

GUARDIAN OF THE DEN draws exclusively from the Creation Story in Genesis. It treats this iconic narrative as an allegory for all things dual in nature, including the dueling nature of man.

Guardian of the Den, A Study on the Nature of Duality and its Inherent Wisdom

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# **Guardian of the Den**

**A Study on the Nature of Duality and its Inherent Wisdom**

**Max Stone**

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## **The Den**

*“And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.”*

Genesis, Chapter 2, Verse 8

**T**here exists a familiar state from which you originate called timelessness. The Garden of Eden is a metaphor for this state. “Before” and “After” are connotations of Time. The Garden of Eden is not a place that existed before, nor will it exist after. It has never been a physical place, nor will it ever be. It is not a place that disappeared “earlier” only to reappear “later” in some archeological excavation.

You have experienced this condition of timelessness at one time or another: Have you ever been so involved in something that you lost track of time? Have you ever experienced a moment in your life, when—lost in thought—time seemed to have no objectivity or state of being?

Well, it is true! Time has no state of being (and you never really lost anything). Actually, you find a certain state of mind. You discover what has always been, but is only forgotten. You are now experiencing what you forgot. This is a state of timelessness. You have had a glimpse of the Garden.

**The World, as it turns, seems so real.  
As it turns out,  
It seems the World is really an illusion.**

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The Garden of Timelessness has always been here and has no intention of leaving. It is current. It remains all around you. As it continues to exist, it endures a lonely existence. The Garden appears an uninhabited, quiet place. It patiently waits for you to return from your journey—a return from Night back to the Light of Day.

Your journey—through illusion—appears to be hazardous with its injuries, losses, and fleeting moments of acknowledged connectedness. But, for you, illusion has its uses, and the Garden, being a reality, has its reasons for employing such a service.

{Illusion means: *Ill-use-ion*.}

The Garden *is* reality, but its ill-use-ive state exists only to educate you, to help you grow into higher awareness. It is also a means by which you are intended to express. The Garden has no other purpose. Here is an example of reality's use of illusion.

*It's as if—upon a blank canvas—you choose to portray an image; an image that you desire most to convey. This image you may instill with a kind of animation; the depiction seeming to leap on its own from the surface of the canvas. It may seem to radiate its own life force, causing you to be drawn, inadvertently, into its own kind of reality, its own kind of truth.*

*The image seems real, but its portrayal is, in reality, only a fabrication of your mind. Upon closer inspection, the actual and only true reality—The Blank Canvas—slowly begins to emerge. You begin to see that reality is what lies unwittingly beneath the portrayal—the vacant backdrop patiently permitting the expression of your image. You notice how this reality lovingly assists and supports even as you explore the nether regions; how it quietly observes—without judgment—as your thoughts and ideas congeal into pattern and format; as you cast non-shape into shape and formless into figure.*

*Reality, in its wisdom, honors your decision to formulate your world of illusion; a world wherein an occupation of space seems to be the object of life, and life seemingly subjected to the perils of time.*

*Even Life seems to have its own agenda, diligently going through its own paces, possessing a keen awareness of its own purpose within the illusion of time. Life takes care of whatever business is at hand, simply distributing whatever it seems to know how best to deal, and never, never questioning its motives. Life—often hard—continually coerces you into performing daring feats of bravery; feats intentionally designed to challenge and test your faith, thereby strengthening it.*

But the *Garden of Reality* never loses sight of *its* knowing. It is aware of these patterns being not of authentic configuration. It knows them instead for what they are: tricks designed to distract and confuse. Tricks of Light played with a co-conspirator, Dark.

The Garden watches as their flickering exchange creates in you a trance-like state, a somnambulistic condition inclined towards hallucinatory imagery and depiction. It is spellbinding, a condition ripe for suggestion and influence. It is a sleep where shadowy dreams darken your eyes and dull your senses, rendering you almost senseless (only five to be exact). Dreams that install a meandering of labyrinths and mazes, corridors of fun-house-like distortions that bend and twist reality, exaggerating its shape and design. You stumble along these corridors, confronting images that *you* project, engaging in misjudged ideas of fantasy that lead you to lures of perversion and snares of corruption.

From these gross misrepresentations, the Garden suffers these delineation's of character that belie its true nature and organic integrity. The Garden tolerates its illusory condition while it grieves over your absence. From its erroneous state, the Garden beckons you to awake and come home; to lay aside the tools of your labored dreams and toil no more; to know genuine rest while tending to *its* needs, feeling comfort and at peace, languishing among its scents, its scenes, finding refuge in its private shelter. To be one with it again.

This Garden, this State of Timeless Perfection is your safe harbor, your Den and Holy Sanctum. Yet to find this utopian Shangri-La, you need not search for it among designs that constitute an occupation of space; nor should you look for it cast as an element of form. For the eyes, alone, may not gaze there. It is not a “place” to be found. The Garden of Eden is a condition of Spirit, of *Psyche*—it is *a place to find*.

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You may discover the Garden, not along the periphery of self, but within the interior core of self. For the Garden *is* self. It is the Garden of your soul.

**You are, already, from outer space.  
It is through inner space that you must journey,  
To find your way home again.**



**Life is but a dream.  
But the dream is alive and kicking!**

The Garden of a “place” called Eden does not experience seasons that come and go with the passage of time. (A timeless state has no seasons). But it does feel rhythm and pulse. The nature of rhythm is that its pulse—by nature—has its own capsulated version of time; it has its own cadence, its own flow, “keeping time” within a specialized vibrational field of its own making. Rhythm enjoys its pulsating tempo, aware of the importance of its pace within the Garden's interior, within the Garden's *Heart*. Rhythm, in truth, knows itself to be one with the heart, understanding that they, together, must beat with a synchronized acceptance of this oneness. Without their gentle agreement of measuring time within the Garden, *Life* would dwindle, possibly even die, leaving the Garden to fade into obscurity, or worse, lapse into forgetfulness, into oblivion.

But it is also natural for any rhythm at some point to come to an interval of rest, a pause or cessation from activity and motion. This pause, this discontinuation or “time” of repose is a moment of contemplation, an intimate occasion, where the Garden looks down at its reflection in the waters of the pond—pondering Self. It is a period of evaluation, of taking stock. It is also a period of comprehension and knowing, a moment of self-realization and Truth.

To view the Self, the Garden must have illumination; it must have light to reflect its image. The nature of light is that it stimulates visual recognition. Its luminosity is created by a diffusion of energy emanating from a central point, enabling the “lost” to find, the “imperceptible” to perceive, and the “doubtful” to trust. Without light, the waters of the pond appear dark and murky, with little or no reflection, and no depth of understanding. It seems—fathomless.

The Garden over-looks its likeness if there is no likeness to observe, no image to consider. It will, instead of contemplation, fall into deep reverie, prone to sleep and dreams, succumbing to night-mare visions that inevitably depict the Garden as something ambiguous and strange—even sinister.

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Without *Light*, shadows prevail, with ensuing random disorder, fear and ignorance in their wake. Like blankets of gloom, these somber shrouds conceal the radiance inherent of all its possibilities; possibilities that, if given only half an opportunity, would gleam and irradiate with their own force.

**The very thing that defines a shadow,  
Is the *Brightness* along its edge.**

The *Light of Truth* is dim. But this is nothing more than a consequence of the Garden being profoundly deficient in radiation: a source from which light may shine. Deficiencies in radiation are caused by over-growth and over-shadowing. Shadowing from over-growth is the outcome of over-neglect. The Garden—infested with weeds—is unkempt and in bad condition.

With its roughened, and disheveled state, the Garden's terrain is unrecognizable to you; it seems foreign, distant and external. You scour the land in search of something lost or faintly remembered, looking for familiar signs—a token, mark, or symbol—anything that might reveal the entrance and show you the way back. Back to the Garden you once knew. A place you once called home.

The grounds, however, remain darkly obscure and foreboding: Uninviting. They don an attire of fraudulent deception (a cunning mélange of fearful insecurities like thick, clinging vines that clutch the Garden in a choking embrace). They shadow over patches of brightness, casting shadows where shadows ought not to be; all the while sowing seeds of worry and doubt; creating others like them and multiplying in selfish numbers: *obstructing the illumination*.

Your faltering efforts at reconciliation are due to this obstruction in luminescence. Your inability to perceive the Garden and its features is partly because you—trapped in the dense forest of weeds—have lost sight of its vision. Somewhere along the way, a briar thickness has

grown, forcing you to contend with the impending darkness. A darkness so encompassing that even radiance—an essential component for the study of self—seems to have abandoned its provision of reflective power. It seems to have withdrawn, leaving you to linger far too long in a place of darkness, whereas, before, a refraction of light from the surface of the pond allowed you to restore your energies and renew your faith. But now, upon its troubled surface, there is an oily flatness, and there is not a hint of acknowledgment or recognition on its face. It is as if it never knew you, as if it cannot remember the self that so often came here to stand along its edge. Or that it once beheld its own soft reflection in the mirrors of *your* glimmering eyes.

**If life is your discouragement,  
Discover your courage,  
And live what is meant.**

*You are in the Garden.*

But mindfulness of your presence is being restricted. You seemingly stand outside its gates, unable to enter into its splendor, isolation and dejection being barriers that, without illumination, make it difficult to cross. You are capable of the awareness it requires. But, without reflection, there is no atonement. Without comprehension, there is no liberation from the illusion, and from the entanglement in which you are mired. Without light, you are unable to detect your surroundings and, so, must face the shadows of an uncertain future. You wander instead in a haze of confusion, harboring feelings of acute rejection and a longing for the return of radiance, its rays to cut a swath and lead you away from the cold strangle-hold of fear and loss. You want it to lead you away from the passionless night and into a clearing of light where you can breathe, where you can see. A clearing where, at last, you can bask in the light of warm acceptance, understanding everything.

Neither you nor the Garden must endure this separation forever. True, weeds are worthless and bothersome distractions, eyesores that disturb a Garden's contour and sculptured aesthetics. But they have a

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purpose for you—a place in the cultivation and tillage of your soul. Whether you care to admit it or not, *you* are responsible for their over-growth. You are the caretaker who has lapsed in his duty to defend the Garden's rapture from the powers of darkness: the division that is the destructive nature of time.

Before there can, once again, be illumination in the fields of Timelessness, thereby replacing the soreness in your eyes with visions of peace and serenity, sublime beauty and repose, there must first be a *Shedding of Light* on why the Garden maintains its illusive state—why it continues having this debilitating dis-ease.

**The shadow side of something isn't necessarily  
the bad side.**

**'Shadow' means, *Shade Of*.**

**To sit in the shade of a tree is to experience  
its shadow side.**

**There, that's not so bad now, is it?**

**Shadows.**

**One should never be afraid of one's own.**

**Nothing is meaningless.**

**'Meaningless' means, *Less Meaning*,  
Not the complete absence of meaning.  
Less is a shade of More.**

**There is always some meaning.**

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**It's not Light that shade protects you from, but heat.  
How can you protect yourself  
from something you already are?**

**The heat is just a reminder  
of how really cool shadows can be.**

**A shadow of doubt,  
Is only a darker shade of faith.**

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*“And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.”*

Genesis, Chapter 1, Verse 3

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## **The Terms Of Time**

*“And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.”*

Genesis, Chapter 2, Verse 15

**F**rom the beginning, the Garden maintained that there were conditions involved; it was never Unconditional or without stipulation. One of those stipulations was that a caretaker should maintain and properly care for it. This was your responsibility. You were to have dominion over the Garden— “passing time” by naming plants and animals—to prosper and have a good time in the land of timelessness. But then something happened: A happening called, “Good Time.”

In the beginning, everything in the Garden was *good*. The Garden needed light and there it was. God saw that the light was *good*. Then the waters parted to reveal the land—an earth full of grass and trees yielding fruit—all of whose seeds was in it and after its kind. God saw that these things, too, were *good*. Then come the sun, the moon and the stars, followed closely by the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea. (Not to mention a few creepy crawly things here and there.) God saw that all were *good*. Last, but not least, came mankind. *Good* again. God cultivated and grew all these things (just shy of a week), and saw that all were *very good*.

Now, all of this divvying up and bringing forth calls for a hefty amount of work to do, and considering the amount of work, six days is a relatively short time. That is how *Time* came into play.

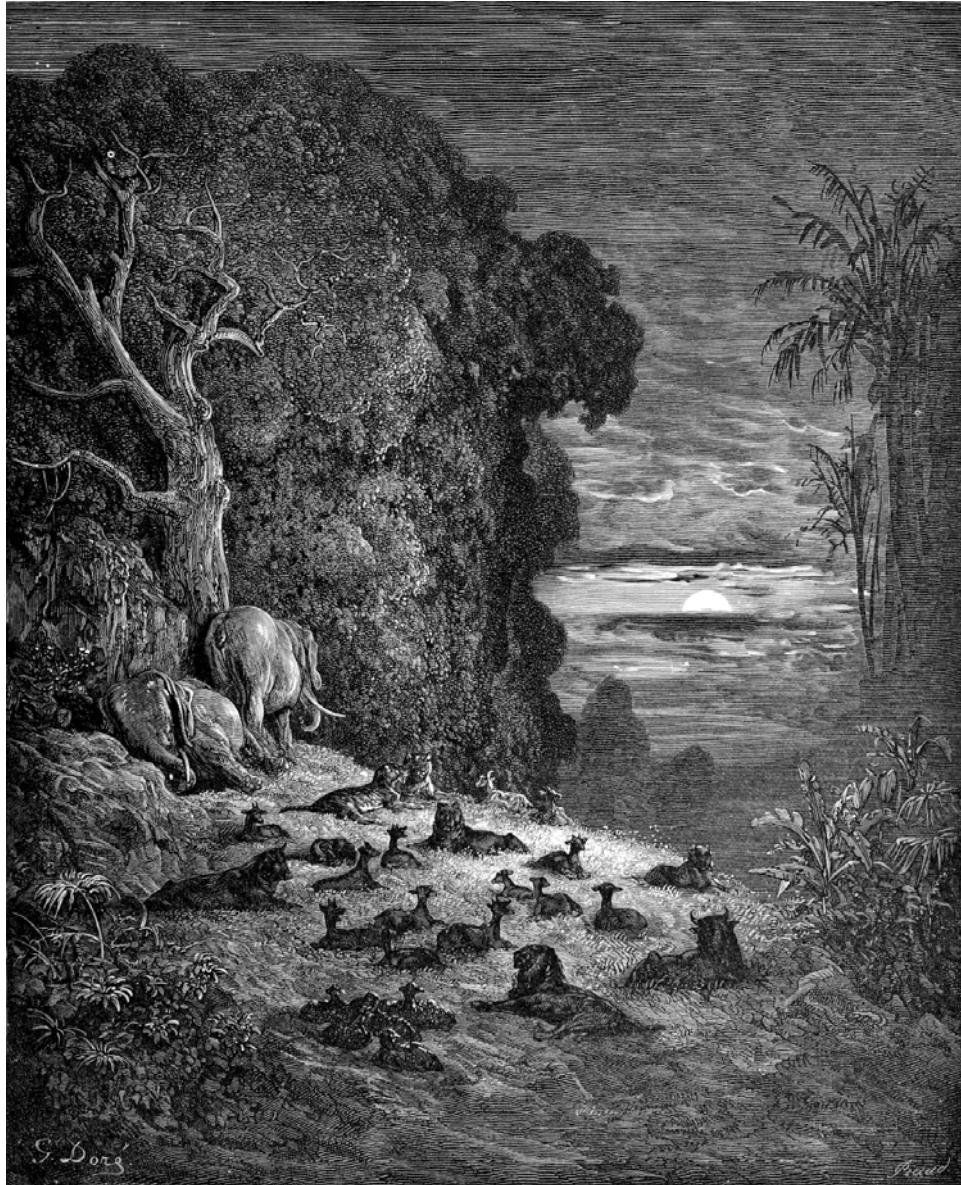


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*“And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold,  
it was very good.”*

Genesis, Chapter 1, Verse 31

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Looking closely at this story, it should be apparent (to some) that many of your problems began with God's use of the singular word, "Good." Or to be more correct, the singular letter, 'o.' Wondering how this might be, you might try looking even closer at the story that chronicles the Garden and its beginnings.

Genesis, or "Beginning," is the aptly titled exposé describing God's rather emotional response to all that He created; a response suggesting an extra 'o' is being applied to the word "God" becoming, if you will, "Good". (Supposedly intent on having the Garden think it is something most definitely other-than). For whatever reason, great care gives way to the fact that, though you may be *Good*, you are most certainly not to think you may also be *God*. If in doing so, blasphemous damnation is the infliction as a result.

Such a thing would have quite an impact on the Garden:

Light (*and* Dark), Seas and Earth, Plants, Animals and Insects, Sun, Moon, Stars and, yes, Man—*All*, instead of only thinking they are *Good*—would have the distinct honor and privilege of knowing they are also *God*. In knowing this, the Garden and its hosts could pay homage to the fact that, not only are they *Very Good*, but indeed *Very God*. By acknowledging that you are not apart from, but a part of God, the Garden might continue to be *A Part Of All*. (And all could save much time and frustration.)

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But God—the ever curious and creative Being He is—feels that Very Good is simply not good enough. More exact, God *forgets* what Good is simply for the reason. He has nothing to compare Good with. (How can you appreciate the sensation of *up*, without an eventual impression of *down*?) This is why God creates a plan that will enable Him to grow in his lack of familiarity—to know what's up.

Because of His oversight of Good (or up), God splits His Totality into two separate components, comparing Good to whatever that opposition might be. Man, in coming to symbolize the split, is the instrument to bring this opposing presence into God's field of awareness. By acting *badly*, man brings duality, therefore Time into existence. He eats the forbidden *Fruit of Learning* for one reason and one reason only: For God to *remember* just how *Good* He has it!

**The only difference between *Apart* and *A Part*,  
Is the space, or distance, between them.**

**Space is God.**

**You help close the distance,  
By acknowledging that you, too, are *A Part Of God*.  
(In this way, *A Part* doesn't feel so far apart from itself.)**

**Nothing exists without its opposite to define it.  
Isn't that 'something'?**

Duality is a given in the field of Time. There's just no way around or two ways about it. For “me” to exist, there must be “you”; for “right” there must be “wrong,” for “short” there must be “long”. Living within this field of opposites is a continuous bouncing off either side, one claiming dominion over the other, depending on its power of influence. It is a vicious cycle, one that keeps you rebounding in a frenzied orbit of frustration. The alleviation of this frustration becomes your constant preoccupation; never quite grasping that it is *you* who chooses to take this ride.

You are forever trying to correct the situation, thinking if you can only “fix it,” this will establish a kind of permanence in your life; a somewhat unalterable remaining affording you the luxury of a most highly-regarded sensual awareness: a sense of control.

Control is extremely precious to you. It is, after all, power. Control offers a security that frees you from fear and anxiety, allowing a more creative, assertive and individualistic version of yourself to emerge. Control gives you confidence, permitting the emphatic expression of views in a voice that, otherwise, you might not have to enjoy. This expression you might condone, not only in yourself, but in others; providing the means for the exuberant exploration, then discovery of potential within each. It is true autonomy for you who feel they have gained control. Without it, execution towards the realization of your dreams may become nothing more than half-hearted attempts, ones that result in the eventual loss of their potency. Regrets may begin to emerge as you sink lower into the depths of despair. Discouraged and disheartened at how things turned out, you may start to feel cheated, wondering what went wrong and believing that all should be different. Without a sense of control in one's life there can begin to arise, within the self, a sense of apathy and indifference—the destroyers of creativity.

It is man's desire for control that prompts him to “act badly” in the Garden; that prompts him to take that infamous first bite from out of God's own awareness of *Good*.

Man seems to have control within his possession, but it is his own sense of apathetic indifference—along with its accompanying lack of creativity—that is responsible for bringing those dark and ominous feelings into the area (the clutching vines of insecurity that tend to shadow the Garden's own natural radiance). Man seems to have all that he can possibly want, and all that he can possibly need. He seems to have control over all aspects of his existence, and all aspects of that existence are his to have dominion over—or so it seems.

True, man has dominion over all of God's creatures, over all of God's creations, but these are God's creations—not his own. Man is not free to create and his desire for control comes from his *desire to create*. What prompts him to defy God's command is not the desire to have control over God, but a yearning within himself to exercise creative authority over his own life.

**Aspire to Greatness,  
Lest Mediocrity conspire against you.**

To feel a pawn in the game of life is an unsettling prospect for anyone. “Man in the Garden” is certainly no different. But what man fails to recognize is that his very existence epitomizes insecurity. His acting “bad” is the very “act” God intends for him to perform. *Bad* is the idea God needs for man to bring into view—all to grow in His awareness of *Good*.

Because man fails to recognize his part in God's plan, all the shadows of doubt and insecurity he can muster invade the Garden. And because he feels a lack of control, he is unable to trust—much less obey—a God who holds authority over his life: a God who at any moment might subject him to all sorts of antagonistic commands. This becomes, for man, unbearable.

*“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.”*

Genesis, Chapter 1, Verse 1

Yet these commands are duly present from the very start. From the very beginning, duality makes its twofold presence known. It establishes itself the very moment Light divides from Dark and Heaven from Earth. Even before this there's, IN THE BEGINNING: a blatant suggestion of polarity if ever there was one. (To have a beginning, there must have been an ending; not to mention, *in* is not being grasped until there is some plausible comprehension of *out*.)

But it isn't until God's proclamation of *Thou Shalt Not* that man becomes even remotely aware of duality's existence. With this declaration, polarity rears *both* its opposing heads; enticing man to note that there is something he is most definitely *not* being allowed to see. (Although he most definitely shalt!)

You see, in the Garden, man has not the eyes for “other,” for there is no other to see. His is a land of Timelessness, of Totality. Division is a concept he need not, until now, comprehend. Not since his creation has he known anything other than “this,” for there is no “that” to compare “this” with. The discernible detection of polarity and pairs of opposites has no purpose within his realm of summation and completeness. Man looks upon only one aspect of his reality; the only one he is capable of viewing.

*“And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it...”*

Genesis, Chapter 2, Verses 16, 17

But *Thou Shalt Not* instills man with a secret desire to know, not only of “this,” but also of “that”. A desire that soon becomes intolerable for him. It's distressing not being allowed to acknowledge “that” part of him. This cannot help but generate in his psyche the same effect that any parent's no-ism might have on a developing child.

*Thou Shalt Not* establishes within the child a natural desire to rebel, to *know all*. A desire that may originally have had its roots stimulated and nourished by curiosity; and if curiosity is indeed responsible for killing the cat, then understand that the cat would have rather died anyway than live with a lack of awareness. It is with God's own awareness and distinction that man desires to fuse himself. And man (like the cat) holds quite firmly to his desire to Know All.

**Desires,  
Control them all but one:**

**The desire to be One With All.**

For man to *Know All*, there is at least one thing of which he is certain. He knows he must act out the one thing God expressly asks him not to: eat of a certain fruit, from a certain tree, in a certain garden of beguiling certainties. By this, man is sure he will attain a knowing of God-like proportion, earning him a gratuity of knowledge that will enable him to exercise creative control over his own life.

*“...she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.”*

Genesis, Chapter 3, Verse 6



But man cannot have foreseen the extent of his sufferings, or the consequences that will follow his actions. His is an act of defiance that will forever set the wheels of Time into motion, spinning “forever,” itself, into a vortex of mortality. It is an act of volition that begins the many and various trials of isolation—trials that take TIME to justify.

*Heaven parts from Earth, as does God from man. The Sun, in retreat, rejects the languid but graceful advances of the moon. Below, on Earth, dust from colliding stars settle—then stir—the breath of God whirling a wind to arrange them in samples of form. Womankind slides from the womb of man, and she, in turn, bears mankind through pain and suffering. Life perpetuates its ceaseless flow, running a course with time. This is the realm of TIME, and this is the distance between all things separated—Things that once were Whole.*

Man is responsible for this separation of things. But his decision to defy God's command is simply an act of choice, and his choice to separate is simply an act of proclaiming his freedom. Man, a free being, is now exercising his right to acknowledge that gift. By refusing to live under authority—even God's authority—man chooses to step outside the confines of that jurisdiction, (much like the child who, to grow, chooses to leave the safe confines of his home).

But in choosing to grow, man also chooses to abandon his innocence, and in abandoning his innocence, man chooses to abandon God. God, respecting that choice, is seeing to it that man experiences all He knows of joy *and* pain, peace *and* chaos, creation *and* destruction, (this *and* that). He is conditioning man in all aspects of what, before, only He has known. By this, man is slowly learning to interpret the fine print on those terms—the Terms of Time.

*To know as God, man is experiencing for the first time, TIME. In sacrificing his innocence, man has chosen to “take the time” to learn the meaning of creation, what it meant for God to create him. Man is learning of the selflessness that it takes to create “other,” for there can be no other without a relinquishment of self. Through sacrifice, man must learn to take responsibility for his creation. To be as God is to be*

*as Creator. GOD CREATES. That is what God does. God is the Creator of things known and unknown, seen and unseen. If man can show that he, himself, is capable of such sacrifice—that he is worthy—then God will allow him to stand alongside Him as co-creator and equal. To hold a position such as this, man has begun his education in responsibility. He has embarked upon a journey that demands he acquire a complete knowledge of good and evil—of DUALITY. Only by this can man become God.*

The terms are clear. If man can *in deed* learn from his act of defiance, all that the act requires him to accrue, a gift far more important than anything he knows is his to receive. It is a gift like no other and one that he most longs for in his heart: that of equality with God. He aspires for *divinity*. Understanding the heart of man, God is, through wisdom and compassion, providing a way for him to obtain what he most desires.

He is unfolding the great and expanded ocean between the polar opposites of good and evil and rolling it outward before the eyes of man. Never before has God exposed the vastness of that terrain, for the breadth of man's vision matches only the profundity of his ignorance. By witnessing a knowing of such immense and awesome magnitude, man loses his innocence. But only in losing his innocence is he able to receive the *Gift of Experience*, and only through his experiences is he able to receive the *Gift of Knowledge*. In time, this knowledge leads him to the *Gift of Wisdom*. And only by responding responsibly toward his creations will he be able to receive his ultimate gift—*Divinity*. Man's response-ability will determine his worthiness. This means that man must respond, not only to his own needs, but also to the needs of his creation. He must become more deeply aware.

**When all God asks is that we try, we might try answering,  
"Is that all?"**

Man's separation from God is truly painful and is the true cause behind *all* pain. But while difficult, the separation will, if handled with courage and commitment, hold something wondrous in store for him—something glorious. If man can learn to respond to his “significant

other” with compassionate understanding and tolerance of their differences, he will experience an awareness of which he has never before come across, never before seen.

*He sometimes felt a presence stirring around him as he walked through the Garden—the trees even whispering its name—but he could never truly observe its closeness; for he had not the senses to do so. He had not the eyes to see in his environment that which surely God must perceive. He had not the emotions to feel in himself that which surely God must feel. He had not the ears to detect, nor the tongue to taste all that surely God must savor—the bittersweet Fruit of Knowing that only God, Himself, might enjoy.*

Man's passionate desire for creative control fuels his longing for such awareness. His need to reach an understanding of duality is also his need to prove that he, himself, is capable of creating a Garden of such flawless perfection—a Garden of which he is an integral part.

With his newfound awareness, man feels that he is now ready to prove his capabilities. He is embarking upon a journey that has catapulted him through time and space, depositing him directly onto the land of “this” and “that,” the land of good and evil—of TIME. Here he is learning from their quarrelsome exchanges and participating in the mystery of their mutual desires. From his experiences, he is discovering the meaning of what it is to *be* as God, to *see* as God. And he is beginning to see something else. Meaning that, as long as he keeps his eyes wide open, man is at long last beginning to see—*what it means to love*.

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