

## 1: The Garden of Paradise

*The Garden of Paradise by Hans Christian Andersen () HERE was once a king's son who had a larger and more beautiful collection of books than any one else in the world, and full of splendid copper-plate engravings.*

Genesis creation narrative and Adam and Eve The second part of the Genesis creation narrative , Genesis 2: Last of all, the God made a woman Eve from a rib of the man to be a companion for the man. In chapter three, the man and the woman were seduced by the serpent into eating the forbidden fruit , and they were expelled from the garden to prevent them from eating of the tree of life , and thus living forever. Cherubim were placed east of the garden, "and a flaming sword which turned every way, to guard the way of the tree of life" Genesis 3: A caption in French and Dutch reads: Map of the location of the terrestrial paradise, and of the country inhabited by the patriarchs, laid out for the good understanding of sacred history, by M. The Garden of Eden is considered to be mythological by most scholars. And a river departed from Eden to water the garden, and from there it divided and became four tributaries. The name of the first is Pishon, which is the circumnavigator of the land of Havilah where there is gold. And the gold of this land is good; there are bdellium and cornelian stone. And the name of the second river is Gihon, which is the circumnavigator of the land of Cush. And the name of the third is Chidekel, which is that which goes to the east of Ashur; and the fourth river is Phirat. Parallel concepts[ edit ] Dilmun in the Sumerian story of Enki and Ninhursag is a paradisaical abode [34] of the immortals, where sickness and death were unknown. In this painting, only the action that takes place there identifies the setting as distinct from the Garden of the Hesperides, with its golden fruit. The Persian term "paradise " borrowed as Hebrew: The word "pardes" occurs three times in the Hebrew Bible, but always in contexts other than a connection with Eden: Jewish eschatology[ edit ] In the Talmud and the Jewish Kabbalah , [36] the scholars agree that there are two types of spiritual places called "Garden in Eden". The first is rather terrestrial, of abundant fertility and luxuriant vegetation, known as the "lower Gan Eden". The second is envisioned as being celestial, the habitation of righteous, Jewish and non-Jewish, immortal souls, known as the "higher Gan Eden". The Rabbanim differentiate between Gan and Eden. Adam is said to have dwelt only in the Gan, whereas Eden is said never to be witnessed by any mortal eye. It has been created since the beginning of the world, and will appear gloriously at the end of time. The righteous dwelling there will enjoy the sight of the heavenly chayot carrying the throne of God. Each of the righteous will walk with God, who will lead them in a dance. Its Jewish and non-Jewish inhabitants are "clothed with garments of light and eternal life, and eat of the tree of life" Enoch 58,3 near to God and His anointed ones. The narrative mainly surrounds the resulting expulsion of Hawwa and Adam after they were tempted by Shaitan. Despite the Biblical account, the Quran mentions only one tree in Eden, the tree of immortality, which God specifically claimed it was forbidden to Adam and Eve. Some exegesis added an account, about Satan , disguised as a serpent to enter the Garden, repeatedly told Adam to eat from the tree, and eventually both Adam and Eve did so, resulting in disobeying God. It is recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants that Adam blessed his posterity there and that he will return to that place at the time of the final judgement [46] [47] in fulfillment of biblical prophecy. Kimball , and George Q. Cannon , taught that the Garden of Eden itself was located in nearby Jackson County, Missouri , [49] but there are no surviving first-hand accounts of that doctrine being taught by Joseph Smith himself. The idyll of "Naming Day in Eden" was less often depicted. Michelangelo depicted a scene at the Garden of Eden in the Sistine Chapel ceiling. For many medieval writers, the image of the Garden of Eden also creates a location for human love and sexuality , often associated with the classic and medieval trope of the locus amoenus. A preserved blue mosaic is part of the mausoleum of Galla Placidia. Circular motifs represent flowers of the garden of Eden.

### 2: Beautiful Garden – The Paradise of God | Berean Bible Society

*"The Garden of Paradise" (Danish: Paradisets Have) is a literary fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen first published by C. A. Reitzel in Copenhagen, Denmark on 19 October with "The Flying Trunk" and "The Storks" in the second booklet of Fairy Tales Told for Children. New Collection.*

He could read about everything which had ever happened in this world, and see it all represented in the most beautiful pictures. He could get information about every nation and every country; but as to where the Garden of Paradise was to be found, not a word could he discover, and this was the very thing he thought most about. His grandmother had told him, when he was quite a little fellow and was about to begin his school life, that every flower in the Garden of Paradise was a delicious cake, and that the pistils were full of wine. In one flower history was written, in another geography or tables; you had only to eat the cake and you knew the lesson. The more you ate, the more history, geography and tables you knew. All this he believed then; but as he grew older and wiser and learnt more, he easily perceived that the delights of the Garden of Paradise must be far beyond all this. Why did Adam eat the forbidden fruit? If it had only been I it would not have happened! He walked into the wood one day; he was alone, for that was his greatest pleasure. Evening came on, the clouds drew up and it rained as if the whole heaven had become a sluice from which the water poured in sheets; it was as dark as it is otherwise in the deepest well. Now he slipped on the wet grass, and then he fell on the bare stones which jutted out of the rocky ground. He had to climb over huge rocks where the water oozed out of the thick moss. He was almost fainting; just then he heard a curious murmuring and saw in front of him a big lighted cave. A fire was burning in the middle, big enough to roast a stag, which was in fact being done; a splendid stag with its huge antlers was stuck on a spit, being slowly turned round between the hewn trunks of two fir trees. An oldish woman, tall and strong enough to be a man dressed up, sat by the fire throwing on logs from time to time. I have to be harsh if I am to keep my boys under control! But I can do it, although they are a stiff-necked lot! Do you see those four sacks hanging on the wall? They are just as frightened of them as you used to be of the cane behind the looking-glass. But here we have one of them. He was dressed in bearskin trousers and jacket, and he had a sealskin cap drawn over his ears. Long icicles were hanging from his beard, and one hailstone after another dropped down from the collar of his jacket. What sort of a feeble creature are you? How did you get into the cave of the winds? Now you know my opinion! I sat at the helm and slept when they sailed from the north cape, and when I woke now and then the stormy petrels were flying about my legs. They are queer birds; they give a brisk flap with their wings and then keep them stretched out and motionless, and even then they have speed enough. There you have a floor to dance upon, as flat as a pancake, half-thawed snow, with moss. There were bones of whales and Polar bears lying about; they looked like the legs and arms of giants covered with green mould. One would think that the sun had never shone on them. I gave a little puff to the fog so that one could see the shed. It was a house built of wreckage and covered with the skins of whales; the flesh side was turned outwards; it was all red and green; a living Polar bear sat on the roof growling. Then I remembered my part of the game! I blew up and made my ships, the mountain-high icebergs, nip the boats; whew! They were obliged to throw the dead walruses, chests and ropes out upon the ice! I shook the snow-flakes over them and let them drift southwards to taste the salt water. They will never come back to Behring Island! He carried a mahogany club cut in the American mahogany forests. It could not be anything less than that. I saw the wild buffalo swimming in the river, but the stream carried him away; he floated with the wild duck, which soared into the sky at the rapids; but the buffalo was carried over with the water. I liked that and blew a storm, so that the primval trees had to sail too, and they were whirled about like shavings. Oh yes, I have plenty of stories to tell! But one need not tell everything. You know that very well, old woman! What grass there is on those plains! The gnu was dancing about, and the ostriches ran races with me, but I am still the fastest. I went to the desert with its yellow sand. It looks like the bottom of the sea. I met a caravan! The sun was blazing above, and the sand burning below. There were no limits to the outstretched desert. Then I burrowed into the fine loose sand and whirled it up in great columns--that was a dance! You should have seen how despondently the dromedaries stood, and the merchant

drew his caftan over his head. He threw himself down before me as if I had been Allah, his god. Now they are buried, and there is a pyramid of sand over them all; when I blow it away, sometime the sun will bleach their bones, and then travellers will see that people have been there before, otherwise you would hardly believe it in the desert! Here comes the fourth. I have just come from China, where I danced round the porcelain tower till all the bells jingled. The officials were flogged in the streets, the bamboo canes were broken over their shoulders, and they were all people ranging from the first to the ninth rank. Mind you drink deep of the well of wisdom, and bring a little bottleful home to me. He must tell me about the phoenix; the Princess always wants to hear about that bird when I call every hundred years. He has scratched his whole history on it with his bill, for the hundred years of his life, and she can read it for herself. I saw how the phoenix set fire to his nest himself and sat on it while it burnt, like the widow of a Hindoo. Oh, how the dry branches crackled, how it smoked, and what a smell there was! At last it all burst into flame; the old bird was burnt to ashes, but his egg lay glowing in the fire; it broke with a loud bang and the young one flew out. Now it rules over all the birds, and it is the only phoenix in the world. He bit a hole in the leaf I gave you; that is his greeting to the Princess. You know all about them I suppose from your Bible stories? The queen of the fairies lives there. The Island of Bliss, where death never enters, and where living is a delight, is there. Get on my back to-morrow and I will take you with me; I think I can manage it! He was sitting on the back of the Eastwind, who was holding him carefully; they were so high up that woods and fields, rivers and lakes, looked like a large coloured map. They look like chalk dots on the green board. You could mark their flight by the rustling of the trees as they passed over the woods; and whenever they crossed a lake, or the sea, the waves rose and the great ships dipped low down in the water, like floating swans. Towards evening the large towns were amusing as it grew dark, with all their lights twinkling now here, now there, just as when one burns a piece of paper and sees all the little sparks like children coming home from school. The Prince clapped his hands, but the Eastwind told him he had better leave off and hold tight, or he might fall and find himself hanging on to a church steeple. The eagle in the great forest flew swiftly, but the Eastwind flew more swiftly still. The Kossack on his little horse sped fast over the plains, but the Prince sped faster still. Figs and pomegranates grew wild, and the wild vines were covered with blue and green grapes. Do you see that wall of rock and the great cavern where the wild vine hangs like a big curtain? We have to go through there! Wrap yourself up in your cloak, the sun is burning here, but a step further on it is icy cold. The bird which flies past the cavern has one wing out here in the heat of summer, and the other is there in the cold of winter. Now they entered the cavern. Oh, how icily cold it was; but it did not last long. The Eastwind spread his wings, and they shone like the brightest flame; but what a cave it was! Large blocks of stone, from which the water dripped, hung over them in the most extraordinary shapes; at one moment it was so low and narrow that they had to crawl on hands and knees, the next it was as wide and lofty as if they were in the open air. It looked like a chapel of the dead, with mute organ pipes and petrified banners. The blocks of stone above them grew dimmer and dimmer, and at last they became as transparent as a white cloud in the moonshine. The air was also deliciously soft, as fresh as on the mountain-tops and as scented as down among the roses in the valley. A river ran there as clear as the air itself, and the fish in it were like gold and silver. Purple eels, which gave out blue sparks with every curve, gambolled about in the water; and the broad leaves of the water-lilies were tinged with the hues of the rainbow, while the flower itself was like a fiery orange flame, nourished by the water, just as oil keeps a lamp constantly burning. A firm bridge of marble, as delicately and skilfully carved as if it were lace and glass beads, led over the water to the Island of Bliss, where the Garden of Paradise bloomed. The Eastwind took the Prince in his arms and bore him over. The flowers and leaves there sang all the beautiful old songs of his childhood, but sang them more wonderfully than any human voice could sing them. Were these palm trees or giant water plants growing here? The Prince had never seen such rich and mighty trees. The most wonderful climbing plants hung in wreaths, such as are only to be found pictured in gold and colours on the margins of old books of the Saints or entwined among their initial letters. It was the most extraordinary combination of birds, flowers and scrolls. Close by on the grass stood a flock of peacocks with their brilliant tails outspread.

### 3: The Garden of Paradise by Hans Christian Andersen

*"The Garden of Paradise" (Danish: "Paradisets Have") is a short fantasy story for children by the Danish author Hans Christian Andersen. It was first published on October 19, , along with " The Flying Trunk " and " The Storks ", in the anthology Fairy Tales Told for Children, New Collection, Second Booklet,*

He could read and obtain information respecting every people of every land; but not a word could he find to explain the situation of the garden of paradise, and this was just what he most wished to know. His grandmother had told him when he was quite a little boy, just old enough to go to school, that each flower in the garden of paradise was a sweet cake, that the pistils were full of rich wine, that on one flower history was written, on another geography or tables; so those who wished to learn their lessons had only to eat some of the cakes, and the more they ate, the more history, geography, or tables they knew. He believed it all then; but as he grew older, and learnt more and more, he became wise enough to understand that the splendor of the garden of paradise must be very different to all this. One day he was walking alone in the wood, which was his greatest pleasure, when evening came on. The clouds gathered, and the rain poured down as if the sky had been a waterspout; and it was as dark as the bottom of a well at midnight; sometimes he slipped over the smooth grass, or fell over stones that projected out of the rocky ground. Every thing was dripping with moisture, and the poor prince had not a dry thread about him. He was obliged at last to climb over great blocks of stone, with water spurting from the thick moss. He began to feel quite faint, when he heard a most singular rushing noise, and saw before him a large cave, from which came a blaze of light. In the middle of the cave an immense fire was burning, and a noble stag, with its branching horns, was placed on a spit between the trunks of two pine-trees. It was turning slowly before the fire, and an elderly woman, as large and strong as if she had been a man in disguise, sat by, throwing one piece of wood after another into the flames. Do you see those four sacks hanging on the wall? Well, they are just as much afraid of those sacks, as you used to be of the rat behind the looking-glass. I can bend the boys together, and put them in the sacks without any resistance on their parts, I can tell you. There they stay, and dare not attempt to come out until I allow them to do so. And here comes one of them. He wore a bearskin dress and cloak. His sealskin cap was drawn over his ears, long icicles hung from his beard, and one hailstone after another rolled from the collar of his jacket. What sort of a little snip are you, and how did you find your way to the cavern of the Winds? Do you understand me? So the North Wind began to relate his adventures, whence he came, and where he had been for a whole month. I sat and slept at the helm of their ship, as they sailed away from North Cape. Sometimes when I woke, the storm-birds would fly about my legs. They are curious birds; they give one flap with their wings, and then on their outstretched pinions soar far away. Half-melted snow, partly covered with moss, sharp stones, and skeletons of walruses and polar-bears, lie all about, their gigantic limbs in a state of green decay. It would seem as if the sun never shone there. I blew gently, to clear away the mist, and then I saw a little hut, which had been built from the wood of a wreck, and was covered with the skins of the walrus, the fleshy side outwards; it looked green and red, and on the roof sat a growling bear. I blew into the thousand little throats, and quickly stopped their screaming. The harpoon was flung into the breast of the walrus, so that a smoking stream of blood spurted forth like a fountain, and besprinkled the ice. Then I thought of my own game; I began to blow, and set my own ships, the great icebergs sailing, so that they might crush the boats. Oh, how the sailors howled and cried out! They were obliged to unload their cargo, and throw their chests and the dead walruses on the ice. Then I sprinkled snow over them, and left them in their crushed boats to drift southward, and to taste salt water. In years gone by he was a beautiful boy; now that is all past. In his hand he carried a club, cut from a mahogany tree in the American forests, not a trifle to carry. The water drops mounted to the clouds and glittered in the rainbow. I saw the wild buffalo swimming in the river, but the strong tide carried him away amidst a flock of wild ducks, which flew into the air as the waters dashed onwards, leaving the buffalo to be hurled over the waterfall. This pleased me; so I raised a storm, which rooted up old trees, and sent them floating down the river. Yes, I have many stories to relate; but I need not tell everything I know. Oh, he was, indeed, a wild fellow. Now in came the South Wind, with a turban and a flowing Bedouin cloak. I

went out with the Hottentots, who were lion-hunting in the Kaffir land, where the plains are covered with grass the color of a green olive; and here I ran races with the ostrich, but I soon outstripped him in swiftness. At last I came to the desert, in which lie the golden sands, looking like the bottom of the sea. Here I met a caravan, and the travellers had just killed their last camel, to obtain water; there was very little for them, and they continued their painful journey beneath the burning sun, and over the hot sands, which stretched before them a vast, boundless desert. Then I rolled myself in the loose sand, and whirled it in burning columns over their heads. The dromedarys stood still in terror, while the merchants drew their caftans over their heads, and threw themselves on the ground before me, as they do before Allah, their god. Then I buried them beneath a pyramid of sand, which covers them all. When I blow that away on my next visit, the sun will bleach their bones, and travellers will see that others have been there before them; otherwise, in such a wild desert, they might not believe it possible. He rolled about on the floor, till she sat herself upon him to keep him still. I have just come from China, where I danced round the porcelain tower till all the bells jingled again. In the streets an official flogging was taking place, and bamboo canes were being broken on the shoulders of men of every high position, from the first to the ninth grade. Drink deeply from the fountain of wisdom while you are there, and bring home a bottleful for me. Let him out; for I want him to tell me about the phoenix-bird. The princess always wants to hear of this bird when I pay her my visit every hundred years. If you will open the sack, sweetest mother, I will give you two pocketfuls of tea, green and fresh as when I gathered it from the spot where it grew. He has scratched on it with his beak the whole of his history during the hundred years he has lived. She can there read how the old phoenix set fire to his own nest, and sat upon it while it was burning, like a Hindoo widow. The dry twigs around the nest crackled and smoked till the flames burst forth and consumed the phoenix to ashes. Amidst the fire lay an egg, red hot, which presently burst with a loud report, and out flew a young bird. He is the only phoenix in the world, and the king over all the other birds. He has bitten a hole in the leaf which I give you, and that is his greeting to the princess. So they all sat down to feast on the roasted stag; and as the prince sat by the side of the East Wind, they soon became good friends. Well, you can fly off with me to-morrow; but I must tell you one thingâ€”no human being has been there since the time of Adam and Eve. I suppose you have read of them in your Bible. The fairy queen lives there, in the island of happiness, where death never comes, and all is beautiful. I can manage to take you there to-morrow, if you will sit on my back. When the prince awoke in the early morning, he was not a little surprised at finding himself high up above the clouds. He was seated on the back of the East Wind, who held him faithfully; and they were so high in the air that woods and fields, rivers and lakes, as they lay beneath them, looked like a painted map. The leaves and branches of the trees rustled as they passed. When they flew over seas and lakes, the waves rose higher, and the large ships dipped into the water like diving swans. As darkness came on, towards evening, the great towns looked charming; lights were sparkling, now seen now hidden, just as the sparks go out one after another on a piece of burnt paper. The prince clapped his hands with pleasure; but the East Wind advised him not to express his admiration in that manner, or he might fall down, and find himself hanging on a church steeple. The eagle in the dark forests flies swiftly; but faster than he flew the East Wind. Here figs and pomegranates grew wild, and the vines were covered with clusters of blue and purple grapes. Here they both descended to the earth, and stretched themselves on the soft grass, while the flowers bowed to the breath of the wind as if to welcome it. Do you see that wall of rocks, and the cavern beneath it, over which the grape vines hang like a green curtain? Through that cavern we must pass. Wrap your cloak round you; for while the sun scorches you here, a few steps farther it will be icy cold. The bird flying past the entrance to the cavern feels as if one wing were in the region of summer, and the other in the depths of winter. It was indeed cold; but the cold soon passed, for the East Wind spread his wings, and they gleamed like the brightest fire. As they passed on through this wonderful cave, the prince could see great blocks of stone, from which water trickled, hanging over their heads in fantastic shapes. Sometimes it was so narrow that they had to creep on their hands and knees, while at other times it was lofty and wide, like the free air. It had the appearance of a chapel for the dead, with petrified organs and silent pipes. But the East Wind answered not a word, only pointed forwards to a lovely blue light which gleamed in the distance. The blocks of stone assumed a misty appearance, till at last they looked like white clouds in moonlight. The air was fresh and balmy, like a breeze from the mountains

perfumed with flowers from a valley of roses. A river, clear as the air itself, sparkled at their feet, while in its clear depths could be seen gold and silver fish sporting in the bright water, and purple eels emitting sparks of fire at every moment, while the broad leaves of the water-lilies, that floated on its surface, flickered with all the colors of the rainbow. The flower in its color of flame seemed to receive its nourishment from the water, as a lamp is sustained by oil. A marble bridge, of such exquisite workmanship that it appeared as if formed of lace and pearls, led to the island of happiness, in which bloomed the garden of paradise. The East Wind took the prince in his arms, and carried him over, while the flowers and the leaves sang the sweet songs of his childhood in tones so full and soft that no human voice could venture to imitate. Within the garden grew large trees, full of sap; but whether they were palm-trees or gigantic water-plants, the prince knew not. The climbing plants hung in garlands of green and gold, like the illuminations on the margins of old missals or twined among the initial letters. Birds, flowers, and festoons appeared intermingled in seeming confusion. Close by, on the grass, stood a group of peacocks, with radiant tails outspread to the sun. The lion and the tiger, gentle and tame, were springing about like playful cats among the green bushes, whose perfume was like the fragrant blossom of the olive. The fairy of paradise next made her appearance. Her raiment shone like the sun, and her serene countenance beamed with happiness like that of a mother rejoicing over her child. She was young and beautiful, and a train of lovely maidens followed her, each wearing a bright star in her hair. The East Wind gave her the palm-leaf, on which was written the history of the phoenix; and her eyes sparkled with joy. She then took the prince by the hand, and led him into her palace, the walls of which were richly colored, like a tulip-leaf when it is turned to the sun.

### 4: Home - Garden of the Gods Visitor Center

*"The Garden of Paradise" is what you get when a writer offers you many vacations strung together, but no adversary that makes the goal that much more delicious. A good study for story-tellers, however.*

The fairy princess, who lives in the Garden of Paradise, tells the prince that he can stay there forever but only on the condition that he is able to resist temptation. Plot There is a young prince who has a better library than anyone else in the world. From his many books, he has learned about every country on Earth. He finds, however, that all of his books are lacking in information on one subject, that of the Garden of Paradise. The prince becomes greatly interested in the Garden of Paradise. He deeply regrets that, according to the Bible, mankind was banished from it. He also believes that, if he had been there, he would have been able to stop Adam and Eve from picking and eating the forbidden fruit from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil and could have prevented sin from coming into the world. While he is walking alone in a forest one day, the prince is caught in a storm. He seeks shelter in a cavern where an old woman is roasting a whole stag on a spit. The prince remarks to the old woman that her manners are rougher and coarser than those of all other women he has met. The old woman replies that she has to be tough in order to keep her four sons under control. The prince flies on the back of the East Wind. They tell their mother about where they have been and what they have done. The North Wind has been to the Arctic. The West Wind has been to the Americas. The South Wind has been to Africa. The East Wind has been to China. As punishment for having done nothing but cause sandstorms and kill people, the old woman briefly ties the South Wind up in a sack until the East Wind persuades her to release him. The prince quickly befriends the East Wind and asks him more about the Garden of Paradise. The East Wind reassures the prince that the Garden of Paradise still exists but it has sunk far beneath the ground. No people have lived there since the time of Adam and Eve but it is now the home of a fairy princess. The East Wind offers to take the prince there the following morning. The East Wind takes the prince to the entrance of a deep dark cavern and leads him through it. They eventually emerge in the Garden of Paradise. The prince sees beautiful flowers and huge leaves which resemble peacocks. All of the animals in the Garden of Paradise are unafraid of people and perfectly harmless. Lions and tigers frolic playfully. The prince and fairy princess watch the East Wind leave the Garden of Paradise. Early 20th century illustration by Anne Anderson. The East Wind presents the prince to the fairy princess. She takes him to her palace, in which the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil grows. The palace also has windows with moving pictures on them which depict all of human history. The fairy princess takes the prince on a boat ride, during which he sees scenes from the Alps, Egypt and Australia. The prince asks the fairy princess if he can stay in the Garden of Paradise forever. She replies that it is possible but only if the prince can resist temptation. The fairy princess says that every evening for the next one hundred years, when the East Wind will come back again, she will try to tempt the prince. She will beckon to him. If he follows her, she will lead him to the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. He will see her sleeping at the foot of the tree. He will feel tempted to kiss her. If he kisses her, he will find that the Garden of Paradise has disappeared. He will find himself in a desert with the rain falling on him and the wind howling around him. He will also be aware that he will live in misery for the rest of his life. The fairy princess tells the prince that he should not follow her when she beckons to him because he will find it harder to resist temptation with each step he takes. The prince promises to ignore the fairy princess when she beckons to him. After the East Wind leaves, the prince, the fairy princess and her many attendants dance. The fairy princess warns the prince that she will try to tempt him when the dance ends at sunset. He follows the fairy princess to the Tree of Knowledge. He finds her sleeping under the tree and kisses her. The prince briefly finds himself in a desert, as the princess said he would. Soon afterwards, he finds himself back in the forest near the cavern of the winds. The mother of the wind scolds the prince for giving in to temptation on his first evening in the Garden of Paradise. She says that she would confine him to a sack if he were her son. He says that the prince will be confined one day, although in a coffin rather than in a sack. He says that he will allow the prince some time to atone for his sins but will come to collect him one day when the prince least expects it. Death adds, however, that there is still hope for the prince. Providing that he lives a good and pious

life for the rest of his days, he may yet get to go to the other Garden of Paradise which lies beyond the stars.

### 5: TRAVEL: THE GARDEN OF PARADISE - Newspaper - [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)

*The garden of paradise occupied all his thoughts till he reached his seventeenth year. One day he was walking alone in the wood, which was his greatest pleasure, when evening came on.*

Gardens, in their own way, also allow us to understand the social, economic and political life of the era to which they belonged and the Moorish gardens succeed in doing this particularly well. Situated on a hilltop with commanding views over Granada and with the Sierra Nevada mountains as a backdrop, the Alhambra was built as a fortified site. The high, austere walls concealed a mini town within and the palace was the seat of the ruling sultans: Following the Muslim conquest of Spain and the founding of Granada in the eighth century, a large area came under Muslim rule but the northern part of this region was retaken by the Christians in the 13th century, leaving Granada as the centre of a smaller – though still immensely influential – Islamic kingdom for the next years. The palaces and gardens of the Alhambra and the Generalife illustrate the genius of the Moors and their unique sense of grandeur and aesthetics. Paradoxically, it is a grandeur based on seeming simplicity, which is perhaps the hardest of all to achieve, and herein lies their greatness. It was a hot summer day when I visited, the clear blue sky offering no respite from the sun. But stepping inside the walls of the palace into cool rooms decorated with exquisitely carved details of Arabic calligraphy, the mind was instantly soothed and transported to another time and place. The rooms flow effortlessly into courtyards where the play of light and shade cast its own spell amidst the sound of gently bubbling water and splashes of green foliage. Passageways cut through dense cypress hedges. The architecture, proportions, design and workmanship impart an ethereal quality to the complex of rooms and gardens modelled after the Chahar bagh concept of Islamic gardens with their reference to paradise, the courtyards divided into four quadrants by shallow channels of running water with cooling fountains at their centre and the fragrance of flowers perfuming the air. In this Mediterranean climate, pomegranates hung from trees, some still bedecked with the remnants of their orange-coloured blossoms rendering an earthly interpretation of paradise. Water plays an important role in this paradise and gives the garden beauty and life as it splashes, trickles and bubbles from fountains and ponds and through shallow rills. It has a mesmerising quality, providing a soothing coolness for the mind and the eye. There is no water source at the site, all of it being brought from the hills above the Generalife by a complex system of engineering. This was a time when engineering systems were being developed and transporting water for the gardens from the hills above the Darro River show the technological prowess of the Moors and the wealth that allowed them to do so. Fountains create focal points in the Generalife gardens. Flowing water from fountains and rills is also used to connect the inside with the outside. Surrounding the courtyards are beautiful arches held aloft on slim pillars and carved with verses from the Quran. Other designs carved in alabaster appear like delicate filigree work with intricate swirls of flowers and leaves in the Islamic tradition with references to heavenly fruits such as pomegranates and figs. These courtyards were originally small private gardens that were interconnected through surrounding passageways. Some of the walls no longer exist and have been replaced by low hedges of box myrtle, giving the impression of a larger, more open garden instead of the private intimate spaces they were meant to be. A mingling of the gardens and the palace. Amongst the courtyard gardens, the simple Court of the Myrtles conveys the essence of the Islamic garden concept with a central, shallow pool bordered by low myrtle hedges that were added in the 19th century and whose reflection in the still water adds depth and dimension. Flowers and calligraphy carved on the courtyard pillars. In the Court of the Lions, the intimate space is divided into quadrants by shallow rills of flowing water with a central stone fountain borne on the backs of 12 stone lions whose bare teeth spout trickling water into the rills. The rooms enclosing the courtyard are symmetrically placed and the water flows into the outdoor space from within, connecting the two seamlessly. The quadrants surrounding the lions were austere filled with gravel when I visited but garden historians believe that originally the space would have been the repository for lemon and orange trees to delight the senses with their fragrance and visual beauty. The Generalife, a hunting lodge and summer palace built for the Sultans is visible on a hill just across the valley from the Alhambra. Looking across at it from the Alhambra you can see the distinct shapes of the clipped

cypresses lining the pathway along the retaining walls of the summer palace. Inside, the cypresses form dense hedges of brilliant green with arched passageways cut into the foliage that terminate at focal points. These openings draw the eye along, creating a sense of movement until it comes to rest on fountains gurgling in small stone basins. There are pebbled pathways, with water channel inserts that are bordered by smaller hedges, and there is a sense of coolness all around, a serene calm enhanced by the fragrance of roses. The Court of the Lions at the Alhambra Palace At the heart of the Generalife is the Patio de la Acequia or the Court of the Long Pond, with criss-crossing jets of arching water, a later addition attributed to the Renaissance.

### 6: The Garden of Paradise - Wikipedia

*The Garden of Paradise. 43 likes. We are selling quality artificial grass, water feature and artificial plants etc.*

He could read about everything which had ever happened in this world, and see it all represented in the most beautiful pictures. He could get information about every nation and every country; but as to where the Garden of Paradise was to be found, not a word could he discover, and this was the very thing he thought most about. His grandmother had told him, when he was quite a little fellow and was about to begin his school life, that every flower in the Garden of Paradise was a delicious cake, and that the pistils were full of wine. In one flower history was written, in another geography or tables; you had only to eat the cake and you knew the lesson. The more you ate, the more history, geography and tables you knew. All this he believed then; but as he grew older and wiser and learnt more, he easily perceived that the delights of the Garden of Paradise must be far beyond all this. Why did Adam eat the forbidden fruit? If it had only been I it would not have happened! Never would sin have entered the world! He walked into the wood one day; he was alone, for that was his greatest pleasure. Evening came on, the clouds drew up and it rained as if the whole heaven had become a sluice from which the water poured in sheets; it was as dark as it is otherwise in the deepest well. Now he slipped on the wet grass, and then he fell on the bare stones which jutted out of the rocky ground. He had to climb over huge rocks where the water oozed out of the thick moss. He was almost fainting; just then he heard a curious murmuring and saw in front of him a big lighted cave. A fire was burning in the middle, big enough to roast a stag, which was in fact being done; a splendid stag with its huge antlers was stuck on a spit, being slowly turned round between the hewn trunks of two fir trees. An oldish woman, tall and strong enough to be a man dressed up, sat by the fire throwing on logs from time to time. I have to be harsh if I am to keep my boys under control! But I can do it, although they are a stiff-necked lot! Do you see those four sacks hanging on the wall? They are just as frightened of them as you used to be of the cane behind the looking-glass. But here we have one of them. He was dressed in bearskin trousers and jacket, and he had a sealskin cap drawn over his ears. Long icicles were hanging from his beard, and one hailstone after another dropped down from the collar of his jacket. What sort of a feeble creature are you? How did you get into the cave of the winds? Now you know my opinion! I sat at the helm and slept when they sailed from the north cape, and when I woke now and then the stormy petrels were flying about my legs. They are queer birds; they give a brisk flap with their wings and then keep them stretched out and motionless, and even then they have speed enough. There you have a floor to dance upon, as flat as a pancake, half-thawed snow, with moss. There were bones of whales and Polar bears lying about; they looked like the legs and arms of giants covered with green mould. One would think that the sun had never shone on them. I gave a little puff to the fog so that one could see the shed. It was a house built of wreckage and covered with the skins of whales; the flesh side was turned outwards; it was all red and green; a living Polar bear sat on the roof growling. Then I remembered my part of the game! I blew up and made my ships, the mountain-high icebergs, nip the boats; whew! They were obliged to throw the dead walruses, chests and ropes out upon the ice! I shook the snow-flakes over them and let them drift southwards to taste the salt water. They will never come back to Behring Island! He carried a mahogany club cut in the American mahogany forests. It could not be anything less than that. I saw the wild buffalo swimming in the river, but the stream carried him away; he floated with the wild duck, which soared into the sky at the rapids; but the buffalo was carried over with the water. I liked that and blew a storm, so that the primaeval trees had to sail too, and they were whirled about like shavings. Oh yes, I have plenty of stories to tell! But one need not tell everything. You know that very well, old woman! What grass there is on those plains! The gnu was dancing about, and the ostriches ran races with me, but I am still the fastest. I went to the desert with its yellow sand. It looks like the bottom of the sea. I met a caravan! The sun was blazing above, and the sand burning below. There were no limits to the outstretched desert. Then I burrowed into the fine loose sand and whirled it up in great columnsâ€”that was a dance! You should have seen how despondently the dromedaries stood, and the merchant drew his caftan over his head. He threw himself down before me as if I had been Allah, his god. Now they are buried, and there is a pyramid of sand over them all; when I blow it away,

sometime the sun will bleach their bones, and then travellers will see that people have been there before, otherwise you would hardly believe it in the desert! Here comes the fourth. I have just come from China, where I danced round the porcelain tower till all the bells jingled. The officials were flogged in the streets, the bamboo canes were broken over their shoulders, and they were all people ranging from the first to the ninth rank. Mind you drink deep of the well of wisdom, and bring a little bottleful home to me. He must tell me about the phoenix; the Princess always wants to hear about that bird when I call every hundred years. He has scratched his whole history on it with his bill, for the hundred years of his life, and she can read it for herself. I saw how the phoenix set fire to his nest himself and sat on it while it burnt, like the widow of a Hindoo. Oh, how the dry branches crackled, how it smoked, and what a smell there was! At last it all burst into flame; the old bird was burnt to ashes, but his egg lay glowing in the fire; it broke with a loud bang and the young one flew out. Now it rules over all the birds, and it is the only phoenix in the world. He bit a hole in the leaf I gave you; that is his greeting to the Princess. You know all about them I suppose from your Bible stories? The queen of the fairies lives there. The Island of Bliss, where death never enters, and where living is a delight, is there. Get on my back to-morrow and I will take you with me; I think I can manage it! He was sitting on the back of the Eastwind, who was holding him carefully; they were so high up that woods and fields, rivers and lakes, looked like a large coloured map. They look like chalk dots on the green board. You could mark their flight by the rustling of the trees as they passed over the woods; and whenever they crossed a lake, or the sea, the waves rose and the great ships dipped low down in the water, like floating swans. Towards evening the large towns were amusing as it grew dark, with all their lights twinkling now here, now there, just as when one burns a piece of paper and sees all the little sparks like children coming home from school. The Prince clapped his hands, but the Eastwind told him he had better leave off and hold tight, or he might fall and find himself hanging on to a church steeple. The eagle in the great forest flew swiftly, but the Eastwind flew more swiftly still. The Kossack on his little horse sped fast over the plains, but the Prince sped faster still. Figs and pomegranates grew wild, and the wild vines were covered with blue and green grapes. Do you see that wall of rock and the great cavern where the wild vine hangs like a big curtain? We have to go through there! Wrap yourself up in your cloak, the sun is burning here, but a step further on it is icy cold. The bird which flies past the cavern has one wing out here in the heat of summer, and the other is there in the cold of winter. Now they entered the cavern. Oh, how icily cold it was; but it did not last long. The Eastwind spread his wings, and they shone like the brightest flame; but what a cave it was! Large blocks of stone, from which the water dripped, hung over them in the most extraordinary shapes; at one moment it was so low and narrow that they had to crawl on hands and knees, the next it was as wide and lofty as if they were in the open air. It looked like a chapel of the dead, with mute organ pipes and petrified banners. The blocks of stone above them grew dimmer and dimmer, and at last they became as transparent as a white cloud in the moonshine. The air was also deliciously soft, as fresh as on the mountain-tops and as scented as down among the roses in the valley. A river ran there as clear as the air itself, and the fish in it were like gold and silver. Purple eels, which gave out blue sparks with every curve, gambolled about in the water; and the broad leaves of the water-lilies were tinged with the hues of the rainbow, while the flower itself was like a fiery orange flame, nourished by the water, just as oil keeps a lamp constantly burning. A firm bridge of marble, as delicately and skilfully carved as if it were lace and glass beads, led over the water to the Island of Bliss, where the Garden of Paradise bloomed. The Eastwind took the Prince in his arms and bore him over. The flowers and leaves there sang all the beautiful old songs of his childhood, but sang them more wonderfully than any human voice could sing them. Were these palm trees or giant water plants growing here? The Prince had never seen such rich and mighty trees. The most wonderful climbing plants hung in wreaths, such as are only to be found pictured in gold and colours on the margins of old books of the Saints or entwined among their initial letters. It was the most extraordinary combination of birds, flowers and scrolls.

### 7: Children's Bible Lessons

*Avatar & the Garden of Paradise. January 9, On New Year's day (in the evening), my wife and I went to the theatre and saw the movie Avatar. I wanted to see it.*

In them he could read of everything that had ever happened in this world, and he could see it all pictured in fine illustrations. He could find out about every race of people and every country, but there was not a single word about where to find the Garden of Paradise, and this, just this, was the very thing that he thought most about. When he was still very young and was about to start his schooling, his grandmother had told him that each flower in the Garden of Paradise was made of the sweetest cake, and that the pistils were bottles full of finest wine. At the time he believed her, but when the boy grew older and more learned and much wiser, he knew that the glories of the Garden of Paradise must be of a very different sort. Now if it had only been I, that would never have happened, and sin would never have come into the world. The Garden of Paradise was always in his thoughts. He went walking in the woods one day. He walked alone, for this was his favorite amusement. Evening came on, the clouds gathered, and the rain poured down as if the sky were all one big floodgate from which the water plunged. It was as dark as it would be at night in the deepest well. He kept slipping on the wet grass, and tripping over the stones that stuck out of the rocky soil. He had to scramble over great boulders where the water trickled from the wet moss. He had almost fainted, when he heard a strange puffing and saw a huge cave ahead of him. It was brightly lit, for inside the cave burned a fire so large that it could have roasted a stag. And this was actually being done. A magnificent deer, antlers and all, had been stuck on a spit, and was being slowly turned between the rough-hewn trunks of two pine trees. An elderly woman, so burly and strong that she might have been taken for a man in disguise, sat by the fire and threw log after log upon it. Do I make myself clear? I have to be harsh to control those sons of mine. I manage to do it, for all that they are an obstinate lot. See the four sacks that hang there on the wall! They dread those as much as you used to dread the switch that was kept behind the mirror for you. I can fold the boys right up, let me tell you, and pop them straight into the bag. But here comes one of them. He was wearing a bear-skin coat and trousers; a seal-skin cap was pulled over his ears; long icicles hung from his beard; and hailstone after hailstone fell from the collar of his coat. Why, frost is my chief delight. How do you come to be in the cave of the winds? The North Wind now talked of whence he had come, and where he had traveled for almost a month. I lay beside the helm, and slept as they sailed from the North Cape. When I awoke from time to time the storm bird circled about my knees. He gives a quick flap of his wings, and then holds them perfectly still and rushes along at full speed. The surface of the island is all half-melted snow, little patches of moss, and outcropping rocks. Scattered about are the bones of whales and polar bears, colored a moldy green, and looking like the arms and legs of some giant. I blew the fog away a bit, so that the house could be seen. It was a hut built of wreckage and covered with walrus skins, the fleshy side turned outward, and smeared with reds and greens. A love polar bear sat growling on the roof of it. That taught them to shut their mouths. This reminded me of my own sport. I blew my sailing ships, those towering icebergs, against the boats until their timbers cracked. But I outwhistled them all. Overboard on the ice they had to throw their dead walruses, their tackle, and even their sea chests. I shrouded them in snow, and let them drift south with their broken boats and their booty alongside, for a taste of the open sea. I like him best of all. He has a seafaring air about him, and carries a refreshing touch of coolness wherever he goes. He was a nice boy once, but that was years ago. In his hand he carried a mahogany bludgeon, cut in the mahogany forests of America. Nothing less would do! I saw a wild buffalo wading in the river, but it swept him away. He swam with a flock of wild ducks, that flew up when the river went over a waterfall. But the buffalo had to plunge down it. That amused me so much that I blew up a storm, which broke age-old trees into splinters. He was certainly a wild young fellow. What fine grass grows there on the plains. It is as green as an olive. There danced the gnu, and the ostrich raced with me, but I am fleeter than he is. I went into the desert where the yellow sand is like the bottom of the sea. I met with a caravan, where they were killing their last camel to get drinking water, but it was little enough they got. The sun blazed overhead and the sand scorched underfoot. The desert was unending. What a dance that was! You

ought to have seen how despondently the dromedaries hunched up, and how the trader pulled his burnoose over his head. He threw himself down before me as he would before Allah, his god. Now they are buried, with a pyramid of sand rising over them all. When some day I blow it away, the sun will bleach their bones white, and travelers will see that men have been there before them. Otherwise no one would believe it, there in the desert. He thrashed about on the floor until she sat down on the sack. That kept him quiet. Here comes the fourth one. He was dressed as a Chinaman. I am just home from China, where I danced around the porcelain tower until all the bells jangled. Officials of state were being whipped through the streets. Bamboo sticks were broken across their shoulders, though they were people of importance, from the first to the ninth degree. Remember to drink deep out of the fountain of wisdom and bring back a little bottleful for me. He must tell me about the phoenix bird, because the Princess in the Garden of Paradise always asks me about that bird when I drop in on her every hundred years. But he looked very glum, because the Prince, who was a stranger, had seen him humbled. On it he scratched with his beak a history of the hundred years that he lived, so she can read it herself. I watched the phoenix bird set fire to her nest, and sat there while she burned to death, just like a Hindoo widow. What a crackling there was of dry twigs, what smoke, and what a smell of smoldering! Finally it all burst into flames, and the old phoenix was reduced to ashes, but her egg lay white-hot in the blaze. With a great bang it broke open, and the young phoenix flew out of it. Now he is the ruler over all the birds, and he is the only phoenix bird in all the world. As his greetings to the Princess, he thrust a hole in the palm leaf I am giving you. As they sat down to eat the roast stag, the Prince took a place beside the East Wind, and they soon became fast friends. Then fly with me tomorrow. I must warn you, though, no man has been there since Adam and Eve. You have read about them in the Bible? The queen of the fairies lives there on the Island of the Blessed, where death never comes and where there is everlasting happiness. Sit on my back tomorrow and I shall take you with me. I think it can be managed. When the Prince awoke the next morning, it came as no small surprise to find himself high over the clouds. He was seated on the back of the East Wind, who carefully held him safe. They were so far up in the sky that all the woods, fields, rivers, and lakes looked as if they were printed on a map spread beneath them. They stand out like chalk marks upon the green board. One could hear it in the tree tops. All the leaves and branches rustled as they swept over the forest, and when they crossed over lakes or over seas the waves rose high, and tall ships bent low to the water as if they were drifting swans. As darkness gathered that evening, it was pleasant to see the great cities with their lights twinkling here and spreading there, just as when you burn a piece of paper and the sparks fly one after another. At this sight the Prince clapped his hands in delight, but the East Wind advised him to stop it and hold on tight, or he might fall and find himself stuck upon a church steeple. The eagle in the dark forest flew lightly, but the East Wind flew more lightly still. The Cossack on his pony sped swiftly across the steppes, but the Prince sped still more swiftly.

### 8: Synthetic Grass, Artificial Grass, Fake Grass Melbourne | Turf VIC

*The Garden of Paradise by Hans Christian Andersen. This fairy tale from Hans Christian Andersen was published in his fairy tales collection in , featuring illustrations by Dugald Stewart Walker.*

### 9: Hans Christian Andersen : The Garden of Paradise

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