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The Parable of the King and his Garden

By Jean de Cabalis

There once was a King who was graced with large grounds and a beautiful garden of light and beauty. Everyday the King walked and meditated in the garden, for the garden was his private palace of prayer; His delight where he could commune with God and express the feelings within his soul.

The sun shone and the every day the King enjoyed the bees, birds, butterflies and other creatures that graced the garden with their presence. But most of all, the King enjoyed the splendour of colour and beauty and wonderment of his flowers - and of the flowers the Rose was his favourite. Yes of the garden he was especially pleased.

And though the King did work in the garden at his leisure, He left much of the care of the garden in charge of his gardener, for Kings as you know are much busy with affairs of state. Certainly King was happy with the gardener, for the gardener did a good job nurturing and tending to the plants. And it especially pleased the King for he knew the gardener to be a godly man.

Now it so happened that the King noticed that the gardener had not been about for a few days, as the King usually saw him busy within garden when he went about his daily meditation. Somewhat concerned he asked a few of his servants about the palace; and there the King heard much that greatly disturbed him. For it was said that the gardener had been about some very

strange doings! It was claimed that the gardener had been heard casting spell, singing songs in the garden at night, Yea he had even been seen with his hands covered in the smears of what looked like blood!

Oh...What pain, oh what rage, what sadness, what betrayal, what an aching heart was felt within the King. How could this be true, as tears filled his eyes; how could the gardener do this to him; how could his gardener spoil the garden so sacred to him, his private sanctuary so dear to the Kings heart. The King had to ask the question why. This much he owed the gardener. Was the gardener ill or under some sort of spell? To this end at least the King could forgive, maybe given time and repentance the gardener could be shown mercy for the King was a godly man.

That evening he walked on by the gardeners shed, looking in he smelt the scent of blood, further sadness that much was true. He sought the gardener, what evil could the gardener be doing, how dare he defile the blessing the trust placed in him. Seeking the gardener through the moonlit clouds he found the gardener kneeling before his pride and joy, singing his spell, in moonlit darkness by the King's favourite flowers, the Rose.

Oh...What pain, oh what rage, what sadness, what betrayal, what an aching heart was felt within the King. How could this be true, as tears filled his eyes; how could the gardener do this to him; how could his gardener spoil the garden so sacred to him, his private sanctuary so dear to the Kings heart, to his soul, the King's personal sanctuary, his own palace of dreams.

Yet the King had to ask the question why. This much he owed the gardener. Was the gardener ill or under some sort of spell? To this end at least the King could forgive, maybe given time and repentance the gardener could be shown mercy for the King was a godly man.

Out of concern, love and rage the King commanded the gardener to explain. The gardener softly stood up and unexpected to the King did not seek mercy nor show any shame. Instead the gardener smiled and said "My King please come for I have much to show you".

And on that journey which lasted nearly until the midnight hour the King shown flowers he had never seen amongst the day: White and pink flowers,

most beautiful fragrance vines never smelt before, lovely lilies and beautiful flowering cactus. Then the gardener said to the King "For all the flowers within the garden, each one has a song; some a song of day and some a song of night"

Then King being more comforted by all he had seen and the splendour of the garden that continued into the night in which he slept, as the gardener what of the blood stained hands and the tending to roses at night.

The gardener took him to the roses and uncovered the topsoil around the roses; revealing freshly made blood and bone manure. And to the King he said, would it be proper to feed such a flower of beauty the food of death in the daylight. For truly my King it would not. And replacing the manure into the soil and covering it up with loose top soil, the gardener again spoke "See the nature of the rose, with its beauty and thorns."

And then the King understood and his eyes beheld God's Truth. Flower and thorn, lion and lamb, day and night, birth and death, hot and cold, sadness and joy, fear and faith; for All is part of God's Kingdom, His Glory and Plan.

Just as the King learnt of his garden, so is man's soul.