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# Daily Thoughts

## *Words of Wisdom and Inspiration*

by Ariel B. Tzadok

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### The Setting Sun

Youngest sister wanted to rise.  
She wanted to be at the top  
of the garden, not at its bottom.  
Being the feet was  
meaningless to her,  
if she could also not be the head.  
The Old Man knew all this,  
and still watched her  
from a distance.

Approaching her warrior brother,  
the victorious purple clad night,  
she saw standing behind him,  
his mighty brother  
who shone with the light of the sun.  
Two brothers standing together,  
only with guile  
could she defeat them both.

Closing her eyes  
she gazed within,  
and saw her path to victory.  
Defeat the stronger,  
and weaker will topple  
along with him.

If she could topple the sun,  
the purple clad warrior  
would surely be eclipsed  
in his downfall.

Youngest sister remembered,  
that Central Brother,  
her third brother  
was indeed like the shining Sun.  
It was his light  
that shines throughout the whole garden.  
Indeed Central Brother  
was the center pillar  
about whom all others were arranged.  
Central Brother stood  
in direct line to the Old Man.  
Although she could not see him anymore,  
younger sister knew where to find him.  
Just look beyond the blinding light  
of Central Brother,  
and the Old Man is there,  
far away, and beyond,  
hidden in the darkness  
that is beyond the light.

Suddenly it came her.  
Darkness and light, light and darkness.  
One always reflects the other.  
One is never complete without the other.  
Darkness and light are day and night.  
Her Central Brother has always been  
the light, and sun of day,  
but she, youngest sister,  
has always been the darkness,  
and the moon of night.  
The moon does not fight the sun,  
nor does night fight the day.  
But it is the natural order of things  
for one to give way to the other.

She would not topple Central Brother,  
and with him, his purple clad night,  
rather she would allow her ascent  
into his domain  
to be what it truly was,  
the setting of the sun, naturally,  
and the equally natural rising of the moon.  
Even Central Brother could gaze within

and know the truth of this pattern.  
When show this by youngest sister,  
Central Brother would have to consent,  
and simply move aside.  
No fight would be necessary.  
No conflict is called for.  
Let nature take its course,  
youngest sister thought,  
and let my Central Brother  
see it for what it is!

Life flows in accordance  
to its ever moving, natural cycles.  
Night becomes day,  
and day becomes night.  
Youngest sister knew  
that to set the shining sun  
of her third brother,  
the mighty central one,  
she would have to transform  
her night into day,  
and thus trick him  
into turning his day into night.  
In such a state,  
youngest sister could absorb  
both Central Brother  
and his mighty right hand  
the purple warrior,  
who by right, was a night  
of his own.

The darkness of youngest sister  
stood directly in the face  
of Central Brother  
and captured the light of his sun  
upon her gloss black face.  
The light of Central Brother  
shined directly back upon himself,  
making him see  
not his youngest sister,  
but the reflection of himself.  
Seeing this, and knowing  
that he too had to follow  
the course of nature  
set for him from within  
allowed his sunlight to set,  
thus allowing the moonshine  
of youngest sister to rise.

And this it did indeed.

Her guile had worked.  
But rather than trick through deception,  
youngest sister simply used  
the forces that be,  
and manipulated them in her favor.  
She had learned that some fights  
are won with wisdom,  
rather than with force.  
Youngest sister also saw how  
the purple warrior  
dimmed into the moonlight,  
and posed no threat  
to her now natural ascent.  
Nothing so far has stood in her way,  
but her ascent was far from over.  
Greater challenges still waited ahead.

Sept. 6, 2016

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Oldest Sister, the Lady of Darkness

The moon has risen,  
the sun has set.  
Youngest daughter now stands  
in the coveted place  
of Central Brother,  
the Sun of the first Son,  
the small face  
of the Old Man himself.

As she gazed above,  
the path before her was certain,  
but before she could proceed,  
her next step along the path  
would have her claim the domain  
of her oldest sister.  
Oldest sister was the epitome  
of the dark, and the sinister.  
Her domain was a domain  
of darkness.  
All her siblings feared oldest sister,  
for her domain  
was the Dark Side of the Garden.

No one of her peers  
ever dared to enter the domain  
of the Dark oldest sister.  
Her power was awful,  
her strength unmeasurable,  
her wrath without bounds,  
her severity unsurpassed.  
Oldest sister had nothing to fear  
from her youngest sister,  
for she knew all too well,  
that any attempt  
to enter her domain  
would be met with  
unsurpassed wrath.  
Youngest sister thus feared  
her oldest sister,  
and paused to contemplate  
how to even enter her domain,  
how to confront her,  
and all the more so  
how to defeat her  
and dominate her place.

But the place of oldest sister  
was dark and sinister.  
None of her siblings  
have ever penetrated its darkness.  
It was the only place  
in the garden where  
nothing grew!  
The domain of oldest sister  
was as much the  
domain of death,  
as oldest brother's  
was the domain of life.

Tried as she did,  
youngest sister could not think  
of any way to even approach  
her sister  
without being viciously attacked.  
Slowly she began her path  
ascending cautiously  
into the dark domain  
of the farthest corner of the garden.

Suddenly, without warning,  
and totally by surprise

a terrible darkness befell  
youngest sister,  
and within the darkness  
brewed a terrible storm,  
a mighty wind,  
strong enough to split  
the boulders of stability  
that sustain the garden.  
Oldest sister began her assault.  
She had brought the fight  
to youngest sister.

Darkness, thunder, and earthquakes  
shook the entire garden.  
Within the darkness,  
youngest sister could feel,  
even though she could not see,  
that lighting was striking her,  
tearing away from her  
all her facades, her thoughts,  
her feelings, and her fears.  
Youngest sister did not even know  
how to fight back against  
such a formidable foe.

More and more  
the darkness of oldest sister  
grew around her.  
Youngest sister could see  
no way out.  
Was this the end of her road?  
Was this the end of her ascent,  
to be defeated by her dark sister?  
Was not youngest sister  
darker than this?  
Could she not muster up  
her own darkness to fight?

In a fit of desperation  
youngest sister cried out  
in the voice of pure passion,  
and unleashed  
all her pent up rage,  
releasing all her own darkness  
to combat the darkness  
of her oldest sister.

Yet, younger sister

came to realize all too late.  
One cannot battle  
darkness with darkness.  
This only makes the pit deeper,  
and matters worse.  
Deeper and deeper  
youngest sister fell into a pit  
of darkness, severity,  
and her own despair.

As she fell deeper and deeper  
into a darkness of her own making,  
younger sister  
began to contemplate the unthinkable.  
Has she lost?  
Has all her work been in vain?  
Has she lost all that she had gained,  
and even lost all she had before?  
In the darkness  
she contemplated all these things.  
And yet, as we know,  
there is much more to our story.  
It certainly does not end here,  
as youngest sister is soon to discover.

Sept. 7, 2016  
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### Brother of Light

Once upon a time,  
youngest sister thought to ascend,  
and take control  
over the entire garden.  
One by one  
she approached her siblings,  
and one by one,  
they fell before her,  
and became absorbed into  
her now changing essence.  
Yes, this all happened  
once upon a time.

But at this time,  
youngest sister had fallen  
into the darkest darkness.  
Unleashing her anger

against her oldest sister  
who herself was darker than dark  
only ended up  
compiling darkness upon darkness  
leaving youngest sister  
buried in a pit of the deepest dark,  
lost.  
In this pit she could feel herself  
falling, and falling deeper  
without any seeming end in sight.

Her anger, and her rage  
distanced itself  
as she fell further and further away,  
from her sister,  
from her dreams,  
and from her goal.  
She felt herself alone,  
in the dark,  
and detached,  
even from herself.  
She felt herself alone,  
in the dark,  
without passion,  
without feeling,  
and without care for  
whatever future there was to be.

Yet, to all things  
that have a beginning,  
there is also an end.  
The darkness into which she fell  
was still part of the garden.  
And the garden encompassed all.

Suddenly, again, without warning,  
there was light!  
She was surrounded by the light of day,  
the beautiful garden all around her.  
All was quiet, sweet and beautiful.  
This was the other side,  
the side she knew existed,  
but had never before seen.  
Approaching her,  
was a very handsome man,  
young, vibrant,  
full of life, and light.



“Greetings, youngest sister,”  
the man said.  
“You know me,  
although we have never before met.  
I am your oldest brother.  
Welcome to my domain.”

Stunned, but not angry.  
Curious, but surprisingly without passion,  
youngest sister turned to  
her oldest brother,  
and said,  
“I am in your side of the garden.  
But, how did I get here?  
I was falling in the darkness,  
vanquished by oldest sister.  
How did I escape the darkness?  
Did you save me?”

Smiling oldest brother said,  
“save you, me?  
No, nature just took its course.  
For all things in the garden  
have their beginnings  
and their ends.  
Indeed, the end of one  
is the beginning of the other.  
When you fell to the depths  
of darkness, and could fall no further,  
you immediately fell out  
of the darkness, and into my light.  
All things flow in the great cycle,  
one side rolls into the other.  
One side contains the seed  
of its opposite,  
and as you plummet to the depths  
of the one,  
you will eventually reach the other.  
And this you have!  
Welcome!”

Enlightened, youngest sister revived.  
The beauty in this part of the garden  
was profound.  
Indeed, it was the exact opposite  
of the darkness which embodied  
oldest sister.  
Oldest brother was a magnificent man.

It would be a shame to remove him,  
for youngest sister to take his place.  
Yet, as she revived,  
so too did her sense of purpose,  
her mission, and her passion to ascend.

Yet, oldest brother showed no sign  
of concern or resistance,  
how so different from oldest sister.  
How was youngest sister  
to take oldest brother,  
and submit him to her,  
he was so magnificent,  
that it seemed a shame to oppose him,  
but oppose him she must.  
But how can one oppose  
that which so deserves  
not to be opposed.  
For the first time in her ascent,  
youngest sister began to feel remorse,  
and to again question her path,  
and her destiny.  
And the Old Man kept watch  
from a distance.

Sept. 8, 2016  
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### The Secret of Oldest Brother

Once upon a time...

After such a terrible ordeal  
with oldest sister,  
and a seemingly  
opposite experience  
with older brother,  
youngest sister  
was quite perplexed.  
Her emotions stirred within her  
like a stormy sea  
under cloudy, windy skies.

Confused, and frustrated  
youngest sister turned to  
her oldest brother,  
and spoke her heart.

“You know why I have come.  
I have come to claim your place,  
to absorb you into me,  
and to take over your portion  
of the garden in my ascent  
to the Old Man.  
I am destined to be the Only One,  
and I cannot allow  
even your graciousness,  
and kindness to deter me  
in the path of my destiny.”

Older brother smiled warmly,  
seemingly totally unconcerned  
about youngest sister's  
boastful plans.  
His calm demeanor  
made youngest sister  
feel even more confused,  
and mildly alarmed.  
Why did he show no concern?  
Did he have a way to prevent her ascent?  
Did he have a power concealed from her,  
one which, like oldest sister,  
she could not defeat?

Sensing her feelings,  
oldest brother spoke first,  
“My dear youngest sister,  
how beloved you are to me,  
and yet, how much there is  
that you do not yet understand.”

“Tell me my dear,  
how did you defeat  
your oldest sister?  
Oh, that's right!  
You didn't defeat her.  
Essentially she defeated you!  
But here you are, safe from her,  
and far from her dark domain.”

“True, she is in you,  
and you are in her,  
but you do not,  
and cannot control her.  
No one person  
can ever control

the entire domain of darkness.  
While she will allow you  
to embrace her domain in your ascent,  
she does this willingly,  
for her own personal reasons.  
But even so, she maintains her identity,  
and maintains her control  
over her dark lands.”

“My dear, know this,  
oldest sister, and I are twin.  
We are two sides  
of the same whole.  
I am in her, and she is within me.  
My realm is within her,  
and her realm is within me.  
One flows naturally into the other.  
It has always been this way.  
That is why when you fell in her domain,  
you ended up in mine!”

“Just as you cannot defeat oldest sister,  
so too can you not defeat me,  
your oldest brother.  
For unlike your oldest sister,  
I will not fight you,  
instead when you begin to attack me,  
I will withdraw, and withdraw again.  
You will never be able  
to gather the whole  
of my light, to embrace it all.”

As your elder siblings,  
we have powers that you cannot understand.  
Our parameters are not measurable  
by your standards.  
Light and dark exist in the garden,  
but we are not limited to it,  
thus while you may  
embrace our realms within,  
you can never embrace  
the whole of our essence.  
And even so,  
like with your oldest sister,  
I too will give you passage  
to continue your ascent.  
But just know this,  
oldest sister and I

have allowed you passage.  
You did not take it,  
rather it is freely given.

Youngest sister  
was enraged by oldest brother's words.  
Yet, deep down within a pattern  
inside herself,  
she was growing in awareness of  
just how true his words were.  
After her recent ordeal with oldest sister,  
youngest sister thought,  
"Is it so bad to ascend by receiving,  
instead of by taking?  
I see the wisdom in oldest brother's light.  
Maybe I should count myself lucky  
that I do not have to fight him."  
And oldest brother  
knew her mind, and nodded in agreement.

And far away, hidden in the clouds above,  
Old Man watched and also  
silently nodded his head in consent.  
"She is learning well," he thought.  
"Everything is going according to plan!"

Sept. 9, 2016  
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### Walking Together in the Garden

Once upon a time,  
long ago in the garden...

Youngest sister  
walked hand in hand  
with oldest brother.  
He showed her his domain  
from one end to another.  
Yet, as they approached  
the site from which  
they could go no further,  
oldest brother turned  
to youngest sister,  
and revealed to her  
a secret about the light.

“My dearest sister,  
know, there is no limit  
to my domain.  
From here the light of the garden  
goes on and on  
into realms and places  
not yet discovered.  
You may take control  
over my realm  
in order to fulfill your destiny.  
I give this to you freely,  
but know for sure,  
that there is far more here  
than you can know,  
be it now, or even in the future.  
For the great secret is  
that to both, light, and darkness,  
there is no boundary,  
and no limit.  
Both will extend  
to the boundaries of mind, and thought,  
to the boundaries of love, and imagination.  
I will submit to you,  
and allow you to absorb of me  
what you are able.  
I will transform, to serve you  
as a voice of conscience within you.  
I will be with you,  
and inside you, always.”

And with this,  
what seemed to be a ghostly image  
emanated out of oldest brother's body,  
and hovered above them  
for just a moment  
and then settled into the mind,  
heart and body of youngest sister.  
She could feel the presence  
of her oldest brother within her,  
and could feel his consciousness  
speaking within her mind.  
This was so different  
than how it was with her other siblings.  
Youngest sister knew  
that they too were within her,  
but their voices  
had fallen deep inside her.  
She was aware that they were there,

but she would have to  
search for them inside herself  
in order to hear them.  
The voice of oldest brother was different.  
His voice was on  
the surface of her mind.  
She could sense his presence  
with deep intensity.

Oldest brother then spoke  
within youngest sister's mind.  
"My sister it is time for you/us  
to continue the journey.  
Our next stop will be  
at the feet of the Mother of us all.  
She is the Mother  
of all understanding.  
She will welcome you,  
and enlighten you,  
but the path to her domain  
takes us perilously close  
to the dark domain  
of oldest sister.  
Last you faced her,  
she showed you the depths  
of the darkness that she controls.  
You must now face her again  
before you ascend,  
and finish that which you began.  
For just as there is no end to light,  
so too there is no end to darkness.  
You must approach her,  
and take her into yourself,  
just like you took me."

The thought of this  
terrified youngest sister,  
but she would not allow  
her fear to show.  
But being inside her mind  
oldest brother said,  
"I know your fear, youngest one.  
And indeed, there is much to fear,  
but I will be here inside you,  
I will always serve  
to balance out the darkness.  
As the depths of her darkness enters you,  
it will be met by the depths of my light.

Together, the two of us  
working in harmony will guide you.  
Just remember to walk the center path  
between us.  
Stay focused,  
and your passage will be in peace.”

Youngest sister knew the wisdom  
and correctness in the words  
of oldest brother.  
So off she set along the path  
that would take her to her own  
All-Understanding Mother.  
As she walked towards  
that side of the garden,  
she could see the looming darkness  
of the domain of her oldest sister.  
The closer she came  
to the path to her Mother,  
the more she could see over her left shoulder  
the domain of her dark oldest sister.  
As she came to the cross-road,  
she could feel  
the presence of her oldest sister  
as if she was directly behind her.  
Taking courage  
from all her brothers inside her,  
she turned to face her oldest sister  
for what she hoped  
would be the last time.

Sept. 12, 2016  
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### Revelations of Oldest Sister

Once upon a time,  
long ago in the garden...

As youngest sister approached her,  
the presence of oldest sister  
dominated her consciousness,  
and spoke within her mind.  
“I am still here,  
youngest sister,  
you will never be free of me.  
Forever will my darkness



penetrate your soul,  
every time that you allow me access.”

Gathering her courage  
she turned to face oldest sister,  
not to fight her,  
but to face her fears  
straight in the face,  
and declare her boldness.  
“I will not fear you,  
nor will I fight you,  
I embrace you, and I learn from you  
what depths darkness has.  
I will remember  
to keep darkness in check.  
Like with oldest brother,  
the farthest reaches of your domain  
are for you alone.  
I want them not,  
for they do not belong to our Garden.  
They are outside!  
I have no need for,  
nor interest in outside things.  
Keep your outside domains for yourself,  
I will remember your darkness  
and fear it not.  
I will use it as my own  
for my own needs,  
in my time, in my place,  
according to my will.”

Oldest sister just stood there emotionless.  
She did not answer, she did not flinch.  
She just watched  
with her deep penetrating eyes.

Younger sister knew  
that it was time  
to face her Mother.  
But Mother's domain was still far away,  
completely on the other side of the garden  
from where younger sister originally resided.  
Younger sister had never visited  
her Mother's domain.  
All communication she ever had  
with her Mother  
was through the old pattern  
within her mind, and heart.

Approaching her Mother's domain  
was not like anything  
she had previous done,  
or similar to any place  
she had previously been.  
And her oldest sister,  
the dark lady of the night  
was always so dangerously close.

Leaving the light  
of her oldest brother  
youngest sister set out  
on the path that would take her  
to the domain of her Mother.

Oldest sister stood by.  
Her dark eyes gleaming,  
watching youngest sister  
as she approached the path  
that would take her from the boundary  
of the dark realm,  
and into the shrouded domain  
of her Mother, a domain  
forever covered by clouds,  
and unseeable from outside.

Then suddenly, youngest sister  
gazed a terrible sight.  
She was not sure of it at first,  
but as her eyes grew accustomed  
to the dark,  
she saw for sure what she saw.

The secret of oldest sister's power  
was revealed before her.  
Youngest sister saw two hands,  
upon the shoulders of oldest sister.  
They were woman's hands,  
soft but hard, small but big, dark, but light.  
The hands stretched out  
from oldest daughter's shoulder's  
and into the mist  
which covered the path  
towards their Mother.

Gasping in surprise  
youngest daughter said,

“those are Mother's hands  
upon your shoulders.”  
Oldest sister responded,  
“but of course, I am after all,  
her oldest, and closest daughter.  
I am the closest to her along her path,  
and together we hold  
a special, and sacred relationship.  
When Mother thinks, it is I who acts.  
For this reason am I here,  
and for this reason  
I guard access to Mother  
with darkness, clouds and mist.  
Only by passing through the domain  
of my twin, your oldest brother  
can you gain enough light  
to guide you along your way  
from hereon.”

“This then is the path to Mother.  
Now go!  
Do not turn back  
to gaze further upon me,  
for if you turn your face  
away from Mother, and back upon me,  
my darkness will capture you,  
and take you into the depths  
that are outside the garden.  
Mind your path carefully,  
from here on only the power of your mind  
will grant you passage.  
The domain of heart has passed,  
enter now Knowledge  
and from the power of thought,  
begin to understand,  
and approach the lower throne  
that belongs to your Mother.

Sept. 13, 2016  
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### Approaching Mother

Once upon a time,  
long ago in the garden...

Into the shrouded mist

walked youngest daughter.  
Her tongue was silenced  
by the awe of it,  
yet, her heart raced, and her mind  
ran ahead of her with questions.  
Yet, through all the mental noise,  
she could hear one voice  
speaking inside her mind  
louder than all the rest.  
Youngest sister heard  
the collective voice  
of all her siblings  
saying to her, as one,  
“still your heart, calm your mind.”

Yes, she knew their words were true.  
“Still your heart, calm your mind,”  
repeated over, and over again.  
It dawned on her  
that the words of her siblings  
inside her mind,  
was not just good advice,  
the words themselves  
by being repeated  
over and over again  
were actually creating  
the reality of which they spoke.

The unified voice  
of her siblings within her  
giving her wise council,  
calmed both her heart, and mind,  
and gave youngest sister  
such clear and lucid thinking  
that she thought that  
this was the first time  
that she ever thought  
with complete clarity.

As she approached  
her All-Understanding Mother,  
youngest daughter could sense  
her own understandings  
growing inside her  
with dawning clarity.  
“Is this enlightenment?”  
youngest sister asked herself.

As the mist, and the clouds  
around her began to part,  
she could gaze into a wondrous  
land of brilliant light  
that lay ahead of her.  
She could see no source  
for the light, it seemed to come  
from everywhere.

As she walked closer into the light  
all her past, all her struggles  
all her desires, and all her passions  
seemed to fade away  
into the mist and clouds  
from which she now emerged.

Youngest sister paused,  
stunned by the clarity of mind  
that struck her like a bolt of lightning.  
It was, as if, at that very moment  
she was born, for the first time.

Everything now was becoming  
so clear, and so obvious.  
Everything now made sense.  
Youngest sister understood,  
maybe for the first time,  
who she really was,  
and why she was really there.  
“Welcome to my domain,”  
her All-Understanding Mother  
called out.  
“Continue forward, come to my side.”

Youngest sister could see in  
the brilliant light what looked  
like a road paved with silver,  
leading over a wondrous land  
of the most pristine beauty.  
Looking ahead youngest sister  
saw what looked like a throne  
sitting majestically on top of a hill,  
surrounded by brilliant light.  
“Come to my side,  
my beloved child, welcome,”  
called All Understanding Mother  
in a loving, yet firm voice.

In what seemed like an instant

youngest daughter  
had traversed what she thought was  
a long, and winding road.  
How did she do that?  
She thought to herself.

Then the answer  
dawned in her mind.  
For the confused,  
understanding is indeed  
a long and winding road,  
but for the calm of heart,  
and clear of mind,  
the road is clear,  
straight, and short.

The road reflects  
the mind of the beholder.  
What is inside one's mind  
is that which is revealed  
in the outside world as real.  
All outer reality  
is thus nothing more than  
a manifestation of  
one's inner most-embraced  
feelings and thoughts.

As youngest sister  
approached the throne  
of her All-Understanding Mother,  
she could gaze at her face,  
and what she saw  
stunned her to her very core.  
And she understood.

Sept. 14, 2016  
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### Facing Mother

Once upon a time,  
long ago in the garden...

A little girl dreamed of growing up.  
The little girl,  
youngest sister of seven siblings  
dreamed of what it would be like

to have all the things that  
her older siblings had.  
She so desired to even know  
the secrets of her Mother and Father,  
and most of all  
to know, and to understand  
where she came from,  
and why she came to be.

The little girl, youngest sister  
was no longer little.  
And even though she was  
the youngest of seven siblings,  
she now stood ahead of them all.  
Unlike any of them,  
youngest sister now stood,  
and gazed upon the face of her Mother,  
the all-understanding Mother  
of the entire garden.

The face of her Mother was radiant,  
and shined brighter than the sun,  
This was the image  
that she saw in her brothers.  
Now she knew from where  
they had received their light.  
In the face of her Mother,  
she could also see  
the light of the Moon,  
and realized that it was from here  
that her two sisters  
had received their light.

Mother, it seems  
was the source of all.  
But staring into her face,  
youngest sister, now stood there  
as youngest daughter.  
She could swear that  
within the face of her Mother,  
there was yet another,  
and within it, yet another still.  
While this distracted her  
only for the moment,  
she paused to see Mother's entire face.

What she saw was a woman,  
wise, and understanding,

mature, and full of years.  
But her face!  
Her face youngest daughter/sister  
had seen before.  
“That is my face,” she proclaimed!  
Youngest daughter  
gazed upon a woman  
who was youngest sister's  
older twin.

“Does my face surprise you,”  
Mother asked her daughter.  
“You are my youngest child,  
the receiver of all my gifts.  
Why would you have any face  
other than my own?”

Youngest sister/daughter  
began to understand.  
From where this understanding came,  
she did not know.  
It arose from within her,  
like the lost pattern of old,  
the one she had long ago cast off.  
But deep inside her,  
the face of Mother  
awakened within youngest daughter/sister  
an awareness, and a knowledge  
that she had always known.

“See now with the vision of clarity.  
Understand now with  
the mind of comprehension.”  
What youngest sister/daughter now understood  
poured into her mind, and her consciousness.  
The entire path, the way, the journey  
through the garden  
all became clear to her now.  
She knew why she was there,  
and what she was to do next.

“Mother,” youngest daughter/sister said,  
“I have come to claim my place,  
and yours!  
At first, I thought that it was my will  
to fight, struggle and overcome  
all my siblings and even you,  
but now, my heart is calm,



my passions have cooled.  
All that I have left  
is the clarity, and understanding  
of the clear, and lucid mind.  
I know that I am meant for this.  
I know that your throne  
is my throne,  
and that this is as much your will,  
as it is mine.  
I know this is true!  
Its truth rings within me  
like the loudest of bells.”

All-understanding Mother  
smiled at her youngest daughter, and said,  
“there is no hiding  
the truth from you, my dear.  
Indeed, you will inherit my throne,  
but my throne cannot be given to you,  
until you, at the same time,  
approach and embrace  
the throne of your father,  
for he and I are one.”

“You must understand with wisdom,  
and be wise with understanding.  
Your father's realm  
is also one of mind,  
but as my realm  
is the domain of the rational,  
which you have  
so successfully embraced,  
his realm is  
the domain of the imagination.  
I can show you the truth of things.  
He must show you  
why the truth is what the truth is.  
And without this,  
there is no true knowledge,  
and thus no true lordship  
over the garden.”

Sept. 15, 2016  
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On The Way To Father's

Once upon a time,  
long ago in the garden...

A Mother held the hand  
of her youngest daughter,  
and opened her mind  
to the truths hidden therein.

The truths themselves  
shone like the brightest sun,  
and cleared away any doubt,  
and any confusion.  
Youngest daughter knew  
who she was,  
and so she proclaimed,  
"I am who I am, I am me!"  
And she thought this to be  
a profound revelation.

And at this moment  
of insight, revelation,  
and of personal victory,  
Mother, the all-understanding  
whispered into her  
youngest daughter's ear,  
"My child, you know now  
who you are,  
but you do not yet know  
why you are who you are.  
This, even I cannot show you.  
Insights of this nature  
can come only from  
your All-wise Father.  
He has been watching  
your ascent,  
and he is waiting for you  
in his domain."

"His domain  
is right next to mine,  
but do not think  
that the journey  
from my domain to his  
is short, or easy.  
For as my domain  
shines the light of day,

your Father's domain  
shines the light of night.”

“Penetrating the night,  
is not hard,  
but it is also not easy.  
You must be cautious  
that when you enter  
your Father's domain  
that you leave my understand  
here in its place.  
For all my understanding  
cannot help you  
in his place.”

“For there  
a different language is spoken.  
There, in his domain,  
things are very real,  
and very unreal,  
both at the same time.  
Be cautious  
to understand with wisdom,  
and be wise with understanding  
the language of your Father.  
Confuse his tongue,  
and you may very well  
forfeit everything  
that you have gained  
up until this point.”

Youngest daughter  
listened carefully to every word  
her All-understanding Mother  
had told her.  
And she set out  
to enter the domain of her wise Father.  
And as she approached the border  
of her father's domain,  
she began to feel  
rather drowsy, and sleepy.  
Not being able to help herself,  
she lied down to take a nap.  
And as she slept she passed  
into the domain of her wise Father.

In dreams  
many things are revealed

that cannot be understood  
while awake.

In dreams  
one can connect to truths  
and realities  
that the all-understanding  
awakened mind  
cannot understand.

In dreams  
one can go places  
which are not accessible  
in any other way.

Youngest daughter  
entered her father's domain,  
and it was the domain  
of dreams.

Youngest daughter  
was now in a place  
where knowledge comes not  
from understanding,  
but rather from revelation.

Youngest daughter  
stood on unfamiliar ground.  
She did not know  
where she was,  
she did not understand  
what was, what is,  
and what is yet to be.

In her dream,  
she could see him, her wise Father,  
the first-born Son  
of the Old Man.

Yet, what she saw, she knew,  
but not with knowledge  
in her mind.

What she saw was something  
that can only be described  
in the language of dreams.  
And how does one describe  
the language of dream?  
How can one conquer,  
absorb, and control the dream world?

Youngest daughter  
could hear the voice of her Mother  
within her, repeating,  
“understand with wisdom,

be wise with understanding.”  
And youngest daughter  
began to receive  
the wisdom of her Father.

Sept. 16, 2016  
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Dreams Upon Father's Heart

Once upon a time,  
long ago in the garden...

A young girl,  
the youngest of sisters  
set out on a journey,  
on a quest,  
to discover a destiny,  
and unravel a personal  
internal mystery.  
Along the path she walked,  
learning every lesson,  
overcoming every obstacle,  
transforming along the way,  
only to discover that  
what she had become  
she always was,  
deep inside herself,  
but yet, never knew it.

Life is a long road.  
Destiny takes one  
to many different stops  
along the road.  
What we often discover  
out there,  
we, at the same time,  
discover inside ourselves.  
Funny, how the world outside  
serves as a mirror  
to the world inside,  
but only to the one  
open to see, what there is to see.

Youngest daughter slept  
in the bosom  
of her All-wise Father.

And as she slept,  
she dreamed,  
and as she dreamed,  
she learned, and she saw,  
and she began to  
understand with wisdom.

All-wise Father  
did not speak  
to his youngest daughter,  
the apple of his eye.  
He just let her sleep,  
with her head resting  
upon his chest.  
And as she slept,  
her Father's breath  
rocked her head  
like a baby in a crib.  
Deeper and deeper  
youngest daughter fell  
under her All-wise Father's spell.

And as she slept  
All-wise Father's breath  
penetrated youngest daughter's  
mind and heart,  
and communicated to her,  
without words,  
without sounds,  
and in the language of pictures.

All-wise Father  
communicated his heart  
into the mind  
of his youngest daughter  
and she saw what there was to see.  
Yet, what she saw amazed her,  
frightened her,  
gladdened her,  
and saddened her,  
all at the same time.

“My dear youngest daughter  
you are here  
because I willed you here.  
You set out on your path  
because your Mother and I  
gave birth to you

just for this reason.”

“You and your siblings  
knew this not.  
But when you confronted them  
and they gazed into the pattern,  
although they could not see  
this far, this clearly,  
nevertheless, each one  
understood with wisdom  
that it was your destiny  
to ascend, and to pass.”

“All their efforts against you  
were only for the purpose  
of making you strong.  
For without this strength  
you would never have succeeded  
in reaching your Mother and me,  
for we are one.”

“Together, your Mother and me  
are inside you,  
inside your mind, always!  
We know your every thought,  
every desire,  
and the depth of your will.  
Even though you were the  
last of our children,  
you were the first one  
of whom we thought.  
You were the reason  
why we populated the garden  
in the first place.”

“There is so much more  
for you to learn,  
so much more  
for you to know.  
Sleep now, and rest,  
dream now, and see.  
For when you awaken,  
I will be here, with you,  
but all that you dreamed,  
you will not remember.  
All that you learned  
will remain inside you,  
and will come out

when the time is right.”

“You crave and desire  
to climb the heights,  
without the help, or assistance  
of your siblings or parents.  
And so you walked your walk,  
little realizing that we  
were helping you along the way, always.  
So now, you must awaken  
and strive to claim for yourself  
that which we have given you freely.”

“You will awaken,  
knowing only a dream.  
But your dream  
has taught you,  
guided you,  
and prepared you  
for that which must always come next.  
Awaken now, my beloved daughter,  
the time to ascend has arrived.”

Sept. 19, 2016  
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### The Awakening

Once upon a time,  
long ago in the garden...

A young woman awoke,  
and she stood before  
a strange, yet familiar man.  
She both knew him,  
and did not know him.  
She could not focus her mind.  
Struggle as she did to focus,  
and to bring clarity  
to her thoughts,  
she found her thoughts  
to be moving, flowing,  
and in a state of flux,  
ever-changing.

Yet, at the same time,  
her heart was calm, and clear.



The fact that her mind  
could not focus bothered her,  
but then, as she contemplated her state,  
she could hear the voice  
of her Mother saying inside her mind.  
“Remember, my dear daughter,  
understand with wisdom,  
be wise with understanding.  
Do not apply my forms to this place.  
Let go,  
and allow the forms of this place  
to speak to you,  
each in their own way.  
I am with you,  
and whatever forms  
your Father embraces,  
they will find their way into me,  
and from me,  
into you.  
Allow nature,  
and the pattern  
to take their course.”

Hearing her Mother's voice  
of All-understand reason,  
youngest daughter  
surrendered to the moment.  
She calmed her mind,  
and opened her heart.  
In this strangest of places,  
thoughts were things,  
and if she were to understand  
the true nature of this place,  
youngest daughter  
would have to receive,  
instead of take.  
So, she sat back,  
opened up,  
and asked the questions  
for which she needed answers.

“I know you!”  
youngest daughter said her Father.  
“You are my Father,  
the source of All-wisdom.  
I can see Mother in you,  
and strangely I can  
also see in you myself.

Yet, what is this strange place?  
I am supposed to be  
in the Garden  
in your domain.  
But this place is not like  
any garden that I have ever seen.”

Presenting an ancient face,  
full of ancient wisdom,  
knowledge and understanding,  
All-wise Father, answered  
his beloved daughter saying:  
“Yes, my dear child,  
you are in my domain,  
and you are, in a way,  
still in the Garden.  
But there is far more  
to the Garden,  
and to me,  
that you have ever known before.  
There are places  
which one inside a body cannot go.  
These are places that have no rigidity,  
and no set form.  
This place is always fluid  
and subject to the ever-moving thoughts  
of the One, the Old Man,  
your “grandfather;”  
who dwells even beyond my domain  
in a far-away place  
that you will inevitably encounter.”

“These are the  
true parameters of my domain.  
My portion of the Garden is great,  
even greater than that of my son,  
your oldest brother.  
As his domain stretches out  
beyond the reach of the Garden,  
so too does mine.  
He is only following my example.”

Rather than try to understand  
this strangest of places,  
youngest daughter instead chose  
to sit back, open up,  
and allow herself to absorb,  
and to receive

all that which was ready to come into her.  
She took in all that she had learned.  
It was like drinking a rich hot soup,  
this reality had to be taken in sip by sip,  
until she could digest the whole.

Little did she realize what she had done.  
All of a sudden a burst of energy  
penetrated her to her very being.  
Flashing colors, bright lights,  
images, one more intense than the next.  
And in all this she could see,  
and understand.  
This is what Mother taught me,  
to be wise with understanding.  
I take that which my Father gives me,  
and absorb it.  
Only once it is inside me,  
do I let it grow in the womb  
of my conscious mind.  
And like a child preparing for birth,  
the revelations of my Father  
will be born into a world  
of full understanding,  
and complete knowledge.  
Thus I will also understand with wisdom.  
Mother and Father are indeed one,  
and they are both inside my mind.

Sept. 20, 2016  
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### Gazing Out

Once upon a time,  
long ago in the garden...

Knowledge,  
pure unadulterated knowing,  
this is a level of mind  
few will ever experience.

Youngest daughter  
the passionate one,  
she who ascended,  
to inherit all,  
now stood in a place of mind

where few have ever stood before.

All-understanding Mother,  
and All-wise Father  
coupled, bonded,  
and merged together.  
The byproduct  
of this fascinating union  
was the knowledge, pure.

Youngest daughter  
stood in a place,  
a new, and strange place,  
yet one so very familiar,  
a place about which  
she could say that  
she had never been before,  
but at the same time,  
had always been.

This place of knowledge  
placed her  
in between her parents,  
with All-understanding Mother  
to her left,  
and All-wise Father  
to her right.  
Together, they were in her.  
Together, they formed the mind  
of their youngest daughter.

In this place,  
she could see.  
In this place she knew,  
knowledge, knowing,  
and the known  
all merged as one,  
in an awareness  
that lit up in her mind  
the entire Garden.

As she turned to her right  
there were the many images  
that came into her mind  
from her All-wise Father.  
As she turned to her left,  
there was the insight  
that came into her mind

from her All-understanding Mother.  
Here, youngest daughter stood  
in the place of knowledge, and knowing.

Unlike her siblings,  
youngest daughter did not  
have to close her eyes  
and gaze inside to see  
the pattern of the Garden.  
No! She could see  
the entire pattern  
with her eyes wide open!

Not only did she know  
the pattern inside her,  
she saw the pattern  
with the eyes of understanding,  
wisdom, and knowledge.  
No more would she need  
to close her eyes  
to gaze within.  
From this place,  
what she saw inside,  
and what she saw outside  
were One!  
Finally she stood at the head  
of the Garden,  
or so she thought!

She could gaze out  
over the domains of her siblings,  
and each was in their place,  
doing what each one did,  
as if she was never there  
in each of their domains.

She gazed upon  
each of her siblings  
each performing their chores  
in the Garden,  
unfazed by all that had happened.  
And then she noticed.  
As she gazed upon each  
of her siblings,  
each one at a time,  
she noticed,  
that while each one  
was uniquely different,

each one bore the face  
of youngest daughter.

While each one went about  
independently and separate,  
she, youngest daughter,  
could, as if,  
know each one's thoughts.  
She could read each one's mind.  
Although they appeared to be  
separate and apart,  
youngest daughter saw, and knew  
that within her,  
they were all one.

As she gazed out from her perch  
high above the rest,  
she could see her parents  
each in their place,  
and her siblings,  
each in their place,  
and she knew them all.

Then, as she gazed to the farthest  
extent of the garden,  
she saw a young beautiful girl,  
the youngest of siblings  
standing in her domain in the garden  
attending to her chores.

"That's me!"  
Youngest daughter proclaimed!  
"I see myself!"  
Yes, this is true, isn't it,  
and how can this be?"  
a voice asked her from behind.  
It was the voice of the Old Man,  
her "grandfather."  
The time of revelation  
had finally arrived.

Sept. 21, 2016  
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All the World for the Queen

Once upon a time,

long ago in the garden...

A young woman  
started out on a long journey.  
She boldly confronted  
every issue,  
and every obstacle  
that she perceived.  
She moved forward  
with stubborn determination.

She felt passionately  
that her path  
was her destiny,  
and all obstacles  
in her way  
were meant to fall  
before her.  
As she proceeded  
along her path  
all that she thought  
turned out to be true.

She conquered  
her unrealized fears.  
She overcame all her  
internal emotional turmoil.  
She gained understanding  
about herself,  
and acquired wisdom  
through which to see the world.  
Yes, this young woman triumphed!

But, in the end  
triumph is revealed to be  
a victory not expected,  
and an accomplishment  
not foreseen.  
This young woman,  
youngest of siblings,  
youngest daughter of her parents,  
accomplished a sense  
of awareness, and fulfillment.  
Yet, to her surprise,  
she discovered  
that her fulfillment  
was not what she thought  
it would be.

She thought that her trip  
would lead her to conquer  
the entire Garden,  
and that she would have to rule it  
by force of arms.

Little did she know at the time,  
that her trip only elevated her  
to become the matron  
of the Garden,  
and that the entire Garden  
was indeed created  
in her image.

Youngest daughter,  
youngest sister  
now stood between  
her All-understanding Mother,  
and her All-wise Father,  
She surveyed her Garden,  
and liked what she saw.  
For somehow she knew  
however strange it may be,  
that the Garden,  
her Garden  
is in her image.  
She knew this, and  
then it dawned on her  
that she had always known this,  
and contemplated  
why she did not realize this before.

How could she  
have known something  
but at the same time  
not know that she knew.  
Youngest daughter/sister  
mused on the irony of this mystery.  
Such a contradiction  
would have bothered her  
at some previous point,  
but now, even the contradiction,  
while still an unsolvable mystery,  
did not seem to her  
to be all that mysterious.

In her present state,  
she saw what there was to see,  
and understood



what there was to understand.  
With her parents supporting her,  
youngest daughter/sister  
had been transformed.  
The Princess had become  
the Queen.  
And yet,  
although at peace internally,  
youngest daughter/sister,  
the Queen of the Garden  
had one more journey to make  
along her long road.

Somehow she knew,  
although she did not know  
how she knew  
that being Queen was not enough.  
She was destined to become Empress,  
and to rule over many domains.

So, the Queen, the youngest  
who transformed into the oldest,  
now began the first step  
toward her final destination.  
She turned away  
from the Garden,  
and looked up.  
Before her  
was the straight and narrow road  
leading to her "grandfather,"  
the Old Man of the Garden,  
from whom came forth all things.

To stand before him  
was her final stop.  
To gaze into his face,  
and to receive from there  
all that can be received  
was her destination, and destiny.  
And so, she turned around,  
and gazed into  
the darkness that is light,  
and the light that is darkness.  
Mother and Father  
escorted their Queen daughter  
for as far as they could,  
until she entered the cloud  
that cut off vision of her

from all who remained  
in the Garden.

Sept. 22, 2016

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Into the Unknowable

Once upon a time,  
long ago in the garden...

What can one say  
about approaching  
a Nothing  
that is Something,  
or is it a Something,  
that is Nothing?

What can one say  
about that which  
no words can define,  
no image can describe,  
and no mind  
fully comprehend?

How does one  
embrace a beginning  
that exists before the one,  
a beginning in which  
one does not even yet exist  
as a separate unit?

How can one be one  
with The One, and still  
maintain an identity of self,  
independent of the One?  
No one before  
has ever asked these questions,  
simply because in the place  
where one becomes one  
with The One,  
there is no one left,  
to ask questions,  
all the more so  
to receive any answer.

What is it to stand

before the Old Man?  
What mind can perceive it?  
What mind can conceive it?  
What mind can receive it?

A glorious Queen  
set forth along the road  
that was no road,  
along a path  
that was no path,  
and towards a place  
that is no place.

The closer she drew  
to her destination,  
the more she became aware  
that she was becoming  
less and less  
a separate unit.  
The Queen,  
her path, her destination,  
her past, her present,  
and her future,  
all began to blend together  
into a whole  
which included so much more.  
The Queen could only surrender,  
to that which "was" and "was not."  
The closer she drew,  
the more she realized  
there was no place to go,  
no path to walk,  
and no one on the path  
in the first place.

The Queen's final struggle  
were expressed in her last words.  
First, she merely said, "I am,"  
and faded off into silence.  
Then she ever so softly uttered, "I"  
and then, silence.

For in this place  
that is no place,  
even "I" was transformed  
into the not - "I"  
and the not - "I"  
indeed was,

but “what” was it?

The “I” and  
the not - “I”  
merged and blurred,  
and the Something  
that is Nothing,  
or is it the Nothing  
that is Something  
revealed itself.

But being that Nothing,  
is in the end Nothing,  
what was there  
to be revealed?  
To whom was,  
what was to be revealed,  
to be revealed,  
in that place  
where there is no “I”  
and no “not - I”?

In a place  
that is no place,  
the Queen  
who was in the past  
a youngest daughter  
to her parents,  
and a youngest sister  
to her siblings  
ceased to be.

And only in this cessation  
did she transform to become  
all that she ever was,  
and all that she ever would be.  
Even though she “was not”  
she still “was.”  
But “what” was she  
was not a question.  
It was a statement.  
A statement which  
cannot be expressed in words,  
or conceived of in thought.  
It was a “what” of preexistence.  
But it was, “what” it was.  
And what was once “she”  
knew all this,

although there was no one there  
to know anything,  
nor anything there to be known.

In the place where  
existence meets non-existence,  
being exists,  
but perception does not.  
This is the state of the egg  
before it is formed.

Sept. 23, 2016  
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### Descent

Once upon a time,  
long ago in the garden...

In a dream  
that is not a dream,  
in a reality  
that is both  
real and unreal,  
what once was  
a Queen, a daughter,  
and a sister,  
existed, and did not exist.

In this state,  
she thought, but did not think.  
She thought,  
but not with a knowledge  
external to herself,  
for she and the knowledge  
were one.  
She understood,  
and did not understand  
both at the same time.

The entire universe,  
the Garden,  
her parents,  
and her siblings  
were all inside her,  
and a part of her,  
as they always were,

and always will be.

She could see it now.  
Her ascent to this place  
was no ascent,  
her struggles were no struggles.  
Her accomplishments,  
were no accomplishments.  
For everywhere  
that she was, she was always there.  
Everything that she needed to know,  
she had always known.  
The part of her  
that was still her  
could not separate itself  
from everything  
that is, and forever was,  
and forever will be.  
This is the face of eternity  
This is the domain of infinity.  
This is the place  
that none of her siblings,  
or even her parents could look at.  
And here she was,  
and was not,  
both at the same time.

And she knew,  
what now must be.

As if taking a breath,  
what was once a Queen,  
a daughter, and a sister  
took a step backward,  
back into the world  
of illusions,  
where separations dominate,  
and unity goes unseen.

Another breath,  
another step,  
and more of  
her old awareness  
began to stir.

Another breath,  
and another step,  
and she could again see

the first of illusions,  
that there was a "she"  
in the first place,  
and that it was  
separate from "It,"  
whatever "It" was, is,  
and forever more will be.

Another breath,  
another step,  
and the second illusion  
came to be.  
"I" said a soft, still voice,  
still not audible,  
but resonating within  
the recesses of a  
growing conscious mind.

Another breath,  
another step,  
and then the "I" within  
heard it.  
The sound of  
wondrous beautiful music.

It was the music  
of the universe.  
It was the loveliest  
melody of life.  
It was the song  
of the Old Man,  
he who played,  
and from whose melody  
came forth all  
that is, was,  
and forever more will be.

Another breath,  
another step,  
the melody  
was so intoxicating.  
She could hear the melody  
insider her,  
and equally hear it all around her.  
All that was, was the melody.  
All that was, was "I."

Another breath,

another step,  
and she who was  
the Queen, the daughter,  
and the sister,  
again came into awareness  
of herself.  
She had become the melody,  
and by doing so,  
she had become  
an Empress.

Another breath,  
another step,  
and the melody,  
which was her song, her tune,  
and her soul  
filled her ears  
as the lullaby of life.  
And as she grew,  
she could be before her  
coming into vision,  
the image of a man,  
an Old Man,  
playing the melody of life.

She had arrived.  
The Empress now stood  
before the Old Man,  
the one, true Emperor.

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### Arrival

Once upon a time,  
long ago in the garden...

A new Empress stood  
before a man playing  
wonderful music.

In this place,  
she could see  
both darkness, and light.  
In this place,  
she could gaze out,



and see both near, and far.

In this place  
Nothing had become  
a specific Something,  
a specific Something  
that once long ago  
was so desperately desired  
by a sister,  
who was also a daughter,  
and also a Queen,  
What she once wanted.  
Now, she had!

As beautiful music  
played all around her,  
the Empress approached  
the Old Man  
who was playing  
what sounded like  
the most beautiful music  
ever made, and ever heard.

“Welcome my dear”  
said the Old Man  
with a voice  
expressing both warmth,  
and love.  
“Welcome to our home.”

“Our home, did he say,”  
asked the Empress  
to herself.  
“Our home?”

Knowing her thoughts,  
the Old Man,  
with his head still facing  
down to play his music,  
spoke, and said,  
“Yes, but of course!  
Our home,  
for this place begins  
with me,  
and ends with you.  
Do you not yet know  
who, in truth, I really am?”

Deep inside herself  
the Empress knew the truth  
of all that the Old Man  
was saying.  
Indeed, although she heard his voice,  
she heard his voice  
within her own voice,  
within her own mind.  
The Old Man was in front of her,  
and inside her,  
both at the same time.  
And aside from him,  
there were many others.

Composed, silent,  
and at peace,  
the Empress  
could look off to her right,  
be it inside herself, or outside,  
and see her All-wise Father  
standing there at her right hand  
for support.  
She could look off to her left,  
be it inside herself, or outside,  
and see her All-understanding Mother  
standing there at her left hand  
also offering support.

But now Mother and Father  
were to the Empress  
like attendants, no longer  
above her as parents,  
but now at her side,  
inside her, and outside her,  
but at her beckon call.

Looking down,  
she could also see  
what once was  
her elder siblings  
also standing there  
as attendants,  
each ready to offer  
each one's unique services,  
and each one's unique talents.

Her whole family  
stood around her,

inside her, and outside her,  
awaiting her movement,  
awaiting her every command.  
And there before her,  
inside her, and outside her,  
sat the Old Man  
playing his melody  
from which comes forth  
all of existence.

As she gazed upon his face,  
both inside her, and outside her,  
she saw what she knew,  
what she had always known,  
yet, what she did not see  
below in her original domain  
in the Garden.

There is something in a face  
that reveals the soul  
that lay underneath it.  
The one who gazes  
upon the Face above  
should not be surprised  
to discover  
that the Face above  
is a reflection  
of the Face below.  
Or, is it the Face below  
that is a reflection  
of the Face above?

In the Face lies the greatest  
of all secrets.

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The KosherTorah School



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