

The Yard of Wisdom

Once upon a time, we had many children. Our home was filled with fresh air, and many large sparkling and clear windows. Sweet and soothing sounds filled the air, along with many words of instruction.

Our yard was vast and wide. Perfectly green grass and an uncountable variety of flowers filled the yard, along with birds and other lovely creatures. With clear skies and the sun shining in its fullness, it was known as The Yard of Wisdom.

And we raised our children in The Yard of Wisdom with tender care. It was a clean yard, filled with many things to learn and consider. It was a place where knowledge and understanding overflowed, being mixed with reason. And the yard's foundation was filled with truth.

There were others there too, but not many, for some had passed on. And the yard was surrounded by a fence, a boundary of protection from a next-door neighbor.

Not much is known about this neighbor or its house, which remained in the shadows. This house is surrounded by much secrecy and darkness, with almost-day and almost-night conditions. Rolling and billowing clouds created a very intriguing ceiling for that yard.

The house is always dark with tiny windows, black as tar. That home is always noisy, with no distinguishable sounds, and yet, constantly in motion.

There is no definite boundary to their yard. It is endless. And their yard is very obscure, filled with a heavy mist that sometimes reached the top of their fence. In their yard, only the top of the heads of people can be seen wandering around, never standing still.

Through the mist, you can see silhouettes of faces, some smiling, some not, some content and some afraid. Sounds of speeches, almost-laughter, almost music and almost-crying, muffled by large sounds of booms and cracks of things that can almost-be heard.

Beautiful, colorful lights emanate through the mist like flashes of lighting, appearing at random from place to place. Above all, there is no "certainty" in their yard.

We have always instructed, and warned our children to stay clear of that yard; to never venture towards it; never wander to it; and never climb over it. Yet, with some degree of curiosity, they stood near the fence to observe it. They listened to the sweet whispers of

confidence, of invitation, drawing them ever closer. Even the smell their erotic fragrances were tempting.

At times, we were compelled to lead away a few who drifted too close to the fence, carefully using wisdom and reason. But some did climb over, and were bruised.

Once over, they began to drift further away from the yard of wisdom, not able to find their way back. We threw over many life-lines, but often they couldn't "see" to take hold, or wouldn't take hold of it.

Finally, we attempted many rescues, using the flashlight of reason and understanding, as we tried to cut through the misty muck and mire, and using it as a guide the way home. A few only, we have led back over the fence. But most were not convinced.

As we stood in our yard in the final days, and gazed at the hopeless, almost-smiling faces in the darken mist, some faces we recognized. We called out to them, but they were too tantalized with pleasure and lust; their minds were made dull from other things entering in; they became too drunk with foolishness, and, showing no reaction to our call, they became content.

So, in our final days, there is but one thing to do. We will plant lights of reason and understanding along the perimeter of our fence, to act as a lighthouse would, in hopes that they will remember, and make the climb, back to The Yard of Wisdom, their home.

Stan Phillips
October 11, 1998