



Message of a pilgrim

I'm going to tell you a story.

The story of a man who, in the middle of his life, is struck by the light.

It's not usual.

Man, nevertheless, is ordinary. Until this day, he lived a peaceful life. A wife, two children. A job he enjoys and which provides him sufficient money. Many friends and a hobby : sailing above the seas. Parties also, pretty often... In short, everything to be happy, as they say...

Except...

Except one day, suffering from a pain which leaves him alone with two young kids, he is taking consciousness of the nonsense of such a life, its lack of consistency. And he decides to understand, to actually see the meaning of it, if there is one, to hear if there is something to hear. What is man, really ?

So he lets himself go.

He doesn't know anything anymore, he doesn't want anything anymore. He lets himself go. Completely, fully. He loses control of his life. Come what may. That said, it must be understood that this man doesn't trust his own will anymore to guide himself. He sees too much the disaster that this life has led him towards today. But he keeps going, no matter what, to carry his daily life : job and children for the most part. And it is into this slump that one strange thing happens...

And now he wears three spheres.

Here, physically, in his belly, in his chest. Three spheres that are not leaving him. A dark sphere, color of earth, a bright sphere, color of fire and one completely white. He is like pregnant. Pregnant, that's the correct word. He is pregnant of three spheres ! And eventually all this becomes unbearable, intolerable. Then, him who has never painted, him who doesn't know how to draw, asks an artist friend, who has studied in the Beaux-Arts, to buy him everything required for painting. Canvas, spatulas, brushes, painting tubes, easel, pallet and others accessories soon clutter all a piece of the living-room. He is ready, everything is ready.

And life goes on...

Being busy with children : wiping buttocks, playing, feeding, loving. The job to be held. And one night, he wakes up with a start. He knows that's now. He gets up and projects what he's wearing inside of him on the canvas, like that, quickly, as he can in fact. First, he spreads a blue-night bottom on the whole canvas, then he paints a first ball, a ball of fire, at the bottom left of the canvas. Then he paints a ball with the color of the earth, a little bit higher and more to the right. At the end and above all he paints a very big white ball. This is the picture that he was wearing and of which, now, he is freed of !

But...

But at some point, without wanting it, without deciding it, colors are shifting. Some green starts to appear on the blue-night bottom... And this green color is drawing the outlines of a hand. The man doesn't believe his own eyes, the idea of drawing a hand is something that he never have thought about. And yet it is here, bottom left of the canvas, emerging out of the fire to grab the earth ball, higher and more to the right. Astonishment ! The hand is here, the dawn is rising and he's falling down, completely exhausted, empty.

In the morning, the work remains.

The painting witnesses this hard creative night. It stays here for days and days, slowly drying. The thick layers of paint take time to get dry and harden, due to his lack of experience in these art techniques... The painting is here and him, he's free. This isn't a burden anymore, his guts have fanned out.

But the meaning ?

What's the meaning of all these things ? It's not usual, a man pregnant of spheres like this... It's not really acceptable, sharing this to others without being seen as a fool, as the one who's loosing his mind. But the meaning ? The fire, as maker, or primitive ? The earth, as our earth ? The huge white ball as a kingdom of light ? And these few white dots, strewed here and there on the blue-night bottom ? They seem like stars around the earth, attracted, sucked by the huge white ball. There is a lot of movement in this painting.

But the hand ?

This foreign hand which invited itself, which is here now, that we can't fail to notice, this hand, what does it mean, what does it want to show ? Let's be clear ! This man is anywhere but near to any form of transcendence, no metaphysical interrogation, no religion, totally immersed in his work, living life to the fullest, with a tendency for parties and especially with alcohol. And to end this quick description, we have to mention an aspiration, already quoted, for intangible faraway places, sea horizons most of the time. But let's be clear, fully belonging to his own century, the man believes only in science. He keeps any belief far away from him. He has denied all this when he was a teenager, as he was in the spirit of the times. But today, caught again, grasped, the hand provokes him. Duel, face to face ! The hand is indubitably here, on the canvas, as a question mark, a very big question mark, a provocation, obvious and even blaring !

« Hello ! I'm here, what are you doing of me now ?

You have to decide, my friend ! »

This is what this hand seems to say, full of irony and with an air of defiance. The man can't avoid it. And soon, he lays down the weapons and faces reality. How not to see in this hand, the Uppercase Hand which, in a spectacular and blazing donation expelling itself and, giving all of it, expels with itself at the same time shadow and light ?

Creation.

The painting is here, in the center of the living room, full of presence. His children who are three and four years old see it. They don't ask why, they have no questions. Nevertheless, the night before, the painting wasn't here... He will name the painting :

« Black hole and porosity of consciousness »

Why ? Why this enigmatic title ? He can't explain. The hard creative night made him completely exhausted.

The painting is a first step, a strong marker. But him, where is he ? What about his life ?

Having passed the forties, he is broken to pieces, entirely deconstructed. No more wife, housewife to help him raise his two children. A job to be held and not a lot of relationships anymore. What made the spice of it yesterday seems very dull today. Parties taste like ashes and the bonds are stretching thin. That's the price to pay. Yet he has to keep up appearances, with siblings, parents, the right-thinking people. He keeps a social life but what he is now truly looking and searching for is silence and solitude. Two things that he's finding in a place where such things are a way of life. There, he is in the middle of the woods, isolated and precarious. Nobody knows where he is.

And so one evening,

Empty of any certainty, lucid about human bonds, alone in those deserted places, curled up, shrank, left alone by all, he is flooded with light. A blinding halo of light, right through the heart, here, in his chest, suddenly. Bright, warm, yellow, golden light. In the center of the halo, there's a man standing from behind, in a arid landscape. The man is a pilgrim, walking...

Stupor !

The word is not strong enough. He doesn't exist anymore. He only is this halo, this light, this man in the light. The vision persists. Terror ! He wants to scream, to call for help ! He doesn't understand what's happening to him. But what it is sure, undeniable, it's that's happened. He will never forget. This moment is taking over on his life.

As for the spheres, he tries to understand, to see the meaning of it. What is this light ? Who is this man in the light ? Who is this « Pilgrim of Light » ? Is it him ? Him who is walking in the light, in an other place, an other dimension ? This man is able to consider the strange things that science is, for now, unable to explain. And if it was a dream, we never dream, as it is often said, except about ourselves. But in this case, he didn't dream. He was awake, conscient when it happened.

And the question is soon in his mind, and forces him to wonder : his experience is certainly a singular one but is there elsewhere some clues of similar experiences ? So, reminiscence of someone engraved in a place, an age, a story and a tradition, he soon thinks about the one whose life continues through the centuries as a light ray. Would he be still vibrating, living while ignoring time and space ? Would he invite him by these sudden

means, this intimate bursting in ? Would he invite him, kind of violently, to follow him into the light ? Because what he just went through really looks like an invitation card addressed there, right through the heart, into the blinding light, as a print, a seal, a crack into the flesh which is never closed and from which emanates, resolutely, the nagging call :

« Come here, come and follow me, come into the light !

Where you will be, I am. »

This order bumps into him, penetrates and hurts him, marking him for ever. This man will be able to talk and share about this experience only a lot later, actually fifteen years later ! Fifteen years, in fact becomes his new age now. Because this day where the « Pilgrim of Light » arises in his life needs to be a red-letter day. Since this day, he is an other man.

And this same year is yet not finished that one day, he is like drilled by a laser ray on the top of his skull. A heat, in the same time sweet and strong, invades him, through his whole body, to the tip of his nails, upfront. Again stupor here and same muteness : inability to speak, to explain, even a little bit, what's happening to him...

And now, what rescues him, what comes to help him, is the Bible, the humanity's memory. He finds in the ancient tales of the biggest quest of men, the truth : the men's truth. And everything is suddenly clear. Everything he has just went through makes sense now... About the spheres, these three balls and the hand, he sees all this as a force working in the world. About the vision of pilgrim in the bright halo of light, he figures out something which reminds what it is said about the « man of light » when he is transformed, this incredible moment where he appears to be - and two other men with him - radiant, dazzling. With the experience of the heat radiating his whole body from the top of his skull, he recognizes an event, as a baptism : skies are opening and pouring the call. In fact - and that's huge ! - he checks in the ancient Writing the validity of the experiences he went through during the time of his own life ! And the Writing proves what he felt, certifies that what he lived isn't pure madness or a simple hallucination. Because he has really lived experiences of light, and what the Writing is talking about if not of light ?

And now, he feels completely free.

He's going back to a social life, extremely happy and in love too, and then he cannot do but to speak about this bigger Life that embraced him, that light he saw. For him, that is love : live from the light, speak it, share it, tell it. That is the best of himself that he can offer. He gradually admits that he is following an unique path, which he cannot deviates. Fail is to become hardened, to curl up, to be dry, pathetic, useless, a zombie.

He knows it and chooses life : he tells the story.

On the pathways, theaters, community centers, at home or in churches, whatever the place. Aside, in a small group or in public, whatever the format. He has a goad, a thorn in the flesh. What's tormenting him, hounding him and not letting go of him is the Pilgrim, the halo of light, the light from Above, this tremendous force working on the world, this fire which has not taken yet, the light which is seeking the man and the man, in his arrogance, fails to set it alight.

He is nothing, he certainly knows that.

He knows that he's weak, dissolute, twisted. The way he's about to take can hurt, as determined he is. The light magnetises him. He saw it inside of him. From the tip of his skull, it has flooded him. He knows it's here, inside and outside of him at the same time. So he puts all of his remaining strength into what is surely a battle, a becoming, a work that is fulfilling, with or without him. He chose, it will be with him. And with liberty, on the roof of the world where the path had leaded him, he puts words, his own words, on what one day happened.

One day, a man stands up and provokes his people with two words, only two words :

« Freedom, Illumination »

Those who hear shirk of course, protect themselves and counterattack :

« But who is he ?

For who does he taking himself for ?

Aren't we free, us who are going wherever we want ?

*Haven't we the knowledge, us who have understanding upon every things ?
What this « enthusiastic » man is telling us, yet one of us but now a fool ? »*

They are furious and for these words, for these two words, for this invitation towards more light and freedom – invitation addressed to everyone, whoever he is or wherever he comes from ! - he is soon enough mocked, chased, expelled, hunted. They want to throw him into the emptiness but he passes through them and by doing so, he becomes the bearer of an other world.

And now pilgrim, on the way, he repeats at will to everybody he meets :

« Freedom, Illumination »

And to the one who's hearing, he says :

« Sit down and walk ! »

Stupor of the man !

« Go inside you, to the bottom of yourself.

You will find the light there. »

Breach, moment, joy. Day of brightness.

The man knows that he has in front of him the one who says what he has done, the one who does what he has said, the one who has seeked et found the light, who has become the light itself, leading light of the new world.

A beacon which allows to see.

Nothing is hidden anymore. This accomplished man is light. But the rising dawn reveals even more because he is not alone and others are with him, made of light too. There lies the truth of man, the astonishing truth of every man : the man is light.

And right into the beacon's beam, to love becomes clear.

Man, light's particle in a « no time », is nothing if he stays alone. But he is everything by forming the beam. The beacon pierces the darkness, light repels the dark away and the light beam increases. Every particle who knows itself, everyone can set the dawn ablaze, the dawn of all humanity, of the entire cosmos. Since then, how can we not love ? How to shut our mouth up, to not yell the joy up, to not say : thank you, thanks Life !

And in the light of the lighthouse, to love become limpid. The man, particle of light in a no-time, is nothing, staying alone. But he is the whole, making the beam of light. The lighthouse bore a hole through darkness, the light wins over all the dark and the beam of light increases. Every particle who knows himself as the light, everybody, is able to kindle the dawn, the dawn of the whole humanity, of the whole cosmos. And so, how can we not to love ? How can we shut our mouth, how can we not to yell the joy, not to say : « Thanks, thanks the life ! »

A revolution engages towards the consciousness of being.

Everybody is its player and its concern : I am in the Vast and I am the Vast.

I am, we are.

The path of light, is us.



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