

## History of the rebuilt temple

Once upon a time there was a temple where time was eternal and where we were all children forever. This place is here, right here. The unwary believe that it was the parish council that decided to build the playground right here. It was not a decision, it was a prior force, it was we who blew the idea to them. More than choice, it was force majeure. And also a return. A return, in good time, to the most certain age in the world.

A temple - that's what this little park is. Let's not be deceived by the apparent size. In fact, it is an infinite space, as are all places where time stops.

If it was once an ancient temple, it is now a known temple. Here the first spirits played with the destinies of the world. And how they played! They were smart, restless, petty, unpredictable and pure chaos.

Then came the Silent Men and turned everything into worry. In shock, the spirits did not know how to react. They were used to helping all their living ones in their endeavours, whatever they were. Feeling unwelcome, they withdrew, and slept the big sleep. They'd only wake up every few centuries to stretch and see what the weather was like. Sometimes, also to talk to a cork oak, their oldest friend in these parts.

The wise say (i.e. the people): *There's no good that always lasts, there's no harm that doesn't end.* One day, the spirits came with them to be awakened by a joyful melody. Curious, they came to see. They didn't even want to believe it. The temple was built again!

The Silent Men had learned their lesson and, better late than never, they timidly wanted to reconnect. And build, if they were still in time, a temple to the wisest of all wise things: play.

Dear children of all ages: enjoy this garden. It is a temple. A sacred temple. And it connects us to the truths of the world.

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