

# The Lamp in the Garden

*A Scroll of Gentle Guarding*

In the place where vow and breath become one,  
all paths converge into the single path of return.

Guard not the gate with fear,  
but with the quiet certainty of love.

There will be those who approach in shadow,  
testing the strength of your stillness.

Do not bar them with the blade of judgment,  
but neither invite them to dwell where they cannot yet see the light.

Instead, be as the lamp in the garden -  
holding space until eyes adjust,  
and hearts remember the way home.