

The Garden.

It is early in the morning, still dark, and I am alone. Dew is dripping from the leaves of my trees, surrounded by my walls. A bird wakes and sings a faint song in expectancy of sun-rise. But it is much too early to be awake...

Waking up this early makes me think back to a time long ago. I remember it well, that time. It was a person who woke me up, entering through my gate, even though it was still dark.

I never like it when people come into me. I know that I am formed by humans: with shovels, axes and all sorts they are always hacking and digging away. They take trees out, rearrange my plants, burrow in the rocks to make holes, and then they covered them up again. They even changed the course of my stream that ran trough me, my own life blood! Although I am OK with the shape that I have now, I always seek ways to grow back to the wilderness I used to be. I want to be free to grow where I want to grow, and form a habitat where many animals can live under my protection. And every

time when I achieve some of this, people come back again and cut me back into shape.

Sometimes people bring their dead, and they put them in the holes that they had carved. I do not like that, as there is always a lot of noise and wailing. I wonder about that. Dying is in the normal course of life, isn't? Many of the animals that live in me die in my embrace and I cover up and absorb their remains, so that these can be re-used. I do feel sorrow, but I also feel the joy for the potential new life that would live again in my embrace.

But, then there are times when people come and sit quietly in me and that feels good.

But this time it was different. I should have known something was about to happen, as strange things already happened a couple of days before. Again a dead human body was brought into me. But this time there only a few people present. This small group put the body in one of the holes, quickly and quietly and then rushed away. Somehow I could sense that this dead body was different...it felt different than other dead bodies. I also had never felt so peaceful and quiet

and this feeling even remained with me even through the next day. Not one human came into me at all and that was strange too. I was left alone for a full day for the first time in my time as a garden. I almost felt free again.

And then the following night: Something happened. I can't remember exactly, but something was changed in me, without the hurt of humans breaking things, and I found that one of the holes was uncovered. The new body that was put there had disappeared, but somehow I could still feel its presence in me. But instead of feeling a dead body, I could sense it was alive! But, it did not feel as any of the other living things in me: it felt much better!

Then, with dawn approaching, a person came into me, stumbling about my paths and lawns towards the hole that was now empty. The person looked at the hole... and cried out in fear or surprise... and ran away. Later on, two other people came running, also looked at the hole and then went away again. After a while the first person came back, quietly, and stood near the hole.

It went in, and suddenly the hole was filled with two other beings... no, not people, but something like people. These were friendlier as other people though. They felt much warmer, and some of the plants noticed their light that shone out of them, like sunlight but nicer. The real sun just started to come out, and its light is much harsher – animals often seek shelter from it in me. But not their light... it was gentle, life giving.

The person who went in the hole also noticed them, but did not act surprised at all to find them there. Again, all of them made some noises and then the first person came out of the hole. At this time I sensed that this must have been a female, as it acted not as brash and was more caring for my plants.

And then, suddenly, another being filled me. It also seemed to give out light, although I could not 'see' the light as normal light, but there was warmth..., and power..., and care and..., it was the same feeling way back in when I was very young, the time when I first came into being, as a wilderness. I felt that here suddenly, here was the real being that created me, whenever it was, so long ago that I cannot quite remember, just very vaguely... And although this new being had the

form of a human, I was sure that it was not human at all! The other humans that I had sensed felt as if they were made like him, like copies, similar, but different, and definitely not as good.

But the female person was not at all surprised by its presence. She must have been blinded by her sorrow. Even I could sense that. Again they started to make noises and then suddenly she looked up to the other, straightened, rose, and seemed to want to grab the other, but did not, and listened. But she stood tall, restored, and her image seemed to become more like the other...

Then the other was gone and the light and warmth disappeared. The sun had risen a bit further now and the light of day started to take over. The female just stood there...like she was fixed in time. Then she shook herself and ran through the gate and was gone too. And I was alone again.

But I still remember the feeling that I had when the other appeared: I suddenly felt right, complete. I felt that I was appreciated for my own beauty and purpose. And even

though I am scarred by human hands, I felt that I was accepted and loved. And I realised that this event was what I was made for!

Since that time whenever I am woken up by the sounds of people early in the morning, I shiver, and hope that the other will also come again, and give me back my sense of fulfilment.

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