

– CHAPTER ELEVEN –

The Maker's Secret Weapons

Paulo brushed the tears on his cheek with his sleeve. He felt his own sadness, the strange melancholy that he could never explain for something long ago that he couldn't remember, a sense of love that was now gone. He had always been told it was something in his past that he missed, love that he hadn't received, that his parents couldn't give. But this response had never answered his pain.

The wise man continued. "Inside, it was dark and gray, our eyes half-closed, adjusting themselves to the dim light. It felt perpetually cold and wet there and we were weak, not the strong and vital beings of before. But the Maker reminded us that at least we were *alive*. The darkness and the wall of stone, he added, would prevent the vengeful Lord from ever finding us, and so we should be doubly content.

"We tried hard indeed to look content with our new surroundings, with the fact that we were safe, independent, and 'alive', but it wasn't easy. Every day was an effort to remember why we were supposed to be grateful. In the beginning, we still held a memory of the beauty, loveliness and wonder of our Home and the great Love of our King. But then as we adapted to the Spell and life in the Domain, as we convinced ourselves that Love had truly been transformed to hate, the memory of his Kindness

became dimmer and dimmer. We busied ourselves with our lives and found many important things to do, running to and from the market place and work-fields, and eventually the remembrance of Oneness and Eternity, of Home and Peace, completely disappeared from sight..."

Paulo considered for some long minutes the remarkable tale of the One People's Fall and their arrival in the Domain.

"So, our going there and our leaving the Kingdom of Light was actually our own choice," the boy said, voicing his astonishment at the People's decision. Then after deep thought, he asked the only question which seemed now to make any sense to him: "But how on earth could we possibly think we could learn to be happy in such a miserable place?"

The magician met the boy's intense regard and a smile lit his face for just an instant. "We did indeed learn how to live within our adopted prison, Paulo; and the proof is that we are still there, and still believe we are happy there, and can yet be happier. We even learned to derive a morbid, eccentric pleasure in the idea of our new independence and 'freedom' from our heavenly Home. But it did take much time and effort learning to adjust to the perpetual insecurity and pain.

"You see, the sense of Crime in our hearts had made it impossible to escape from a terrible sense of injustice, a sense that some type of despicable act had been committed, and thoughts of pursuit and judgment constantly filled our dreams. Dominated by this belief in our guilt, we felt we rightly *deserved* punishment, and so always expected an attack or a painful event to come upon us by surprise. Despite the Maker's defensive wall, and despite the secluded hiding place of the Domain, we nevertheless felt a constant background danger, a perpetual anxiety and foreboding, which is the nature of those under the Spell of Damnation. It was the feeling that no matter how we might protect and defend ourselves, there would always be threat of attack."

Paulo asked, "And this is why everyone's always so worried, though they don't really know why? I see a lot of people in Towne

like that. But why don't they see where the real problem comes from, from this exile from our Home, and from this big Judgment, like you say? They're always telling me about some problem or other in their lives. But always one problem seems to follow on another – it's never ending!"

"Yes, no one sees clearly anymore, Paulo. There's a good reason for this, and it would be good for you to know why. But be aware, the Maker has taken great pains to make sure we don't follow the trail of his planning and scheming too easily. His strategy has been one of total confusion, from beginning to end. What we're about to discuss here may seem complicated and long, but I'll attempt to make it as clear and brief as possible. Are you prepared for this long and difficult discussion? It's quite necessary."

The boy nodded his agreement, and the magician continued.

"And so, why don't we see his machinations clearly? Let me explain... After some time our pain within the desolate prison-home of the Domain became quite intolerable, you see, and the Maker realized in an instant the true fragility of his position. He reasoned – and he was correct – that if ever we started to look for a way to escape from our suffering, we would eventually come to question the truth of this Crime which bound us within his prison, to see that the whole thing was a charade, and then eventually return through the Door back to the Kingdom. To strengthen his position, he saw he would have to undertake further actions to stop us from clearly understanding the true state of affairs.

"So, insisting again that the Damnation was real and unalterable, the Maker informed us that there were nevertheless some practical solutions to our predicament. Firstly, he commanded us simply *not to think* about our situation, about all our tears and woe. Yes, imagine that, just not see it at all! In other words, to draw a thick curtain over it, to push it into some obscure corner of our minds and there forget about it and pretend that it wasn't even there. In this way, he schemed, we would take our hurt and loneliness, our guilt-feelings and misery, and wrap them altogether within a thick veil of mist and fog, and ultimately learn

quite simply and naively how *not to dwell upon* them. This remarkable act of magic the Maker called *Veiling*.

"And he was quite right: for the most part we managed very well to hide our real feelings, pretending, as told, that all was well within ourselves and in our world. This was the first part of his strategy to strip away our reason."

Paulo thought about this a moment. "And so that's why no one knows about the real problem, because they've forgotten it and can't see it anymore," he said. "And that's all?"

"Not quite, there's still more," the magician continued. "You see, pain as acute as that caused by exile from our beloved Home could never be kept completely hidden from awareness by simply 'not seeing', as you can imagine; and the Maker also understood this. And so he came up with a second plan, so much more devious even than the first one.

"The Maker understood that if ever we managed to pierce his veil of forgetting and feel the full extent of our sadness and shame, we would eventually come to realize how untrue the whole Crime really was, and would then find a way to return back Homeward along the path. He figured he would have to make sure we never correctly understood the true nature of our thoughts and feelings, even when we felt them: he would need to *disguise* where they came from, and what they meant. And so he told to us yet another story, a second lie, that would cleverly keep the original myth of the Crime away from all proper grasp.

"The Maker instructed us that whenever we felt any of the morbid, painful aspects of the Crime, it was never as a result of some dreadful condition within ourselves, or because of something we had done – certainly not! It had nothing to do with us, because it was always because of some frightful circumstance *outside* of us, of course! Due always, in plain language, to *something or someone else*. And so all discussion of the Crime haunting our hearts would be avoided and be placed far, far away from any understanding.

“In the Maker’s calculations, if we did exactly as he taught us, we would continue to be imprisoned by the imaginary Crime against the King and to wander homeless within his dark world, but we would never even begin to question the proper reason why. Quite simply, the reason for all our troubles and anxiety would no longer seem to be within the Exile which we had chosen of our own accord. Instead, it would appear within the outside events that occurred, and in the many people we encountered every day. It was an exceptionally clever, devious plan of the Maker’s to take all power and reason away from his prisoners – and it worked!

“From that moment on, the Maker began his surreptitious whispering into our minds, instilling his new lies there; and suddenly, magically, all the distress and anxiety in our lives sprung now from the people we found around us. In fact, in little time we managed to learn many skilful ways to put the blame for our upsets onto all sorts of different events and circumstances occurring within the Domain. The Maker’s name for this new masterpiece strategy was *Ridding*, since his prisoners would *rid* themselves of the condition that was really bothering them from inside, and cast it away onto people and events all around them.”

Paulo continued to listen attentively, though he felt something inside made it extraordinarily difficult to grasp fully the wizard’s strange concepts.

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