

The Lamplight and the Sunlight.

(Short tale)

To the one who brought the idea, and the inspiration.

“Dix l'amic a l'amat:

- Tu qui umples lo sol de resplendor, umple mon cor d'amor.

Respòs l'amat:

- Sens compliment d'amor no foren tos ulls en plor, ni tu vengut en est lloc veer ton amador.”

(“Said the Lover to the Beloved:

- You, who fills the Sun with splendor, fill my heart with love.

To which the Beloved answered:

- Without fulfillment of love your eyes would not be in tears, neither would you have come to this place to see your Beloved.”)

The fire from the Athanor was the easier way for him to light the new wick that was floating above the recently poured fresh golden olive oil contained by the lamp. Once the newborn light was manifested, he placed the lamp inside its protecting white glass. Then, he put on his blue cloak lined in yellow fabric, took his wooden staff, and submersed himself into the exterior pitch darkness, crossing the gate, creating moving sensible spaces from the apparent nothingness by the lamplight's projection while walking, as well as passing changing shadows. From the distance, it was like a tiny shining pearl floating in a vast, dark, still, ocean.

After walking through the olive tree plantation, the panorama became denser and darker as he got closer to the threshold between domesticated nature and wilderness. In front of him, there was the wild pine tree forest, alive, humid, pulsating. He felt observed by the exhalation of thousand invisible eyes. Sniffed a different air density, and noticed a modulation of organic sounds shifting accordingly to the awareness of his presence, morphing to the beat of his own movements, keeping quiet in his proximity, inside this external, internally extruded environment.

This time the journey was harder because of the unusual interference of huge collapsed monumental old pine trees. Uprooted trees, due to the action of the winds during last week's storm. In fact, all the panorama was reset by the tempest, erasing any previous trace of human modification. Showing up into the air, for the first time outside the earth, roots. Slowly, very, very slowly, falling down into the cliff, brushing among awakening offspring, trees.

For any other human, even in broad daylight, that way was almost impossible to be recognized. The Hermit, by following Her steps, was able to decipher the sense of the path between all the chaos formed by the mix of miscellaneous rocks, dead leaves, sticks,

putrefied organic material, floor vegetation, dead animals, mud, earth, and that new three-dimensional mesh formed by rooted and uprooted trees.

It was also thanks to the Lamplight that the Blessed was able to walk with that extra certainty into that intricate path. After a long walk inside the forest, he started to smell the sea scent growing inside the green fresh pine aroma, and to hear in the background a wild roaring of waves, as the promise of an approaching immense window opening to cosmic noise.

He saw far away, toward the cliff's side, the expected huge monolithic stone wall. It seemed unusually dark gray in the distance; then light gray when getting closer to it. At this point, he had to walk carefully because of the increasing downwards slope, and the slippery ground covered by loose layers of accumulated pine needles.

He managed to pass to the other side of the stone wall, to find there a white, solid, organic-shaped balcony created by the erosion caused by sea winds, which linked and opened the forest to the sublime immensity of the sleeping sea, and the diaphanous shining black sky dome. He felt a sense of freedom while taking a good deep breath of that saltpeter sea air aroma. The dark sea waters were agitated, as if She were experiencing a wild inscrutable dream under her veiled surface. Water currents were moving in all directions. Dawn was unexpectedly approaching.

The hillside stone had not just that naturally formed space for a human to comfortably be seated on it, but also some kind of carved niche at its top. Before taking a seat, he carefully put the lighted lamp inside that niche, so, in addition to the glass it could have an extra protection from the vigorous sea air, and also, given its elevated position, it could be able to illuminate the whole spot.

He seated there, facing the vast open immensity, high above the sea, and then he elevated his prayer to Divinity, through Nature. After doing so, he close his eyes, and, while concentrating on his own breathing movements, got deep inside himself...deep into the forest...deep into the sea...deep into the clouds...deep into the light. Silence. Presence. At some point he started to hear a small voice talking:

- What a journey, I'm tired. I spend almost my whole life traveling from the monastery to this place. Now I'm old, I have seen everything. I'm an experienced being. I did illuminate all the way for my Master to walk the path with certainty. I feel that I could explain to everyone how things work in this life.

After saying that, the Lamplight started to notice a soft, slow, increasing of clarity in the dark sky, as if the black void containing those tiny flickering lights was progressively being filled up with ethereal masses of soft colors against a newer, bluer, background. The sea became quieter, it seemed liquid metal, gently moving towards the horizon, as if it was called, or attracted, by a hidden force.

- Wow, this is different – said the Lamplight with its high-pitched voice, with wonder – What a spectacle of colors! Is that a light coming from below? That’s interesting. Still, this light can’t compete with mine – said proudly to itself – I’m the one illuminating my Master’s contemplation spot. Let’s see who is coming there...Hi! New appearing soft light, can you hear me? I’m here for you in case you need information about being a light source in this world. I’m an old light that had seen everything in life, you can ask me questions if you want.

Now, the clouds started to appear fully lit from below, reflecting down to the sea waters a denser, intense, orange, red, rose, magenta, yellow, golden, light. The whole panorama got suddenly manifested in presence. The sea seemed to awake. It was then when a deep, strong, low-pitched voice resonated in everything:

- I’m hearing a small voice coming from a light source, but it is difficult for me to see any light that is less intense than my own shining emanations – said the Sunlight, still below the horizon – It is easier for me to see lights (as lights) that are brighter than mine, but I’m sure about hearing someone asking me to formulate questions. So, tell me, my little friend, What do you know so far?

- Dear newcomer light – replied the Lamplight – I don’t know what you mean by “little friend”, but, as I was telling you before, I know all things in life. I know the way, the forest, my Master’s eyes, his hands, feet, this place, the sea...I mean, everything that exists in the world.

- I see – said the Sunlight smiling – Did you learn all that today?

- What do you mean by “today”? It has been my entire life. I feel that there is not much more for me to experience, I’m really old and tired, and there is not much time left until I will become completely consumed. I had witnessed the sublime beauty and wildness of Nature while traveling this life path.

At that moment the Sun started to emerge from the horizon. The sea began to move forward, like pulled by the radiated rays. The power of the Sunlight clearly destroyed any shade of doubt about what was present, in a way that any other celestial or terrestrial light became almost invisible. At that moment the Lamplight understood the scale of what it was perceiving, and felt a contradictory mixed feeling of grandiosity and smallness at the same time; the former because the perception of the sublime power and immensity of Nature unfolding in a sustained *in-crescendo* in front of it; the latter because the proportional self-comparison, the self-awareness...its whole world view collapsed down into pieces in just an instant of contemplation. Confusion, and a sense of wonder, pulling to opposite sides inside our friend, and he said:

- I’m so sorry, wonderful, vast, immense, source of Light. It is clear to me now that a new light source, bigger than myself, has arrived to illuminate all the places where my own light couldn’t get into. I’m so small, and powerless, I’m almost nothing before your presence.

- Dear friend, I'm not being born just now. I was here from immemorial times, even before the formation of all you can see around. About my apparent "emerging" movement: I have heard that down there, those modifier creatures, they call my presence "day" when they are in front of me, and "night" when they hide in the shadow of their Mother, at the other side. You just came from that "night" state, and that is what I meant before with "today" about your lifetime and experience. But all this is relative and, please, don't feel sorry, or lesser. In fact, you did serve who you call your master illuminating his path when he was away from my presence. And, in a sense, you are very lucky because you can see and experience things that I can not experience because of my size and power.

- What do you mean by that? About that last idea...oh, Glorious Light.

- As I told you before, I can see things better under a light stronger than mine. There is another source of Light for me to illuminate my world. So, it is usually difficult for me to experience and know what is under my own radiation. Even if I can hear things...and even if I was improvable capable of seeing those things, my sense of time and physical proportion would make it almost impossible for me to experience the reality that you are experiencing right now in all its intricate and complex details. I give, and give, and give myself to all that is around me, towards all directions, until exhaustion, without judgment, while you can seat and contemplate your environment, interact with it, and learn from that experience, so then you can share that unique learning with all of us.

- But what is the use of experiencing this low reality? – asked the Lamplight as if it wasn't listening to the Sunlight's explanation– It seems incomplete and transitional, as you said in relation to those "day" and "night" states. My whole life I thought I knew everything that I could possibly know, and now it is clear to me that I have lived in the shadow of knowledge, so, what is the use for a powerless life of doubt, uncertainty, incompleteness, division, and misalignment with understanding?

- The answer is in your question – the Sunlight replied – Again, Do you understand the privileged and honor of being able to experience a life that what gives life to it can not experience? My essence, captured and nourished down there, makes life grow and propagate. But I can not enjoy the pleasure of celebrating that life with my own children the same way that you can. If I do so, it will be an unfortunate catastrophic event for your world, and I have to live with that contradiction for myself.

- Still, it seems no fair for me, dear Father. When I was an ignorant, at the shadow, I felt complete and wise, and now, in plain Celestial Light, when I'm starting to see a more complex perspective of reality, I feel almost like nothing, so ignorant, and impure.

- But, my Son – explained the Sunlight – you are just beginning to understand who you are by expanding your consciousness beyond what you thought you were and then looking back into your true self.

- I don't know Father, that doesn't make me feel better – complained the Lamplight

– The way of returning to the monastery is hard and I don't know if I will be able to illuminate the steps of my Master now that my own energy is decreasing; my wick is almost completely burnt, my body and protective glass got opaque by the fumes, and my oil is almost fully consumed...How could I get more power in this limited condition that I'm at? If you just could give me a little tiny amount of yours...a tiny particle of your being will be a vast and powerful medicine for me, while for you, it is almost nothing...please fill my flame with your splendor!

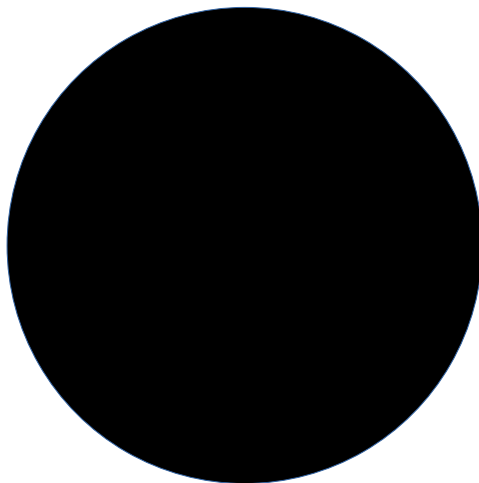
- I can not give you what you already have – the Sunlight explained – You are light, as well as I am. We are both Light, my beloved Son. And besides that, my physical center is also in process of transformation. You see, the natural tendency of my body as a star is darkness and coldness. Down there, there are other kind of modifier creatures, those who are willing to become conscious cooperators with the unified general process of creation, maintenance, regeneration, transformation, and evolution of everything that exists, those who are searching for the unified essence of One. Some of them could say that my 'tendency' as a sun is darkness and coldness, as *"...the 'vocatio' of every sulphur is a mercurial state in proportion to the state of densification that it presents..."*, and *vice-versa*.

- I don't understand what you are saying dear Father...yes, we are both lights, but there is no doubt about the difference of scale, lifetime, and power between us – said the Lamplight with the feeling of being in all certainty.

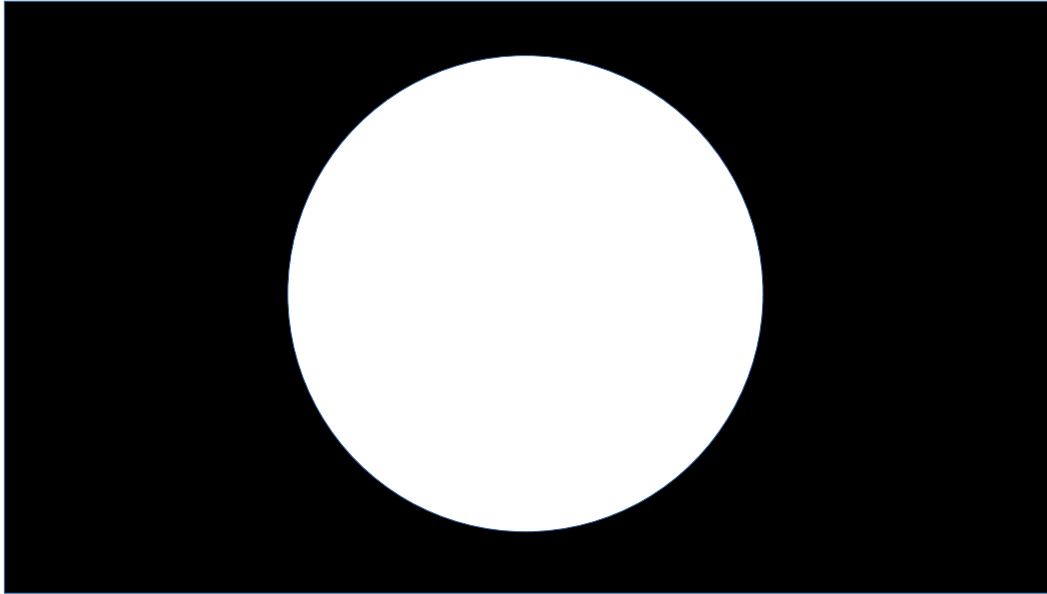
The Sunlight felt compassion for his friend, and after being silent for a moment, he pictured this image:

- Dear Son. I understand your feelings, I felt the same a long time ago. One day I was talking about these feelings with my own Sun and he shared with me this exercise, which is very easy and simple to do:

So, now, look inside yourself, concentrate on your own presence, and after the exterior world vanishes...and you feel centered...and there is a complete silence inside of you, imagine an absolute emptiness...a vast immensity of nothing...an infinite absolute zero of being...there is nothing there, nothingness, nothing else than your own awareness of that state. Take your time to be fully immersed in that image.



Now, once you are entirely and completely immersed in that image of absolute nothing, imagine just a fraction, of a particle, of a tiny spark from your own light, suddenly emanating, radiating, and expanding itself from the new “center” of that immeasurable nothingness.



And then the Sun asked – Now, What is the scale, and level of power of that fraction of your own light? Where are its borders, its limits? How long will it last? Will it always remain the same? Will it transmute?

After hearing that dialogue, under that vision, the Blessed felt an overwhelming sensation, beyond time and space, of Benevolence and Unity pulsating in his entire body. After some time passed, he felt behind his closed eyelids a strong red living color presence, and he saw a space where golden waves of light slowly moved vertically upwards. The warm radiation on his face felt very nice. He opened his eyes, slowly, and he confirmed that it was the Sun rising victorious in front of him, radiating, floating over the open, alive, sea. Never realized before that the Sun was that close, in fact, he felt as if he was inside the Sun, in a way, or as he was a particular part of it. All the sea currents, and the sea air, seemed to be activated and vigorously propelled towards his direction by the sunbeams, in an ecstatic perpetual glorious dynamism of mutual exchange and transformation, lost inside an incalculable minimum fraction of time.

He took a nice deep breath and gave thanks to Divinity, to the Sun, the air, the sea, and the forest. Then he stood up, turned around facing the niche where the lamp was. Its light was now almost transparent, invisible while illuminated by the strong sunlight, as a faithful Martyr liberated from its burdens. With love, he expressed his gratitude to it, pull up the protective glass, and blew it out.

In that way, in the year of the Lord 1277, on the northeast side of the island of Majorca, the Great Ramon Llull was a spectator of the dialog between the Lamplight and the Sunlight. Words that he kept alive, circulating, combining all the possible possibilities, while returning that morning through the forest to the recently founded monastery at *Miramar*.

There, thirteen Franciscan Minor Friars settled with the *Doctoris Illuminati* and dedicated themselves to the learning of Arabic and the *Lullian Art*: a universal method intended to make conversion possible through the use of reason. Our peaceful Warrior remembered then the teachings from yesterday's Arabic class, it was about the *Verse of Light*:

*“Allah is the Light of the heavens and the earth.
The example of His light is like a niche within which is a lamp,
The lamp is within glass, the glass as if it were a pearly [white] star,
Lit from [the oil of] a blessed olive tree,
Neither of the east nor of the west,
Whose oil would almost glow even if untouched by fire.
Light upon light.
Allah guides to His light whom He wills.
And Allah presents examples for the people,
and Allah is Knowing of all things.”*

The future Martyr wondered why the Divinity was here compared to an olive oil lamp instead of the Sun...and if that last were the case, he realized that the description of the glass (pearly) given here seemed in fact closer to the appearance of the Moon than to that of the Sun. But it could may just refer to the semblance of a white star. He kept meditating about those ideas while directing the olive oil, wine, and sea salt production outside the monastery. Inside, the protective glass was brought to an immaculate crystalline white state. The lamp was cleaned until showing again its shining red-earth surface. Fresh virgin golden oil was poured inside of it, and a pure new wick was prepared.

Each time it was lit, it was again. Timeless time, here and nowhere. Universal individual, individual Universe¹.

Quotations and Notes (in order of appearance):

- *Libre d'Amic e d'Amat* (Book of the Lover and the Beloved, Translated by Jordi Miralda), Ramon Llull. Source: <http://jordimiralda.cat/llultra.html>

- *Criterium Naturae*, Abu Omar Yabir (About the concept of “*Vocatio*” and the *Sulphur/Mercurius* dynamic).

- *Quran, (24:35), The Verse Of Light*. Translation by Sahih International. Source: Wikipedia.

1) ‘From the 15th century and earlier (and also today within the fields of statistics and metaphysics) *individual* meant “indivisible”, typically describing any numerically singular thing, but sometimes meaning “a person”. From the 17th century on, *individual* has indicated separateness, as in individualism’ (Abbs 1986, cited in Klein 2005, pp. 26–27).