said: 'Then being clever is very unimportant. Because I do not need to be clever to know that existence is not all about madness. And it is not about chance, nor is it about being two dice. So, as you were once a stone, you shall return to being a stone, and enjoy being a stone, while you can.'

Then there was a flash of bright light and The Very Clever Man turned back into a stone.

The Man Who Exists sat down very happily and said: 'I am not mad, I am not two dice, and I am not The Very Clever Man!' Then he laughed. 'And the stone was not The Very Clever Man, but was the stone. And so I am The Man Who Exists! Yes, but what is that? And what is the point of being The Man Who Exists? There is still no answer. Or is there? Let me see: now I know that I am The Man Who Exists, and I know that it is fun *not* being The Man Who Exists, and I know that it is even more fun *being* The Man Who Exists after each time I am not The

Man Who Exists. So perhaps that is it?' Then he started to laugh. 'And it is very wonderful, for I am not The Man Who Exists. I am The Actor! Which means that I know who I am! And there is joy in that because I am laughing!'

Suddenly, then there were trumpets, coming from afar in the infinite lake, and there on the horizon, moving swiftly on a giant golden skull, was The Being of Transformation.

As The Being of Transformation approached, he said: 'The Man Who Exists, I see that you are laughing! It is good to see you laugh! For life is very joyous, and so existence is too.'

Then the floating skull was on the shore.

The Being of Transformation turned to his audience, which was Ajiksoon and Axel, and he said: 'Now listen to these lines:

*And the point of existence,
As you can see,
Is so much fun,
And so much to be,
So drink your drink,
And laugh a while,*

*Because you'll find the link's
In all that beguiles.'*

Then the silk curtain fell.

The Actor appeared and said: 'I must go now, for I have more plays to act, so please have a wonderful time in The Tent of Life.'

Ajiksoon and Axel said farewell.

Then they went on the rug of light away from the Outdoor Theatre to an island that was in the middle of a lake.

The sun was rising slowly so the island was lit with increasing light. And this light reached back up to the sun, then down into the depths of the lake. So the island was the centre of an infinite sphere of light.

When they arrived at the island there were ten golden herons. And there were flowers growing and spreading their petals in all directions. There were also trees full of leaves that were as green as summer's leaves have ever been.

Then the herons took off, leaving a golden trail behind. And the rug of light followed this golden trail through this world of luminescence and colour.

Chapter 9.

What Is God?

It was very strange because the island was such a small island, and Ajiksoon and Axel were following the ten herons for so long that it seemed as if the island was not an island, but a continent.

And as they went on their way, the surrounding light became brighter and brighter, but the temperature was neither cool nor warm; indeed, it was such a perfect temperature that there was no temperature at all.

Then suddenly the ten golden herons led them through a tunnel that was made by the overhang of branches of trees in a forest. At the end of this tunnel was a barrow of vegetables and fruits and bread and fish that must have been made in Heaven, for they were all so fresh and glowed with a soothing light of many colours.

And this barrow was in the middle of a circular clearing in the middle of a forest. This clearing was also at the centre of the island.

Then the golden herons flew away.

Ajiksoon and Axel jumped off the rug of light, and they were very happy because they were enjoying this wonderful journey in The Tent of Life. And they were so happy that they started to laugh.

Then Axel said: 'Are you sure you should be laughing when we are in such a special place that must surely be Heaven?'

In answer to this, a voice said: 'Of course you can laugh. Especially when you have come with a question, and it is a very important question, because the question is: *What is God?*'

And there stood a man wearing a white apron. He was neither small nor big, nor fat nor thin, nor old nor young. But his face was very alive and his eyes shone as if they were seeing new wonders every moment.

But Axel did not at first notice these eyes. Instead he thought: this man cannot know about God, because if he does, he is too ordinary for it to be true!

But the man read his thoughts and said: 'No, no! Axel. A sack of doubts never made any bread - only pure ground flour makes a good loaf. So you might try thinking this: it is all too true to be ordinary.' Then the man said: 'Anyway, welcome to you both. Now, I am a grocer, so please call me The Grocer. And listen now, for I shall tell you a story.'

So they listened.

'Imagine,' said the man, 'that I am climbing a mountain, and at the top I find a castle that has walls of golden mist. It also has four turrets, which are very high. Then I find a silver door.

There is an old woman sitting outside, who is spinning wool of all colours. The woman is happy and has very nimble fingers and many rings, and each ring is a galaxy.

So I ask her: "What is this building that is made of golden mist?"

"Why, a building of golden mist. What else? Now ask me another question."

Then I ask: "What is it for?"

She replies: "It is a place where things are made."

So I ask if I could go inside, and she says that I can - but only if I also make something. And I say, of course. And she asks me what I will make. And I say I will make a loaf - because I know how to make loaves of bread. And she says that it will be very boring to make a loaf, and she adds: "I shall tell you what you must make - you must make an answer to a question."

And I ask her: "Please, what question?"

And she eyes me and says: "The question is: *What is God?*"

I am amazed by what I have to make, but I know I could never have thought of a better thing to make than this.

Then she lets me pass through the silver door.

And the silver door disappears.

And I say: "Old woman, it is remarkable, because the door has disappeared."

The old woman laughs and says: "Has it, indeed? I never saw it as being there in the first place."

A lovely answer, I think. Then I pass into a square that has no bottom and no top, for it goes on and on, up and up into infinity, and down and down into infinity. I am surprised that I do not fall because I

am floating on nothing. And everything is peace and calm. I am also surprised to see that in the middle of the square, also floating on nothing, is a roundabout that is slowly going round and round.

And this roundabout has a cross in the middle so that it is cut into four segments, and two opposing segments are white and two are black and there is a circle in the middle.

And sitting on the roundabout there are three babies who are wearing crowns. And they are happy making things, which they toss into the air when they are finished. And the things which they make go either up or down.

And some are cities, and some are seas, and some are worlds, and some are suns, and some are mountains, and some are gold, and some are silver, and some are air, and some are light, and some are dark.

I ask the babies: "Who are you?"

And they say: "We are the Babies of the Roundabout Of Creation. We are eternal babies because there is never an end to creation so we are always at the beginning, and our potential is limited

only by potential itself. Now, please tell us what *you* will make.”

I tell them that I have to make an answer to this question: “*What is God?*”

They say: “Well that is a fun one!”

And I say: “Why is it a fun one?”

They answer: “Well, it is the best thing to make, because in its making you will find understanding and understanding releases everything to be known, so you will have made everything and you will be at the beginning of making everything else. And as understanding leads to the endless and as creation is endless, you can have an endless amount of fun with this question.’

And I say: “Does that mean it impossible for me to make an answer?”

And they say: “Yes, very impossible. And that’s all you need to know, because when you know this you are on your way to realising that ultimately there is no answer that is really an answer. And to help you with this, we shall give you three stories that we shall create on our Roundabout.”

Then one baby says:

“Upon the highest place under the lowest caves in the widest field and the narrowest stream, where the sun glitters in the moonlight, and the sea covers the driest desert, there is a man with a woman’s look. And this person is as beautiful as ugliness itself, and as big as small can be. And this person knows all this, but would like to find out more. So a tune has always been played, unheard by the most musical people. And the music has a rhythm and a melody that changes and develops - so it goes on and on and on and on. And this is a very happy thing, because the suns, moons, deserts, caves, fields and oceans all change and dance to the sound of the endless, beginningless music.

But before the music started, or so it seems, there was a man and there was a woman and they were asleep, because they were everything. Then the music woke them, and they saw it glide by, so they made a boat that floated away with them in it.”

After hearing this wonderful story I thank the baby, and another baby says: “Now here is my story:

There is a place, a lovely plain, with beautiful grass and all the sun and rain it needs. Then a traveller arrives. And the traveller loves the plain and

wonders at its beauty. And he decides to stay, so he makes a hut. Then he finds a wife. And they have children. And more huts are made, and then a city, and the plains are buried beneath lots of huts and people and horses. Then one day they are invaded and everyone is killed. And the place is desolate, so all the huts are empty and start to fall down. And then there is wind and rain and snow and ice and much time passes. Then all the huts disappear without trace. And the plain is just as it was before the first man arrived - there is beautiful grass and all the sun and rain it needs.

But the man who built the first hut returns in a vision to see the city of huts he started a million years before. And, as we know, the city is no longer there, for it has been torn apart by the ice, washed away by the rain and blown away by the wind.

And it is as it was when he arrived a million years before. So he rejoices at what he has remembered. Now that is the end of my story.”

I thank this baby for his story and the last baby says: “Now here is my tale:

There is a village by the sea. It is a very happy village and all the people who live there eat fish. And

one day a fisherman catches a very big fish. In fact it is the most beautiful fish he has ever seen, for it is glowing and colourful and golden and silver and has a wonderful pattern of scales that keep changing into other patterns as he hauls it aboard from the right side of the boat. He enjoys pulling the fish from the sea so much that he can hardly stop, and only has a few rests - that is, he rests for water, or food, or a read of a poem; he likes poems, you see.

But there is a really special thing: the fish can talk, as it says: "Hello, kind fisherman, do not kill me, for I am the most beautiful fish you will ever see." And the fisherman says: "Yes, indeed you are, but I will have to kill you as we eat fish in my village." And the fish says: "I know you are an honest man, so let us agree on one thing. You can kill me and eat me and bring me back to your village in triumph, but only if you can get to my tail. Your part of the bargain is that you must never stop taking me out of the sea. And I shall see to it that you have enough water and food and poems to keep you going - for I am able to do this."

Well, the fisherman was very happy with this, for he could not lose, as both of the choices were wonderful.

And it is true that even now he is pulling this glorious fish from the sea. And it is also true that, as he has been doing it for so long, he is now very good friends with the fish, and he knows that even if he gets to its tail he loves it so much that he could never kill it.”

And I love this story, too, so I thank the last baby, and I am filled with a great feeling of simplicity. Then I thank them all at once and say good bye.

The old woman is still spinning her colourful wool outside. And she looks up and says with a smile: “Well? Tell me: *What is God?*”

And I say: “Listen to my story:

There is an old woman. She is sitting, spinning wool outside a castle of mist. Inside the castle I see a place that has neither top nor bottom, and in the middle is the Roundabout of Eternity. And everything is peace and calm. And on the Roundabout are the Babies of Creation who are potential limited only by potential itself, for they told me so. And they tell me some stories. And these stories leave me with a great feeling of simplicity and understanding. And I say good bye to these babies. Then I go outside and say good bye to the old woman.

And she says I have understood the spirit of the question. And that is my story. But although I have searched for it, I have no more answer than that to your question.”

And the old woman who is spinning wool says: “You have understood the spirit of the question very well. And I am glad of this; for, although you have not answered my question, you are now truly seeking an answer, which means at some level you know God – for how can you seek something and not know what it is? And God knows you are seeking. For He knows all. Therefore, whether you experience bad or good, tribulation or pleasure, you are favoured, and closer to Him than before. Now look up.”

I look up and there is no castle of golden mist, and I wonder where it has gone. Then I look back at the old woman, but she has also vanished. And all that remains is beautiful scenery from the top of a mountain. And the horizon is a million miles away. And that is my story to you.’

When this story was over Axel and Ajiksoon clapped their hands.

As they clapped their hands they found themselves taking off into the bright sky and could only manage a quick 'thank-you' to The Grocer.

But The Grocer waved and said: 'Have a wonderful journey!'

After Ajiksoon and Axel had been flying in pure and deep thought through a beautiful light, Axel said: 'That was a good story, and it makes me wonder.'

Ajiksoon agreed.

Then they landed softly in a great plain, where there were trees scattered here and there, and the grass was long and green.

Chapter 10.

Should We Fight In The Name Of What Is Good?

Axel was startled when he heard someone say: 'Axel and Ajiksoon, come over here and sit down, for you have asked a question, and I have a story to tell.'

Axel then saw a man who was sitting cross-legged under an old tree. The tree had thick roots, and must have been a thousand years old. The man was wearing a tunic that was cut short at the sleeves. And he had powerful arms. His hair was long and tied back. Next to him was a sabre that was polished and curved like a crescent moon. Then there was a bow that was as tall as Axel. And there were a thousand arrows.

The man then said: 'I am a warrior, so please call me The Warrior, for it is an easy name to remember

and suits me very well. Now please come and sit down with me.'

So Ajiksoon and Axel sat down next to The Warrior.

Then The Warrior said: 'The question you asked is: *Should we fight in the name of what is good?* And as this is such a good question I shall tell a good story. Now please listen to what I have to say:

There was a man called Fear. And Fear could not live within himself, so he lived without himself. And that meant he needed as many people around him as possible, and he needed to control them. And as he needed as many people as possible under his control he needed to have a plan that would secure as many followers as possible. When he had these followers he would need their undying loyalty.

So Fear sat down under a tree and wondered what he could do to make everyone obey him. A spider then fell on his face, and this frightened him very much, so he recoiled and banged his head on a rock. When this happened he suddenly realised that the spider had made him do what he did not want to do, and the reason for this was that the spider had terrified him.

And so the spider made him realise that fear was a good way to make people do what *he* wanted them to do.

Then Fear thought for a while longer and many dangerous realisations came to him.

He realised that many people would rather be saved than save themselves. For to rely on being saved means that individual responsibility will be cast aside, and many people would prefer to avoid their responsibilities.

And he realised that if an individual were to cast aside his responsibility, that individual would live according to the so-called saviour, who would think for the individual.

Which means that the individual would not think; which means he would not create; which means he would avoid the divine. Which means he would no longer be an individual; for he would belong to the masses, and so he would belong to whoever claims to be the saviour.

And he realised that, without individual responsibility, there could be atrocities, for the so-called saviour could use his powers and say: 'In the name of me, the saviour, atrocities are necessary.'

For I have thought on this, and as I think for *you*, you will do as I say.’

So those who wish to be saved are always vulnerable to the influence of someone who can tell them what to think.

And when people live only through the influence of someone else they will be afraid to turn from this influence. Because, without that influence of someone else, those people would believe that they were nothing.

For if they only believe in the influence of someone else, they will never believe in themselves, and so they will believe that they themselves are nothing, with no power of their own. And they will believe that their so-called saviour is everything. And so they will live in great fear that their so-called saviour will leave them or punish them. For their so-called saviour is everything to them.

Thus people who do not think for themselves are open to being controlled by fear.

So, because he knew that people had always clung just to the words of ‘saviours’ and ‘prophets’ and ‘divinities’, usually without ever thinking of their true meaning, Fear decided to pretend to be a saviour.

And Fear would use his words to say that he had a fearful message.

Since Fear wanted to control as many people as possible, he would say that only he could give the answers that would save the world from the effects of The Fearful Message.

And then Fear decided what The Fearful Message would be.

And The Fearful Message would be this: the world is a bomb.

And so he would tell everyone that the world is a bomb.

For he knew that such a terrifying warning from someone who was known to be a saviour would be an effective way to spread fear. And spreading terror in this way would give Fear all the control he wanted.

And then Fear decided that he would tell everyone that if they followed his Message they would be doing all that was necessary to save the world from exploding.

And so Fear devised a series of rituals and rules, many of which he knew were completely pointless in as much as they helped no one but him. But he would say that by following these rules and rituals

each person would be doing his or her good work towards preventing the world from exploding.

And then he realised that with these lies he would create a huge following, and with his huge following he could create a huge army that would rampage over the world, spreading his news that the world could only be saved if everyone followed him.

And he knew that his army would be called The Good Army.

And he knew that only he would think for The Good Army.

And he knew that his soldiers would fight well, for they would be continually running from their fears and this would give them great violence and energy against any foe.

And he knew that his soldiers would be filled with the lie that they were in the right, so they would believe that they had a good mission to prevent the world from exploding.

And he knew that when an unthinking soldier believes that he is right, he would be a very fierce soldier. For an unthinking soldier who believes he is right would be very savage, and would invade

whoever he wishes, would kill whoever he wishes, and yet always be doing what was “right”.

And so any foe would be killed.

And all those who did not follow Fear would be killed, and so there would be no one left with a different idea to his.

And so the world would eventually be under the control of Fear, and that control would live through terror.

And Fear would have everything that was without himself.

So, Fear went to the city and told everyone that the world was a bomb. And he told them that he was their saviour. And he told them that he had been chosen to save the world from exploding.

And when the people heard this they believed him, and they were all afraid, looking to him for guidance.

Then he said to them: “To prevent the world from exploding, there are things you must and must not do. And here are the rules:

One, you must obey me, Fear, for I am the only link between you and a safe world.

Two, you must pay homage to me seven times a day, every day of the week.

Three, when you pay homage you must lie on the floor, for you are nothing.

Four, there is no one who is right about anything except me, so you must know that you are wrong if you disagree with me.

Five, everyone who shows any disagreement with me will be harassed to prison and then to death, as will his home and his family and his nation – for there shall be no separate things when I, Fear, rules.

Six, your strongest and fittest men must join my army, and that army will be The Good Army; and it will go from here to tell the people of the world that the world is a bomb, and those who we conquer must do all of the above.

When the people in the city heard this they all cheered because they believed all the rules gave no benefit to Fear, and so he must surely be a selfless chosen one who was enduring a special duty to save the world.

But alas they did not think, so they did not see that the rules actually gave Fear more power than any

man has ever had on earth. And they did not realise that this power would be used to control them.

Then there was a huge Good Army, and Fear led The Good Army from the city. And Fear started to spread his words around the world, and many people were killed, and many places conquered.

One day The Good Army came to rest, and tents were put up and regular homage to Fear was paid. And there were great celebrations, because everyone now believed that the world was safe from exploding.

Then three soldiers from The Good Army went for a walk into a wood, and they were pleased that they were saving the world.

As they walked they found a cottage which had a thatched roof made from such beautiful straw that it was gold, and it shone in the sunlight.

One of the soldiers knocked on the cottage door, for it was a very attractive cottage.

The door was answered by an old man, who had strength and wisdom in his eyes, for he had seen a lot of the world and yet he had lived his life true to

himself. And he was a fit old man, for he was upright, and supple.

The old man said: “Yes, my friend, what can I do for you?”

The soldier said: “Hello, old man, I like the golden roof on your cottage.”

And the old man said: “Thank you. Everyone has a golden roof over their home, but some of them refuse to show it.”

The soldier did not like these poetic words, for he had been told that poetic words were the words of the bomb, which made him assume that the old man was a demon. So he asked: “Old man, have you paid your homage to Fear today?”

The old man was polite and said: “Indeed, I do not need to do such thing, for I have lived my life so that I am continually with the universe and beyond all at once.”

The soldier became angry and said: “Well, if you are as with the universe and beyond all at once as you say, then you must know that the world is a bomb, and it will explode if selfish people like you do not pay your homage to Fear and follow all the rules of Fear.”

The old man was polite and said: “I know none of these things, for they are not true. And I am no follower of false rules. I only accept rules of integrity, wisdom, justice, freedom, fulfillment, truth, the highest order and understanding. And you do not speak of such rules.”

The soldier called over his friends and said: “This old man is saying that Fear’s truth is lies. I have never seen such impertinence in the face of soldiers from The Good Army. So we shall execute him here and now.”

But the old man was polite and said: “I warn you, I have lived an honest life as a great warrior, for it is a noble path to understand the divine warrior that lives within. And as I am a great warrior, I know how to fight a fair fight that I shall win and can only win. And I can see that *none* of you are warriors, for you have come to brutalize me, saying that I must be beholden to this leader of yours who is called Fear. And as you are not warriors, I shall have no trouble defeating all three of you. Indeed, even if there were thirty of you or three hundred of you I would still defeat you. So go on your way, and leave me alone.”

The soldiers were now outraged, and fear was in them, for they had heard the first truth in years; and truth cuts deep into self-deceit.

Then the soldiers drew their swords. But the old man was faster than lightening and he had a sword in his hand. And he injured all of the soldiers in the blinking of an eye.

Then the warrior put his sword aside, and said: "Do not fight on, for, as I have said, I shall always defeat you."

The soldiers did not fight on, for they had never seen anyone with such martial skills. So the old warrior put away his sword and took the injured soldiers into his cottage, where he nursed them until they were well, and when they were well, they thanked him and said: "Old warrior, you have worked tirelessly to heal our wounds. Please tell us why you did not kill us."

The old warrior then said: "Because killing is the last thing I want to do to any man."

One of the soldiers said: "But what if we had continued, and you were in great danger?"

The old warrior then said: "I would never be in great danger from you, for you are not warriors. You are merely soldiers of Fear who do not think for yourself."

Then a soldier said: "What is the difference between a soldier and a warrior?"

The old warrior smiled and said: "A soldier is someone who is given weapons but has no idea how to respect them. I see a soldier as someone who is merely trained to kill, without any understanding of what it means to kill. And I see a soldier as someone who is not whole and lives only by his weapons, so that he himself becomes a weapon of whoever controls him. And I see a soldier as someone who is not in pursuit of truth.

Whereas I see a warrior as someone who first of all loves truth; and truth is that which does not create fear, and truth is that which comes from beyond what we can see.

And to be a warrior is first to understand martial skills, and second to maintain them. And to be a warrior is to know that martial skills are not life, they are merely one of the many tools for living: just as a harp is one of the tools of life for a musician, and a pen is one of the tools of life for a poet.

And to be a warrior is to act only in truth. And to be a warrior is to know that on the journey to Knowledge there will be those who will attempt to control the warrior. And when that happens he will gain strength from his martial skills, though he might not use them. For a warrior knows that truth comes from beyond what we can see, which means truth does not come from the orders of Fear or anyone else. And to be controlled by others is to move from truth, and to do this is to be moved from yourself, and to be moved from yourself is to go towards fear, which is to be blind, which is to live in death. And there are no warriors who love to live in death.”

Then one of the soldiers said: “These are fine words, but what would you do if you were attacked by warriors like *you*?”

The old warrior then replied: “This would be impossible, for, as I have said, a warrior has truth, and in truth there is no fear, and to attack without reason is to create fear. And I say *attack without reason*, because there are times when a warrior will attack while acting in defense – just as I did with you.”

Then a soldier said: “All right, but what if there were hundreds of us and you became tired and were in danger of being killed?”

The old warrior replied: “Although I live in peace and had not used my weapons for years before you came to brutalize me, I will always use my martial skills when I am threatened. And if it is necessary to kill to protect myself then I shall kill. But it is a great responsibility to kill, so a warrior will always choose very carefully before he takes action. And when a warrior has to defend, a warrior may become angry; and when a warrior becomes angry, even more care will be taken, for anger is a powerful and constructive force when it is harnessed and understood; and anger is just as powerfully destructive to the warrior when it is misunderstood and allowed to run free. And so a warrior will direct anger wisely, and will not be vindictive with anger, and will work to understand anger.”

Then a soldier said: “But what happens if there is no doubt that you will lose a fight and that you will suffer greatly as a result?”

The old warrior replied: “As truth is my guide, I will never suffer greatly at any loss, because a warrior

never loses. And that is because a warrior knows that when something is lost, something is always gained. Even in death the warrior will gain, for death always leads to more life. And a warrior will never chase after that which he has lost, but will be always grateful for what he has gained.”

Then one of the soldiers said: “We come from The Good Army, which has hundreds of thousands of soldiers. We have taken many countries and turned them to our way of thinking. And we have done this because we have the power of disciplined soldiers working as a single and powerful unit. And, as a powerful unit of thousands of soldiers, we would easily crush any single warrior, no matter how skilled he is. And we would do this because you say a true warrior is an individual, which by your definition means that warriors will never be strong in numbers, and so a nation of warriors would easily be overwhelmed by our Good Army because they would only fight as individuals.”

The old warrior then said: “So you do not think that a nation of warriors could not work as one unit?”

And the soldiers had to think hard for the first time in years, but they could not think well, so they could not give an answer.

So the old warrior continued and said: “Then let me say this: if your Good Army were to attack a nation of warriors it would be defeated as swiftly as you were defeated by me. And I say this because, as I have said, a warrior knows truth, and so he will know how best to work as one unit with other warriors when it is necessary to do so – but it will be an army of individuals, none of whom are led by lies and deceit. They will be unified by truth, which lives only in individuals and is what unifies them.

Now, think of this: just as a stream has its own identity while it is part of a powerful river, so a warrior has his own identity while being part of a powerful nation. And so if a nation of warriors is attacked, that nation will become the supreme warrior, and the supreme warrior will flow as fluently and with as much power as the biggest river.”

Then a soldier said: “You are an extraordinary man.”

And the old warrior replied: “I am as ordinary and as extraordinary as you.”

Then a soldier said: “I have imagined saviours, divinities and prophets in my time, and they have always been very frightening and beyond myself, but I now realise that you are one of these, for they must be like you. And you are very peaceful, yet true and strong, and with humour in your eyes, and I feel no fear when I am with you. And as you must be a true saviour, please tell us how we can save the world from blowing up, for, as we have said, the world is a bomb.”

The old warrior replied: “First, let me say this: we are all divine. But I am not a saviour, nor am I divinity, nor am I a prophet.” Then he laughed and said: “As for the world being a bomb, well, it is only a bomb because you have been told it is and you have believed what you have been told. Which means that the world *is* a bomb, but *only* in your eyes, or, should I say, in the eyes of Fear? For your eyes have become his.”

The soldier was bemused, but he was beginning to think hard again, and so he said: “If you do not think the world is a bomb, then what do you think it is?”

The old warrior replied: “It is a beautiful place where everything lives for itself, true to itself, which also means that everything lives for everything else.”

After their conversation with the old warrior the soldiers experienced thinking properly for themselves for the first time in many years.

And because they were thinking for themselves they recognised respect for the first time in their lives; for they now knew who the old warrior was, and they knew that they could not change who he was.

And they respected him because he had nursed their injuries.

And they respected him because, although they were injured and vulnerable, the warrior had never at one time tried to control them, nor had he made any demands on them, nor had he frightened them.

And they respected him because he had shown them the meaning of respect.

And because they experienced respect, they respected themselves, and so they started to know themselves, and were quickly healed.

When they were healed they went on their knees and thanked the old warrior.

But the old warrior said: “Please stand up, for it is difficult to look you in your eyes when you are on your knees.”

So the soldiers stood up, and they said: “We revere you.”

Then the old warrior smiled and said: “If you revere me you are trying to make me into what I am not; and you are having expectations of me which I cannot meet, and which I do not desire to meet. So please treat me as you would treat yourself, which is with truth and understanding.”

Then the soldiers said: “We thank you, and wish you well.”

And they went away.

When the three soldiers arrived at their camp, they no longer wanted to attack any more countries and they no longer wanted to spread the lies that the world is a bomb. So they gathered their belongings and went on their way.

When they were leaving other soldiers said: “Hey! Where are you going? And why are you not paying your homage to Fear?”

The three soldiers told them what had happened at the house of the old warrior. And it was such a powerful tale that those who listened were immediately filled with strength and freedom. For when anyone is struck with a realisation, everything is changed in an instant.

And many listened to the tale of the old warrior. And all those who listened departed from the camp. And they took their swords with them, for they knew that one day they may themselves be attacked.

After a while every soldier had heard the tale of the old warrior, so they all began their journey home.

Now there was no more Good Army and no more war; for there was not a man remaining who was afraid, and there was no one who believed that the world was a bomb.

Fear was the only one left at the camp. But he did not know what had happened, as he had been sleeping. And when he awoke, he ran out of his tent to chase after his army. When he caught up with them he shouted: "Where are you going? You filthy cowards!"

Then a young soldier turned around to look Fear in the eyes and said: "Lord Fear, yesterday I followed your lies. But now I do not follow them, because I have my own ideas.

And I know that I am responsible for what I think and do, and there is great joy in this, because now I know that when people are responsible for what they think and do, they begin to know themselves, and that is to be on the path to knowing the divine.

And I know the world is not a bomb. And I know that if you were a true saviour you would never have had us under your control. Now leave me so that I can go back home, where I can live in peace."

And Fear was furious and drew his sword and said: "I shall execute you now!"

But, as the young soldier now had a will of his own and had been inspired into truth by the story of the old warrior, he was also becoming a warrior. And, because of this, he was as fast as lightening, and he injured Fear before Fear had time to move.

Then the young soldier said: "Now come with me, and I shall nurse you back to health, but I warn you that I am who I am, and I shall defend myself if you try to change me."

But Fear was also Pride, and he became angry, but he did not understand his anger, so he spoke wild words, and said: "I do not need your help."

The young soldier said: "Then so be it. But if you become very ill, please do not hesitate to come to my door, and I shall help you."

Then the young soldier went on his way.

So, Fear's lies were now understood by the whole world, and because of this, Fear was humbled. And, because of this, he realised his true self, and so he lived within himself, and so he found peace. And so he was loved. And when Fear is loved, there will be no more fear. And because of this there were no more wars.

And, of course, the world did not explode.

What happened to the old warrior?

Well, he lived to a fine old age in his cottage with its golden roof. And when he died he saw that there was even more beauty in the universe than he had ever imagined, and so he had more to defend should he be attacked. And so the warrior lives in all of us for

ever, and with the warrior there is always truth, which means there is always peace.”

Axel and Ajiksoon had listened to The Warrior’s tale with attention, excitement and thought, and they thanked him very much.

And The Warrior said: ‘Yes, it is a good story, and thank you for listening. But now I wish you an inspiring journey in The Tent of Life.’

When The Warrior said this Axel and Ajiksoon were back on their rug of light and were flying through the sky, where they discussed The Warrior’s story.

Chapter 11.

What Is The Point Of Religion?

When they had finished their discussion, they went through a cloud, where they stopped.

A minute passed and the cloud dispersed to show that they were on a huge lotus leaf in a giant crystal dome.

Then they saw a woman running towards them, and she was carrying a bunch of flowers.

The woman had a round face like the moon, and she was covered in compost and soil.

And she said: 'Hello! Axel and Ajiksoon! My job is to grow flowers and plants and to get life from the earth with the help of nature. So please call me Nature. And here is a bunch of flowers as a welcome gift for you.'

Nature handed the bunch of fresh flowers to them, and Ajiksoon took them, and they both thanked her.

Then she said: 'This is my special green house, and, as you can see, the loveliest flowers grow here.'

Then Nature sat down, and said: 'Now I know you have come to ask a question, but you have no need to ask it, because I know what it is, and it is: *What is the point of religion?*' Then she laughed and said: 'This is a very good question indeed. For religion is to mankind like a toy is to a child. It is the earth before the seed before the fruits, and fruits make more seeds which grow from the earth to make more fruits. And so it goes on.'

Then she said: 'Now listen to this story:

One day, when the sun shone and the country was full of the warmest scented air, there was a big barn that was black and dark and full of spiders' webs and mice and rats and bats and hideous things. But it was also full of an infinite amount of flower bulbs, because they had been stacked there by the farmer, then left there for years and years and years - so many years that time had no idea how many years it was.

And these bulbs soon learned to talk to each other in quiet little whispers, because they were afraid that their voices sounded very silly - and, as you will know, all bulbs have very lovely voices, like singing birds, in fact.

The bulbs were also afraid of rousing the spiders and bats and horrible things. So, as I said, they whispered to each other.

But it was strange because nothing that lived in the barn really minded at all when the bulbs whispered.

One day a bulb said: "I have a feeling that something is going to happen soon."

And he was right, because that day the farmer came in and picked him up, took him outside and planted him in rich soil by his house.

Of course all the bulbs remaining in the barn assumed the worst and said: "Poor old Bulb, he has had it. The farmer has probably made a big pie out of him and eaten him. Goodness, gracious, imagine being made into a bulb pie and put into a fiery oven!"

But Bulb was very happy with himself because he was certainly not a pie, and was most definitely not in an oven, for he was in the rich soil and the rain and the sun and the wind had made him grow. And

as the summer came, he became a very big flower, with the loveliest petals of yellow and red and pink and blue, and he had such a long stem, that would be the envy of any other flower in the world.

Then, when the winter came, the flower became very dry and fell back to the soil, but the bulb did not mind, because he thought to himself: “My, my, my! What a lovely thing I am. I have been a flower, and so I will always be a lovely flower, and that feels very wonderful. And indeed, all the other bulbs are flowers - deep down inside! How lovely it will be to tell the others about it, for truly they have no idea what is inside them. And truly, when they know this they will not fear death, and they will not be afraid of turning back into a bulb.”

Thus, Bulb once again became a bulb. Then the farmer pulled Bulb out of the soil and returned him to the pile of bulbs in the dark barn.

Of course all the other bulbs were very excited, for they had believed Bulb was dead and had been eaten in a pie.

“What happened?” they asked in their lovely voices.

“Well, I became a flower, and I realised we are all flowers. And it is very nice to be a flower I can tell

you. It is much better than being in the barn in the dark, for there is rain and sun and wind and soil to enjoy. And you can see what is inside you - the beauty within!”

Of course many other bulbs did not believe him. But many of the others said: “Show us what it is like to be a flower! Show us what we are like inside ourselves!”

To show them, Bulb took hold of some coloured chinks that he found in the barn. Then he lit a candle and, in the gloom of winter, he drew a great big flower on the black barn wall. When he finished he said: “That is almost what we are like inside ourselves - look at that, such lovely flowers! But it is only approximate - the real thing when you see it for yourselves, or be it yourselves, it will blow your minds.”

Well, most of the bulbs were very excited to be shown what was inside them, but still some were doubtful.

And so the bulbs regularly pondered upon what was inside them, and discussed it in their beautiful whispers. And as time went on almost all of the bulbs decided that there must be at least some truth

in what Bulb had told them about flowers and petals and soil and wind and rain and sun.

So, next spring, they were very ready to be planted into the soil. And much to their delight they were. Because the farmer came in and put them all into the soil. And indeed they all grew into the happiest flowers. And they would no longer need the chalk picture of the flower that Bulb had drawn, because, in truth, it was very far from what it was like being a real flower.

But they all acknowledged that if it had not been for the drawing of the flower that Bulb had done, many of them would never have wanted to become flowers, and would have preferred to stay with the rats and bats and spiders' webs. Indeed, most of them would have hidden in the darkest holes in the barn to avoid being taken outside to enjoy their destiny.'

When Nature spoke the last of these words, she said: 'There is your story and I hope you enjoyed it. But I have not finished because I have noticed that Axel's clothes are worn and dusty and old and that Nature will always provide for what you need. So, my silk worms have woven Axel this new robe – it is

made from their silk and the softest cotton found in my near and distant fields.'

Then Nature stood up and took a white robe with gold trimmings from a tree where it was hanging away from their view. And she said: 'Now cast away your old clothes and bathe in the river.'

So Axel did as she said, and when he was dry she handed him his new robe, which suited him well, and made him seem taller. And the river had made his hair clean and his beard tidy.

And Ajiksoon said: 'See, your Tent of Life is doing so much for you! You look like a king!'

And Axel said: 'But I do not want to be a king.'

And Nature said: 'The greatest king is not necessarily a king of nations. The greatest king is someone who rules himself with truth, understanding and with a respect for his own position, which means a respect for all others, including those that are divine. And you are becoming one of these kings.'

But I know that you have another question, and I have my flowers and plants to attend to. So you must continue on your way.'

Then the doors to the crystal dome opened, and
Ajiksoon and Axel thanked Nature.

The rug of light took off.

And Nature called: 'No, thank *you* for visiting me!'

Chapter 12.

What Is Compassion?

As they flew past clouds Axel was thoughtful and said: 'She was a wonderful woman. In fact everyone is wonderful on this journey.'

Then Ajiksoon said: 'Then you are wonderful, because everyone here is in you.'

Then Axel said: 'I find it so difficult to believe that we are still in my Tent of Life.'

And Ajiksoon replied: 'Oh yes, we are still in your Tent of Life, and it is exactly where it was at the beginning.'

Then Axel looked at his new robe, and said: 'Do you think that I shall keep this robe when this journey is finished?'

Ajiksoon replied: 'If you remember all that you have seen, then of course.'

Axel said: 'And will I remember?'

Ajiksoon said: 'Everyone who has been in their Tent of Life will remember all that they have seen and realised as long as they have the intention to do so. So, do you intend to remember all that you have seen and realised?'

And Axel said: 'Of course.'

And Ajiksoon said: 'Then you will remember. And that means you have changed. And as you have changed within yourself, you will have changed on the outside, and that means you will keep your new robe.'

Axel was very pleased with this.

Down below there was a mountainous landscape, and there were trees that were the colours of late autumn.

Axel and Ajiksoon swooped down on their carpet of light and arrived at the entrance of a cave, where there stood an old man. The old man approached, and they saw that he was small with bright fearless eyes. He held a staff in his right hand.

The old man smiled and said: 'Ajiksoon and Axel, I have been expecting you and I am pleased that you

are here. My name is The Old Healer and my job is to help make whole all that which is not whole. Now, Axel has asked a very good question, and that question is *What is compassion?* And let me say this: to have compassion is to become whole. And so compassion is important for understanding, because understanding helps you unlock Life, and Life is Complete. Now please sit down, and I shall tell you a story.'

Ajiksoon and Axel sat down, and The Old Healer began his story.

'One day there was a wealthy man, who was married to a beautiful woman, and everything was well, for they had many friends, and they lived in a comfortable home.

No matter, it did not seem that the man was rewarded for his good efforts, for no matter how hard they tried his wife never became pregnant.

An angel was aware of this and so he flew down to Earth disguised as a young lad who had lost his family in a flood and who had survived only by begging and doing small errands.

That day the man saw this angel disguised as a young lad, and the young lad looked very much like

the man had looked when he had been the same age. So he watched the young lad. And he saw him help an old woman, then an old man, then a child, and yet never asking for any payment or gratitude, nor even looking as if he expected it.

And so the man approached the young lad and said, "Listen I see that you are poor. Why don't you come to work for me and stay with me for a few days? My wife and I shall give you a comfortable bed and food.'

The young lad, who, as we know, was really an angel, smiled and agreed.

The man was delighted because suddenly having such a fine young man doing some work on his garden and on his land made him feel as if he had a son. His wife was happy with the young lad too; for, taking pity on his poverty, she also felt protective over him, soon considering him as only a little less than her own son.

Now, one day the young lad and the man were walking through the streets of the town and they came across a beggar. And the beggar said: "Please give me some money, and I shall have a meal."

And so the father gave the beggar enough money for eleven meals, for he was very happy to show the young lad just how generous he could be to all people.

So he said: "Young lad, now you have seen how to be generous."

But the beggar walked away with the money he had been given by the man, and was none the happier.

And as they continued on their walk they met a sick man, and the father gave the sick man money, for he did not like to see sickness.

But the sick man was none the happier after the donation.

And then they went to a school, and the father gave money to the school, for he liked to see education and did not want it to end.

But the children were none the happier after the donation.

And the father and the young lad went to many places and met many people. And the father gave away much money, and was very pleased with himself.

But as they walked on, the young man, who was really an angel, said: "Sir, I can see that you think

you are making everyone happy by giving money, but I know that merely giving money is not enough, nor is it necessarily right.”

And the father was shocked to hear this, for this young lad was saying a truth that was too true for him to face.

So he became angry and said: “Please, hold your tongue. I shall give to whoever I wish.”

But the young lad was steadfast and said: “But sir, each time you give anything, I see that you harm yourself, for you do not know why you give.”

And the man was enraged and said: “How dare a young man who I rescued from the streets speak to a gentleman like that! I shall punish you when we are at home!”

But the young lad was steadfast and said: “Sir, I do not want to see you do any more harm to yourself, for, believe me, I understand you and I know you. And because of this I know the truth that you hide behind your illusions, and I know that your illusions keep you away from acknowledging the truth. And the truth is knowing the real suffering and knowing the real joy in anything else. And as you hide from seeing the suffering and joy in others, you hide from

the suffering and joy in yourself, and so you cannot truly heal others and you cannot truly heal yourself. Because to be healed you must be whole, and to be whole is to understand others fully.”

The man was still angry. And so he said: “Now hold your tongue!”

But the young man was steadfast and said: “Sir, I shall not hold my tongue, for I understand your true self. Now let me say this: money is good, and we must use it as best as we can. But your donations are only good if they truly help, and you can only truly help when you know your real intentions. And that means you must know the illusions that hide you from the truth. And when you know them you must be honest with yourself and acknowledge that they are illusions. And when you know them as illusions, you will know that there are times when merely giving a donation of money misleads both you and the person who takes the donation. And when you do this you prolong the hurt, because you have not yet understood.”

And the man looked at the young lad, and was very shocked at his words, and he said: “If you know so

much, then show me how I can do as you suggest. But I am warning you, if you fail, I will punish you.”

The young lad, who was an angel, was pleased, so he said: “Then you will not punish me, for I shall not fail. And I shall not fail, because I shall show you Life.” When he said this he looked into the man’s eyes, and the man saw in them the Light of God.

The man was amazed at the young lad; but he was afraid, for he did not recognise the Light of God, but saw it only as a great power, and so he thought that evil magic was afoot.

But the young lad heard the man’s thoughts and said: “Please trust me, sir, for when have I ever been evil? And why would I want to start being evil when I want you to help others help themselves?”

And so the father believed the young lad, who said: “Next time someone asks you for money you will see them as yourself, and so you will know them as yourself, and when you do this you will truly know their suffering or their joy.

And so next time we see someone who is either suffering or joyful, you will truly be able to help them. Because you will know the suffering or the joy in others, and so you will see that there are times when

donations of money will be destructive. And when you know this you may even refuse to give money, for a refusal to give is sometimes more generous than giving, and so a refusal to give can be the greatest gift. And when you know this you will know the true meaning of generosity.”

Soon they came across a beggar, and the young lad said: “Sir, it is now your chance.”

And the father said: “Then let it be so.”

The beggar approached and said: “Please give me some money, for I need a meal.”

And the power the man had seen in the angel’s eyes now filled his heart, and this made him afraid, for he suddenly saw himself as the beggar. And so the power from the angel’s eyes had given him insight, which made him silent.

But the young lad helped the man, and said: “I know it is painful because you have seen that you must not escape this situation with a mere donation of money, for you know that to do that would prolong this man’s pain, and so prolong your own pain. So now you must be honest with yourself, and do what

you know you have to do. For the true power of God only works with honesty.”

And the man was very sad and wanted to weep, for he knew the beggar’s pain.

And there was no doubt that he wanted to give the beggar some money and have done with it, but he knew that a quick donation would prolong the pain. He knew that he could only truly help end the beggar’s pain by refusing to give any money. For if he gave money he knew that both he and the beggar would be running away from the agony they now shared.

The man then knew that the greatest gift he could give was to refuse the beggar any donation, for this would help teach the beggar the first lesson of happiness, which was that the beggar is the only one who can begin to end his agonies and disillusionment.

And so he gently refused to give any money to the beggar; but the beggar became angry and cursed the man; but the man understood the anger, and was steadfast in his decision.

And so it came to pass that the beggar became a happy man, for he realised that any real changes

within himself could only be made by himself, and that there was no use relying on anyone to do this.

And when he knew this he thanked the man for being so truly generous.

And he said: "As you have seen me for what I am, you have understood me and you have known my needs as if they were your own, and you have acted upon that insight, which is more generous than giving me any money, for I know the pain you endured, as it was my own. And you could have avoided it and left me here, holding a coin in my hand, but still unchanged and still desperate. But now I am full of joy, and I like joy very much."

As the power in the angel's eyes had helped the man know the beggar's sorrow, it now helped him know the beggar's joy. And this made the man very happy, for it is as wonderful to experience other people's joy as it is to experience your own.

Then the beggar went away and found his way in the world.

Then the man and the young lad came across another beggar, and the beggar said: "Please give me some money, because with a little money I could find my way in the world."

And the man looked into the beggar's eyes and was suddenly very sad for him, because he felt how the beggar felt.

And when he did this he knew in all honesty it would be helpful to give the beggar some money, for he knew that this beggar had been robbed, and all his belongings had been taken. And he also saw that the beggar was not a lazy man, and was a man who had suffered a great misfortune that was beyond his control.

And he knew that the beggar was willing to help himself, but needed the chance to do so.

And so the man was very pleased for he knew that if he gave this beggar some money, the beggar would take care of the money, and he would not lose it or waste it and would be happy in the world.

And if the beggar was happy in the world, the man would be happy in the world.

And so the man gave the beggar some gold, and the beggar was delighted; and he invested this gold and became a happy man in the world, and was loved by himself and a million others.

And the man experienced his joy, which made him smile and feel very strong in himself. He said to the

young lad, “You were right: I will not punish you, because you have made me see the value of being everyone else.

And you have helped me learn that I must be honest with everything, which may mean being tough on people, which means I shall act in a way that I know I must act, for only then will I have understood my fears that prevent me from being whole.

And so you have also helped to show me the value of truth. And I am honestly glad to have you as my ...”

He paused, because he did not know what to say, for, really he now knew that the young lad was indeed an angel. And so he fell to his knees.

But the angel stood before him in all his glory, and said, “Look up now, my friend, and look me in the eyes as you did before.”

And so the man looked up and was filled completely with joy and love.

Then the angel, who was indeed one of the most powerful in the Hall of God, said, “You have cleansed yourself of what prevents a child coming to you. And so, within a month your wife shall be with child. And you shall have a daughter. And the Light of God will

shine in her eyes. Now go in peace; for you have understood the hearts of all men, including your own.”

At this, the angel smiled, turned his dazzling face to the sky, reached up, almost touching the heavens and vanished in a flash of light.

The angel was indeed true to his word, for just over nine months later the man’s wife gave birth to a daughter. And in time he would have several children, for the world provides well for good life on this Earth.

Ajiksoon and Axel looked at each other because they were very pleased with this story, and Axel said: ‘That was a very powerful story, and at first I was finding it difficult to accept that it is actually generous not to give. For this is a very new idea indeed.’

And Ajiksoon said: ‘Yes, but this can only be done with honesty and an understanding of everything else.’

Then Axel said: ‘Of course. So now I have a greater understanding of compassion.’

The Old Healer, who was very happy to see that his story had prompted such delight in his audience, said, 'I know you now have an important part of your journey ahead of you, for you are about to confront death.'

And when Axel heard this he was afraid, but The Old Healer felt his fear and said: 'Death is often feared, but you will soon understand that death is part of everything. But that is all I shall say, for it is time for you to leave.'

Then both Ajiksoon and Axel thanked The Old Healer and said their 'good-byes'.

'Fare you well,' said The Old Healer.

And so the rug of light took Ajiksoon and Axel into the sky, which had become full of clouds and was grey and dark.

Chapter 13.

What Happens At Death?

There was a cold wind, and it was so strong that it was difficult to stay on the rug of light.

And below everything was covered in snow, and Axel and Ajiksoon could see frozen lakes and landslides of ice that uprooted trees; and never before had Axel seen such a bleak landscape.

Then suddenly there was a break in the thick white-grey clouds and a beam of light that shone down. And this beam of light became very powerful and Axel and Ajiksoon gazed at it and wondered what would happen.

Their wonders were answered immediately because a glorious man of light glided down the light beam, and looked at them as if he knew them well.

The man was as tall as a mountain and was adorned in gold. On his head there was a crown of brilliant light, and in his right hand was a diamond staff that cast a billion rays about the landscape. And the light that scattered from the diamond staff caused the wind to be silent, so there was peace.

Ajiksoon and Axel hovered in the sky and gazed at the man standing before them.

The man of light said: 'My name is The Awakening, because I bring the birth of awareness.

And now you are close to the end of your journey in The Tent of Life, but before your journey ends, I know you have a question to ask: *What happens at death?*

And this is an important question: one that has been asked since the beginning of the dance of illusion and the quest for understanding. So, listen to me now, for I am happy to inspire you with what I say.'

And so Ajiksoon and Axel listened as they sat on the rug of light.

The Awakening then began:

"Death is the veil that covers life,

And just as a husband removes the veil to kiss his
bride,
So we must remove the veil of death,
To embrace life.

And because a bride's veil is beautiful,
We can know that there is beauty in death.
And just as there is union when the bride's veil is
removed,
So there is union when the veil of death is lifted.
And just as there is joy when the bride's veil is
removed,
So there is joy when the veil of death is lifted.
And just as there are tears when a bride's veil is
removed,
So there are tears when the veil of death is lifted.
For when a daughter leaves her mother,
The mother's tears will fall,
And when a son leaves his mother,
The mother's tears will fall.

And when the mother first sees her new born child,
She will think of the marriage veil,
And she will look ahead with excitement and joy,

For her child's marriage will help make her life
complete,
Just as it will help complete the child's life.
And thus the veil of death helps to complete our
lives,
And so with life there must be death.

And when death comes,
All is still;
And when death comes,
We see the Guardian of the mirror.

And the way will be shown as we return to Life,
And we shall have the joy of union,
And we shall have the joy of awareness,
For we shall see all that we created,
And so we shall know Creation,
And so we shall understand the illusion,
For The Creation is the illusion;
But to live in illusion,
Is to live in death,
And to live in death
Is to misunderstand death,
And to misunderstand death

Is to live in pain.

For the illusion is the storm,
And reality is the eye,
And the eye of the storm is always watching,
So it is always in peace,
And so we watch in peace,
For then we are not in the storm.

And we are passionate to create,
For we need to know more;
For with the illusion,
Is always the truth,
And so the more illusion,
The more truth there is.

And so the more death we have,
The more truth we see,
For with every illusion,
There is death,
And so to know this,
Is to know pain,
Because with death,
There are always tears,

And so to live without pain,
Is to live without death,
And to live without death,
Is to live without life,
And to live without life or death,
Is to be aware of this.

And so aware is what we shall be.
And when we are aware,
We shall create without pain,
For death will die,
And life will live.

And so we ride our eternal journey,
Which will never end,
For we expand like an ever increasing light,
Which is brighter than the Sun,
And becomes brighter with death.

But we begin to know death,
And we begin not to fear death,
For in knowing this there is no pain,
For pain is a creation,
And thus an illusion too;

And so we must one day pass it by,
Then it will shine with us,
For all Eternity.'

When The Awakening had finished he said: 'Now come with me.'

And so Ajiksoon and Axel followed The Awakening up the beam of light and they went beyond the clouds. And there was an eternal plain of light, which could be watched for all Eternity, as it was everything, and would become everything else.

And The Awakening said: 'Now that you have been inspired to the truth, it is time for you to return to your Tent of Life. But I must now go, and I shall always be with you, for you are me.'

Then The Awakening waved the diamond staff and he vanished, and Ajiksoon and Axel saw that they were inside The Tent of Life. *And then the rug of light vanished.* And they were in darkness.

Chapter 14.

A Higher Level

A spotlight suddenly shone on the miniature Axel they had met at the beginning. And the miniature Axel was once again standing on a low dais. But the difference was that Axel and him were now dressed in the same clothes and Axel now looked as healthy and alive as the miniature Axel.

And the miniature Axel said: 'Welcome back both of you! And, Axel! Didn't you have a wonderful journey in your Tent of Life! You have realised so much that The Temple has become merely a stitch in the weave of your existence. And I know that you know Life has only just truly begun, but for you to know this is to know everything you can know, because from now on you will seek according to your own rules, which are always the rules of truth, which is ever the same for all.'

Axel said: 'Thank you. I am pleased to see you again. But I now know that everything in The Tent is me. And so you are as much me as I am you, and yet we are separate and different. This I now understand.'

Then the tiny man stepped from the dais and was followed about by the spotlight as he walked gracefully about. And he said: 'Yes! Yes! You are exactly right. And you have passed into a new world, which is *your* world.'

Axel asked: 'What do you mean?'

'Well, let me ask you this: do you want to go back to The Temple?'

Axel answered very quickly: 'No, I do not.'

Then the tiny Axel said: 'Let me ask you this: do you want to return to the world where you left The Temple?'

Axel thought for a moment, and saw that his mind was clear and that he now knew himself well. And he said: 'I have no reason to return there, except that I need to eat, and, if I remember correctly, the planet we are on is a rocky one and a barren one, where there is no food.'

‘Ah! Well, let us have a look and see if what you say is true.’

And when he said this, the tiny Axel opened The Tent and there was a sight that was beyond all words and all descriptions of beauty. For outside The Tent where it had once been hot and barren, there was a beautiful sky, a flat lake, and trees and flowers and a million colours. And it was cool and calm, and no longer rocky and barren.

When Axel saw this he turned to Ajiksoon, who had been patiently watching Axel’s discourse.

And Ajiksoon said: ‘Axel this is your planet and it will give you all the food you need, because you are now in accord with the truth. And it is your world, which you have helped to create with your Tent of Life. And you are free to roam it in peace and without fear. And you can take your Tent of Life wherever you wish; you may even return to the world of The Temple if you wish. You can also create whatever you wish, whenever you wish, for now you have mastered The Tent, you are with God, because you now know the essence of God. And with this awareness, you will know that when you are with God, you are also the child of God. And so, humility

and greatness are one. And when you have understood this, you will see even more.'

Then the tiny Axel said: 'What he says is true. And you know it to be true. So, for the time being, my work is done. And I shall go, but I will always be with you.'

Then the tiny Axel disappeared.

And Ajiksoon said: 'It is also my time to leave.'

When he said this he was immediately inside the bright light he had arrived in; and that bright light was now outside Axel's Tent.

And Axel was very happy, because he knew that any parting from anyone was no parting at all. And he knew this because he was whole.

And he said: 'It was good to meet you, Ajiksoon. But before you go, can I ask you one question?'

'Of course you can.'

'Well, it has always been said that everything in The Tent of Life was me, but also, as I have since learned, separate from me.'

'Yes.'

'But you were in there with me.'

Ajiksoon laughed and said: 'Yes, that's true. But you must not forget that I have my own Tent of Life.'

And so, I am not you, but you are me. And now that my work is done for the time being, I must go.'

'Will you ever return?'

'Yes, I shall,' said Ajiksoon. 'But I know you are now happy to be alone to look and watch and simply exist in the bliss you have created. So, good bye for now.'

And at this Ajiksoon became a light that lit up the sky.

Then Axel looked about and he knew that happiness is only a tiny part of everything. And he knew that although he was with everything, he was also a tiny part of everything.

And so he knew himself and loved himself and loved all others.

And because he understood himself, he had a passion to understand more.

And because he had a passion to understand more, he had a passion to create more.

And because there is always more to create, so he changed his name.

And his name is Life.