

Darkness Dies

Paramaecium

Distant voices begin to sing, "Now the fire's burning, let the fire
fire
spread so those who think they live will realise that they are
dead.
Over eons, over centuries, it has taken many names for the Spi
rit
of the Ancient is the fire within the flames. Let mankind burn
with
the fire of the Spirit."

Following the golden path towards the burning Tree I pause
before I enter within the castle walls. As darkness dies the l
ight of
truth is revealed.

I genuflect to worship at the throne of life.

"I have followed your quest with great interest" said the King
as I
raise my eyes to meet his. "Many have stood where you stand
and many will stand there in latter days."

The Firetree, the tree that burns whilst it is never consumed.
The
Firetree on which a man died to bring life to mankind. Who was
he, that man that died? Who was he? "That man was God."

I came before the throne seeking truth and life but, as everyt
hing
in my life begins to fall into place, I learn from the King th
at in
death there is life; to die to one's self is the truth of salv
ation and
eternal life.

The King addressed me once more saying "Once you were yours
but now you are mine. You have my permission to die. Go now
and die to yourself."

And with that, in obedience to the King, I stepped into the po
ol
of water, shedding my old garments and moving further into the
depths as the water engulfed me. That day, I entered into a ne
w
life and, in the presence of the almighty King, was born again
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