

Tales from the Throne of the Undeceived

The “Throne of the Undeceived” is like the Delphian Oracle in Ancient Greece where people in high places came to ask for guidance and advice.

The Eye of the Needle

(“It is more difficult for a rich man to enter heaven than a camel through the eye of a needle”)

A rich man approaches with respectful posture, the throne of the Undeceived.
Lord, I come laden with gifts to ask for Your blessings as Your favored son.

You have My attention. Show me what it is you have to offer.

I have created cities of splendor, with temples of jade and pyramids of gold. I have amassed wealth in every form, which I am prepared to lay now before Your feet.

You, indeed, have a creative mind for possessions. In what else do you find pride?

My Lord, I have preached from a thousand pulpits to the acclaim of the cheering masses who would worship me directly if I did not tell them of Your glory

And that is the sum of all that you have to offer?

My Lord, to you I open the door to my harem, filled with a thousand faces, one more beautiful than the next, and whose bodies quiver with lust. And in my prowess I am able to satisfy every one. Their sighs and sounds of delight echo constantly in my ears.

And so you are never bored?

Oh no, my Lord. I have invented a chess computer capable of processing infinite possibilities in an instant of time. And, yet I have succeeded in thrashing this machine a thousand times.

You, indeed, have a creative mind. Does it serve only yourself?

My Lord, I do know of Good. I send every scrap of food from my table to the beggars at my door. To the poor and the homeless I give blankets for warmth. I send servants to comfort the lepers and sturdy men to protect the prostitutes by day.

And in all of this you have no opposition to contend with?

My Lord, my enemies are countless. In jealousy they try to sack my storehouses. In their lechery they crave my mistresses. In blind depravity they amass armies to overthrow all that I have built up. But never will I allow them to succeed in their banalities. I have sent my own armies to crush them every one. On the racks my enemies confess with a loud voice their wrongs. I offer to You as a sacrifice, the head of every one of them.

That is indeed a noble gesture. Do you have anything else to offer me?

Lord, what more could you possibly want of me?

I want the key to your secret hiding places. The mind always thinks in duality. You cannot create one thing without consideration of the other. Where do you hide that which you despise in yourself? Why do you now dread your idle moments and postpone your hour of sleep? It is in sleep that the disowned children of your creative mind rise up to torment you. You are the beggar and the leper to which you give token kindness. You create the envious, the lustful, and the malcontents to justify your sadistic attacks upon yourself. And already that half of your mind has grown to such proportions that it is beginning to terrorize the other. You cannot yet recognize the fear that brings you to Me now, asking to be saved from your own creations. You believe that my blessings will bring salvation, but that I cannot do. Only when you have tired of your preoccupation with horror and with death are you ready to accept My blessings.

And why do you ask My blessings when you can create all that you would desire for yourself? Or can you? That is another secret you keep from yourself. You fill your body with food and yet feel unsatisfied; with sex, and yet feel lonely. And the praise of a thousand followers does not lessen your sullen moods.

You must know why you have come to Me or I have nothing to offer you. I will accept all of your offerings so that you will be left with nothing but your naked self, and then dismiss you with these words: “Dare to look again, not outside of yourself for satisfaction, but deep within, to the emptiness that cries to be filled. You cannot separate yourself from Me and still find joy in your creations. Have you not awakened at least once from a dream of terror of losing your delicate grip as you hang precipitously above a deep abyss, the empty void at the core of everything? How much of that void can you fill with your earthly treasures? And how long can your admirers hold you in safety from plunging, when alone, into the emptiness? Only when the horror of that void fills your mind, and nothing else, are you ready to give up your wanderings and return back to Me.”

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