

The Gardeners



He looked ordinary enough, except that his eyes were special. They were kind and gentle but also had a piercing, timeless quality. I felt, perhaps for the first time in my life, completely seen and unconditionally accepted. And I wondered what he was doing sitting on the banks of Pena Creek. Only once before had I encountered a stranger there. He was chewing meditatively on a blade of grass and I could sense that he was debating within himself whether or not to share a big secret with me. To make it easier for him, I sat a few feet away and plucked a blade of grass for myself. In my mind I said, "Tell me, if you think I'm ready." He turned and smiled and said aloud, "OK, I will."

He began to tell me the strangest tale I have ever heard, outdoing even Daddy Jim, my druidical, story-telling grandfather. Here is what he said:

"Once upon a time, there was a garden in a very remote location; to be precise, it was just a *rock-garden*; nothing grew there except crystals, diamonds, gold and coal, and such. Then a family of gardeners discovered it and happily set about planting it with all kinds of shrubs, trees and grasses. They tapped into underground reservoirs

and laid on an irrigation system; and they brought in natural fertilizers from their home place.

“The garden flourished. Occasionally, they came back and did *major* weeding, plucking up many plants and replacing them with even more exotic ones. They began to graft flora from their own place - and the results were spectacular. Then they *really* got creative and began to genetically modify the plants.

“In time, this combination of planting, weeding, fertilizing, grafting and genetic engineering led to a quantum leap: *fauna* emerged from what had been, up to then, merely flora. Animals slithered and skipped, hopped and walked, ran and flew about the garden.

“Now the gardeners *really* warmed to their task. They continued grafting and weeding, fertilizing and gene-splicing until a self-aware species evolved, tasked with turning freewill (the ability to chose) into freedom (the ability to chose love). This program also allowed for the transition from self-preoccupation into compassion. The gardeners had conducted this experiment many times, in many other gardens, but they could never predict the results. Sometimes freewill simply morphed into greed, and self-concern into violence. Such gardens inevitably self-destructed in a tangle of competing weeds that eventually choked all life in the garden. They reverted to being merely rock gardens. Others made a major shift: life forms emerged that looked like the gardeners themselves!

“But no two gardens followed the same exact sequence. So the gardeners were fascinated to see what would become of their latest project in their newest garden. With great care they coaxed it along right up to the self-aware phase, and waited to see what

would happen. This time the new species split into three subspecies. I'll call them, 'Homo Naturalis', 'Homo Spiritualis' and 'Homo Sociopathicus'.

"Homo Sociopathicus used their gifts of freewill and intelligence to try to take over the entire garden. They claimed it was theirs to exploit, and quickly set about doing so. They were *Takers*, who believed that the garden was merely a resource. They began to fight among themselves for dominion and soon developed biological weapons to destroy life in parts of the garden they didn't yet own. Their weapons grew more and more deadly until, in their myopic greed, they invented weapons that could wipe out life in the whole garden.

"Meanwhile Homo Spiritualis had been using freewill to become truly free, and their concern was for each other and for the garden. They could understand the languages of all the other life forms - flora *and* fauna - and wanted to ensure that all the other denizens of the garden had their needs met and their views respected. It was very quickly becoming apparent that these were *Givers* and that they would be the next phase of the evolution of the garden. They vibrated at a rate that transcended mere physical manifestation, and could move in and out of their bodies at will. Filled with compassion, even for the Takers, they attempted to awaken Homo Sociopathicus to the catastrophe they were about to cause; but they were not afforded a hearing.

"Meanwhile, in the very remote parts of the garden, places even the Takers hadn't discovered, there was the third subspecies, Homo Naturalis. Let's call them "*The Innocents*". These lived in aboriginal conditions with no outside contact. They'd never met nor even heard of the Takers nor of the Givers; and they were blissfully unaware of the fate which awaited the garden.

“The unthinkable finally happened. Homo Sociopathicus deployed nuclear and biological weapons in a frenzy of internecine warfare that got out of hand and soon killed the garden. But their leaders had long anticipated this possibility and had an escape plan. They took to the skies in their spaceships and abandoned the garden, leaving most of their own followers to die horribly in the radioactive cloud that enveloped the garden.

“Homo Spiritualis had also anticipated the event. They simply ascended into other dimensions, as they had practiced, leaving their physical spacesuits behind them. They travelled until they found other gardens; gardens in which they could switch interdimensionally between physical and non-physical forms.

“By a quirk of nature and the direction of the winds, somehow the Innocents survived the holocaust. They were now unwitting heirs to the *entire* garden, and in time they travelled from their remote habitats and discovered the vast extent of “their” territory. Eventually they, too, evolved, occasionally stumbling upon artifacts of the by-gone civilizations of the Takers and the Givers. They told stories about those finds and theorized as to what wisdom and technology those civilizations might have had.

“Thousands of years passed, and there were rumors that strange, powerful beings had begun to visit from the skies. Some of these were benign and helpful; these they called, ‘The gods’; others were malevolent and destructive; they called those ones, ‘The demons’.

“The gods attempted to encourage the Innocents to move from freewill to freedom. Whenever they found an Innocent who could spontaneously shift into a state of consciousness that allowed him to surf other dimensions, they would teach him about

great wisdom and about love. Occasionally, one of these ascended Givers (gods) would agree to incarnate as an Innocent, and be born to a Homo Naturalis woman; choosing to live a full life in a physical spacesuit and yet demonstrate unconditional love. The erstwhile Innocents were now increasingly becoming more technologically adept, and facing a new bifurcation point between their own version of Takers and Givers. So the incarnated ultra-terrestrials, the avatars were often ridiculed, violently opposed and even killed. It looked like, in Yogi Berra's famous phrase, 'déjà vu all over again'.

“Meanwhile the space-travelling Homo Sociopathicus had found another garden, but conditions there were such that they had to seriously decompensate in order to live in it. It was a dark, sunless garden, so their eyes became huge in order to be of any use. The garden stank of foul odors, so their noses shrank to mere slits, in order to ward off these smells. They had been so badly irradiated as they escaped the holocaust in their original garden, that both males and females became permanently sterile. They produced progeny by cloning, since mating was no longer possible. Eventually their genitals atrophied and were no more. Over time the lack of food in this garden meant that there was no longer a need for mouths to chew, digestive tracts to metabolize nor elimination systems to dispose of waste matter. They survived by chemical infusions. Mouths now became mere gashes, used only for communication, which eventually morphed into mind-to-mind telepathy. Their skin took on a pale, sickly, grey color.

“Most devastatingly of all, and this had already begun to happen even during their final years in the *original* garden, their sense of humor and their ability to empathize totally atrophied. They were a race without either laughter or compassion.

“But they continued to evolve *scientifically*, and soon they cracked the riddle of time, learning to move backwards and forwards in it. When they journeyed forward they encountered a reality of even more atrophy, stagnation and darkness, born of their determination to continue to pursue technology bereft of intuition and Spirit. So they decided, instead, to focus on travelling *backwards* in time. Then things got *very* interesting. They figured that by intervening in their own past, they could influence their now and so, alter their future.

“They began a series of sorties to abduct, experiment on and even harvest human and animal parts from the original garden, as it had existed before the holocaust. They were particularly interested in the physiology of the parts which they had lost through atrophy e.g., nose, mouth, digestion, elimination, genitals. They were also experimenting on what allowed humans to experience emotions. The object of these harvests and experiments was to re-engineer themselves and re-conquer the original garden, which was far more life-sustaining than their present one.

“Some of the leaders of the Innocents-becoming-Sociopathicus were aware of these incursions but traded permission to continue with the abductions for new technology and training. So now *two* versions of Homo Sociopathicus existed and both were attempting to use each other to conquer the garden.

“The Givers, Homo Spiritualis, had by now developed into angelic-like beings for whom compassion was the paramount virtue. Whenever they found an individual, a

community or a movement among the Innocents-becoming-Awake, they spoke to their souls, using them as channels to pour compassion into the garden, in a race against the possibility of a new holocaust. They became more and more creative, writing hundreds of love letters each year in the fields of the garden. The awakening Innocents called these love letters, Crop Circles.”

My grass-chewing storyteller went silent for a few moments. Then he turned to me again and said:

“You know, don’t you, that there are two kinds of fractals - fractals in space and fractals in time? *Space fractals* are the physical patterns that are identical in shape and that repeat on an infinite number of scales. Examples have appeared in some of the Crop Circles. But there are also *Time fractals* - patterns of behavior and of history that also repeat on different scales. And that was what began to happen now in the original garden. The Takers’ return coincided with the technological evolution of the Innocents-become-Takers. These two waves amplified each other, to create a tsunami of greed and destruction, which threatened to do far more damage than the first holocaust had. There was only one solution: the Givers joined with the Innocents-become-Givers to shift the consciousness of the very garden itself. The garden quantum-jumped into the fifth dimension, becoming invisible to and thus uninhabitable for the two waves of Takers.

“The second holocaust *did* happen, but it resulted only in the destruction of the physical level of the garden. The two waves of Takers wiped each other out and were no more. Karma is the butter spread evenly upon the bread of life, under the blade of

compassion. In time the Givers came to realize that their revisited past was a present from their distant future.”

He stretched his feet into the waters of Pena Creek and we both went back to chewing on our blades of grass.

Namasté,

Tír na nÓg
November 2012

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Seán". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the left.