



The Garden

A Tranquil Ode to Love

Robin Craig Clark
Amanda J Clark

The Garden



The Garden

Written By
Robin Craig Clark



Illustrated By
Amanda J Clark



Peliguin Publishing

Email: info@peliguin.com Web: www.peliguin.com

A division of Liforce Pty Ltd 117424807

Copyright © Robin Craig Clark 2005/2013

Illustrations Copyright © Amanda J. Clark 2005/2013

Robin Craig Clark asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

All rights reserved. Without limiting the rights under copyright reserved above, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise) without the prior written permission of both the copyright owner and the publisher of this book.

Author: Clark, Robin Craig,
Title: The Garden / Robin Craig Clark; illustrated by Amanda J. Clark.
Edition: 4th ed. 2010
Publisher: Peliguin Publishing

ISBN: 9781453773376

Subjects: Enlightenment
Pure Awareness
Spiritual Transformation
Advaita Vedanta / Nonduality

In memory of our Mother

Introduction

This book will touch the very essence of who you really are, an essence which is the oneness of all life. It is a journey to the eternal presence of life itself.

At the heart of life there is a simplicity that is beyond words. So really, this is a book about something that cannot be put into words but will bring you close to knowing what the unknowable is — the vital essence of everything, where nothing announces its presence.

It is not a book about anything or how to gain something. Moreover, it is a timeless fable, a dream within a dream, which gently arouses an inner knowing as you read. An experience of being totally alive and totally in love.

The Garden presents visions that a child could understand but not the rational mind. Beyond logic, beyond rationality, beyond thought itself, there is pure awareness, where all things manifest, and the words in this book will carry you there... but you will need to leave your logical mind behind if you are to truly awaken from the dream of duality.

The unnameable is the eternally real. —Lao Tzu

Language cannot describe what cannot be spoken. But perhaps language, when used in a creative and imaginative way, can help direct you toward that

The Garden

timeless, boundless open space of pure awareness, the eternally real. You don't really need to understand anything. Beyond understanding there is a knowing that will arise all by itself and take you home.

The Garden is a spiritual journey of self-discovery inspired by the Upanishads ancient poems that teach nonduality, traditionally called Advaita Vedanta. This unique book speaks directly to the heart and portrays a beautiful perception of a perfect world. It is a love story that transcends time and space and the illusion of separation. An allegorical novel told in simple lyrical style and brilliantly illustrated.

This gentle tale weaves together a world of unity where opposites play together in a deep absorption of what is real and what is illusion. A tapestry of deeper meanings, there to be discovered by an open heart, conveying a profound message for all seekers, waking us up to who we really are.

Told in four parts: The First Awakening, The Sleeping, The Dreaming and The Reawakening, The Garden mirrors the Upanishads Three States and One Reality: Waking to an outside world, Dreaming in the mind, Dissolving in deep sleep and Awakening to pure awareness.

The Garden

The condensed narrative, multi-layers and deeper meanings in this love story are so designed that each reader needs to think about the words over and over again, through a sustained process of inner reflection and self inquiry. Each reader will discover many different levels and meanings, and this will lead to their own independent “awakening” in The Garden.

Through direct pointing at pure awareness, The Garden opens the heart, allowing the reader to experience oneness or nonduality: a self-realisation where feelings, thoughts and perceptions are seen as the ever-changing appearances of awareness itself.

Think of Kahlil Gibran’s *The Prophet* meets Hermann Hesse’s *Siddhartha* and you will be walking in The Garden.

Enlightenment is simply the art of being. The art of pure awareness. The art of love. There is only openness, where everything and nothing are one. The cup and the water, though not together, they are one. And in this openness, we are open to all life. The boundless all. The clear state of being awake. The invisible source of being. Inside you and me, there is peace and refuge. The nameless. The perfected. It is our home.

So journey into life, journey into the fullness and perfect presence of oneness and see the wonderful miracle that you already are.

The Garden





“If a man could pass thro’ Paradise in a Dream,
and have a flower presented to him as a pledge that his
soul had really been there, and found that flower in his
hand when he awoke—Aye? And what then?”

Samuel Coleridge

For the Flower
that Dreams in You

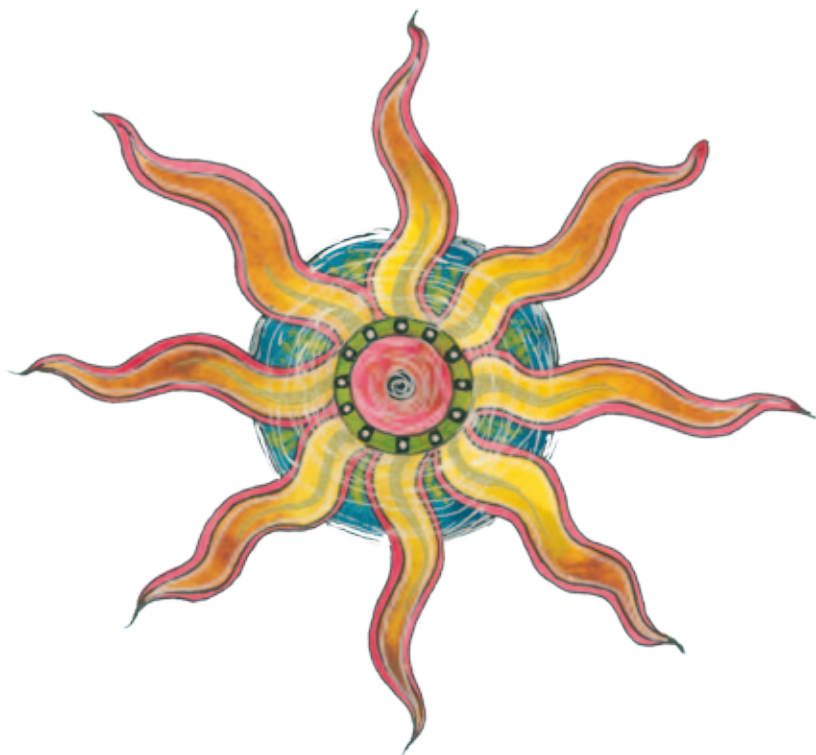




Chapters

The Beginning.....	1
The First Awakening.....	13
The Sleeping.....	27
The Dreaming.....	63
The Reawakening.....	94

The Beginning



The Garden

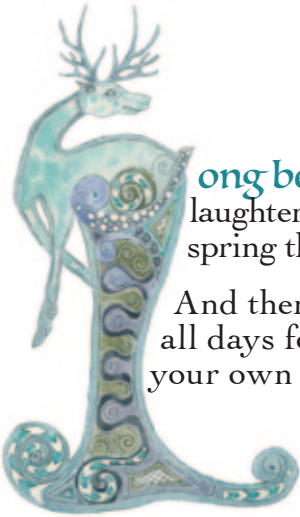


The Garden



nce there existed
no reason for our happiness.

The Garden

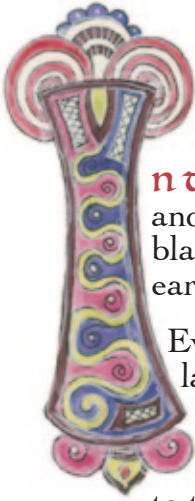


ong before this time, the natural flow of laughter bubbled endlessly from life's eternal spring that quenched our timeless soul.

And there was no measurement of time, for all days followed as you led the way into your own life.



The Garden



n the Garden of our birth, dazzling colours and untold patterns danced playfully before our blameless eyes. The sky was our shelter and the earth became the foundation of our home.

Every flower grew to be a familiar friend and a ladybird was a miracle we held in our hand.

Life was a mélange of moments, yet it was a constant river, and we all danced in rhythm to the songs in our heart.



The Garden





*e climbed impossible
mountains* and birthed
improbable worlds right before
the eyes of the blind and in gaze
of the king's persuasion.

We were magicians, conjurers
of our own fantastic dreams.

We lived in worlds within worlds,
which emperors could not conquer.

Countless times God smiled, as we sparkled in the
effervescent waters that were the fountain of our
eternity; and all the stars were alight in a firmament of our
own luminous laughter.

And we did not measure and we did not count.
For what happiness can come from such a thing?



Children in the Garden
of their birth never grew up.

There was no bridge in the Garden that spanned the old and the dead.

Likewise, the old and the dead could not return to the Garden of their birth, though they would often glimpse the flowers of their children through hooded eyes of age.

So we danced and sang and shrilled and smiled, laughed and skipped through every moment of each everlasting day.

And we promised ourselves never to become like the dead who wore a veil, like a grave mound upon their heart, and a cloak of sadness they did drape across their eyes.



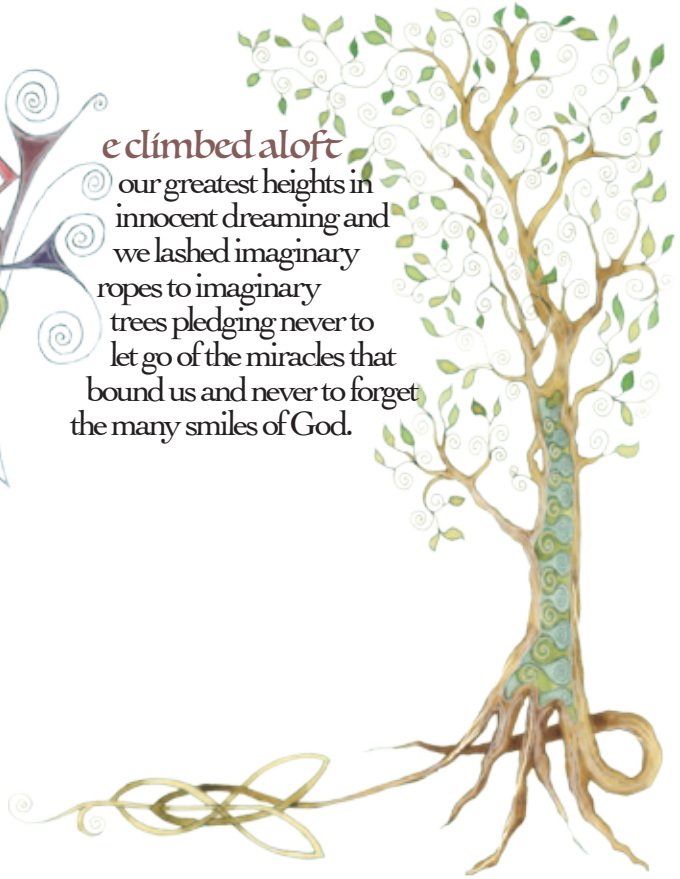
The Garden



The Garden



e climbed aloft
our greatest heights in
innocent dreaming and
we lashed imaginary
ropes to imaginary
trees pledging never to
let go of the miracles that
bound us and never to forget
the many smiles of God.



The Garden

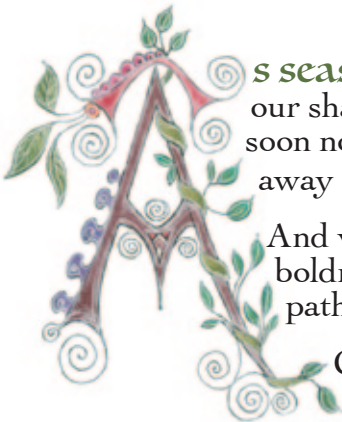
The First Awakening



The Garden



The Garden



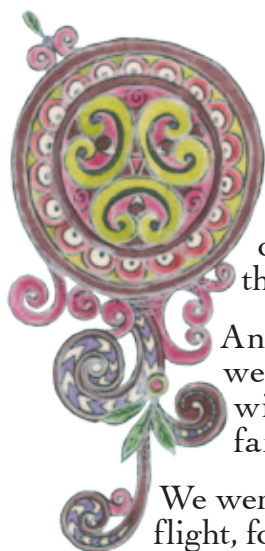
s seasons followed in playful circles, our shadows grew taller and we would soon notice a well worn path that led away from the Garden.

And with fearlessness and in youthful boldness, we would begin to follow this path, to see where upon it reached.

Curiosity masked our memories of the Garden, for our daringness washed our footprints from the earth, yet our inquisitiveness was a lure that enticed us to follow.

The Garden





ur meandering would take us
across the pastures of our ancestors,
over ancient hills and streams and
through the wooded glens of time.

And all the vales of our summers
were trampled and we did roam like
wild birds, as if to seek a journey
far from our birth.

We were compelled and preparing to take
flight, for we heard strange tales and some
spoke of a crossing over an unknown valley.



any suns and moons crossed the mid
skies of our burgeoning years and the
seasons of our childhood did come to
bud in the spring of our maturing.

Far from the Garden of our birth
we came upon a single bridge that
seemed to span a single space that
stretched toward a horizon we could
not yet fathom.

Tentatively, we would gather
closely, to hear the whisperings of far
wanderings and we would linger at the
foot of the bridge to share the tales we had heard.

And we would remain there, hands clasping our
imaginary ropes, knowing they kept us bound. So long
as we held on to our imaginations, we remained steadfast to
our miracles and the wondrous smiles that created us.

The Garden





hough the spheres of heaven

would be our influence and the stars
that birthed us our guidance, we
would lean towards another direction.
And we knew not then, that we were
drifting far from our dreams.

We would hear the sound of faraway bells
pealing across an immeasurable valley.

We would heed to the faint and distant voices
that swayed us; they would usher and they would
beckon and we stood daring to cross the bridge.

The Garden



o we spent our last wondrous days
gazing into a parallel world.
And with pensive stare,
we would ponder two
paths: one leading us
back to the Garden and
the other spanning a
horizon towards an
untold kingdom.



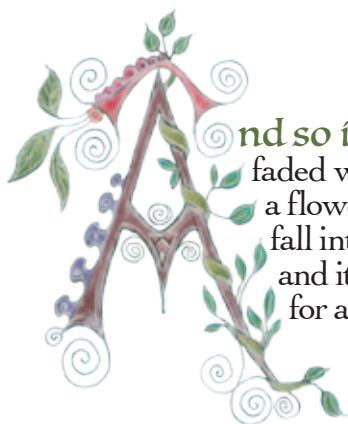


Few would draw upon their imaginary rope and retrace their footprints along the well worn path back to the Garden.

Many would trade their smiles and do dealings with their laughter and would sever the centripetal cord that bound them to their miracles. And many frayed pieces of rope did lie scattered and deserted... for a multitude of pleasures did appeal beyond that bridge.

And friend would farewell friend, knowing they would not see them again. For the old and the dead never came back; the bridge would not return them, and their miracles and smiles could only be glimpsed through hooded eyes of age and faded memories.

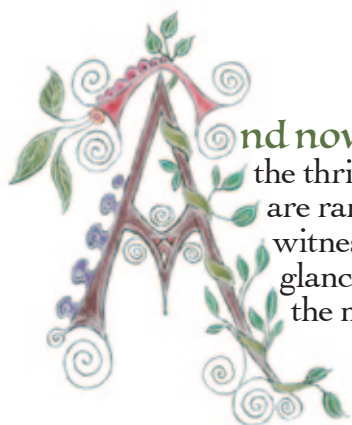
The Garden



And so it was, that for every smile that faded with the vanquishing of laughter, a flower in the Garden of our birth did fall into a deep and dreamless sleep and its slumbering was a mourning for a morning not yet born.



The Garden



And now in the Garden of our birth,
the thrill of laughter and the smiles of God
are rarely seen. Sweet miracles are seldom
witnessed in the hand. And we catch a
glance from the old and the dead only in
the memories of their true happiness.



The Garden



The Garden

The Sleeping



This is the end of the preview. **Buy Book** to continue reading.