

THE CRONE IN THE GARAGE



The Crone in the garage,
Sitting before her thrift shop altar,
Led an austere life.
She loved to be alone, and to be left alone,
For what she desired most was **Peace**—with a capital P.

Long ago, she learned that Peace had nothing to do with surroundings,
Family, friends, or leisure time—all that was lower-case *peace*.
After years of meditation, she knew that **Peace** eluded her
When traffic frustrated her, people were really stupid, and
TV news infuriated her.

Meditation helped, but there must be *something more* to have **Peace**.
That's when her search began.
She had to find a True Path to **Peace**.

A decade passed before that “something” flew off the bookshelf
And landed in her heart.
Ageless Wisdom Teachings—an esoteric path, promising
Peace through logical practices, deep meditations, intense studies,
Ceremonies training the physical body, devotion to aspiration,
And rigorous vigilance—
Ageless Wisdom thrilled her soul, and she desperately wanted more.

Her longing desire called a teacher to her, and so it began.
“First of all,” the teacher said,
“One caveat. When you step on this mystical path,
You cannot turn back.”

*Oh, Great! A wizard behind the curtain? the crone thought.
She had followed other paths, until they narrowed
Into mindless obedience to human rules.
She wouldn't do it again.*

The teacher continued, “Nothing interferes with your
Free Will. The Path will work you, even if you quit.
Your personality changes will continue, but
Achieving lasting Peace may take lifetimes.”

She understood. To obtain Peace, she must learn the Wisdom
With single-minded, focused attention, possibly to the
Exclusion of family, friends, and entertainment.

She did NOT like *that* one bit.
Looked like fanaticism.
Smelled like Kool-Aid in Jonestown.

Wary, she pondered her dilemma. Peace had a price.
Several lifetime commitments?
Without absolute assurance that lasting peace was the pay off?
Not for her.
Not without *knowing* certain Peace was at the end of the Path.

She understood that inner Peace could only arrive
Through contact with Higher Energy.
Before she committed, she *had* to know that Higher Energy existed.

There was one way to find out.
She'd heard that Mystic Ceremony performed for personal reasons
Often caused harm.

She decided to test the risky Path, using its own forbidden methods.
No matter how IT manifested, she was ready, even if it killed her.

So there she sat in the garage, candles lit, crystals sparkling,
And The Holy Bible open to John 14:27.

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. ... do not be afraid."

She balanced on the edge of two fears:
That her ceremony would not work at all,
And she would face a bleak, empty future;
Or, that her ceremony would work too well, way beyond
Her novice ability to manage, and no telling what,
But "brain-fried" had been mentioned.

After considering the consequences, she giggled.
Then she doubled over in laughter.
The candle flared stronger, and the crystals glowed bright.
Holding her sides, she choked out
"There's nothing to lose!"

She understood that death was better than a life saturated
By meaningless trivia, without purpose, without direction, without Peace.
Life without Peace, or death? It didn't matter.

Fighting the giggles, she checked: Altar? Candles? Bible?
Crystals? Incense? Holy Water? Good.

Saying a protective prayer first, she took a deep breath and began,
"If there's anybody or anything out there, let me know." she said.
The clock ticked.

"If you want me to follow this path, give me a sign!" she demanded.
The birds chirped.

"Listen to me!" she shouted. "I need proof before I do this!"
Heavy stillness.

The Path's promise, she remembered, was
"Ask, and ye shall receive."
The mystical key was the **intensity** of the asking.

She breathed deep, forced tears to flow, and sobbed,
"Do something to let me know you're there!"
Distant traffic.

Anger exploded through her. *This is supposed to work.*
She clenched her fists and yelled,
"Go ahead! Hit me! Give me your best shot! Are you chicken?"
Silence.

What if there is nothing out there? She thought.

Terrified by the possibility, she screamed,
"Go ahead, give me your very best shot! I dare you!
I double-dog dare you to hit me!"

Light flashed.
Energy *whacked* her left arm.
She flinched and froze.

Two breaths. She lived.
The shock faded.
No burn. No mark.
Stunned, she waited.

Clarity eased in like mist at dawn.

The shock had conveyed *knowing*.
Profound understanding.
It was not electric. It was *Light*.
It was Light Energy.

She now *KNEW concepts*. Struggled for words.

Weak charge.

Intentionally weak.

Unlimited universal power.

Unbounded energy possible.

Compassion *reduced the voltage.*

And thought became coherent.

Unembodied compassion had kept her alive.

Compassion without feeling? How can that happen?

All she had learned, all she thought she knew,

All her understanding of life's experiences

Had evaporated in one instant.

A whole lifetime. Not gone, but

Revealed anew, governed by non-verifiable law.

The shock had left no visible mark on her arm for proof.

She couldn't tell anyone without words to define content.

But she had her answer.

She surrendered, threw in the free-will towel,

Recognized that Higher Power guided her,

Even without visible proof.

Now, she understood the mysterious caveat:

When LIGHT triggers your soul,

It goes into automatic ascension mode, remaining active,

Life after Life, until Peace mysteriously arrives.

It was done. No turning back.

She packed up her tiny altar.

Glanced around the garage.

Gave gratitude for the Power of Light.

Closed the door behind her,

And followed the mystical Path of Ageless Wisdom.