



Regiena Heringa

Joselle, Oro and the Star Vehicle

Some said that the great star vehicle had come from a rising beam of golden white light whirling up from the centre of the sacred forest of Mareithia. Others said that the majestic craft had been seen as far away as Sevenaaz, the vast sea, and as close as the tips of the mountains of mauve. And yet others said that this beautiful vessel had always been among the clouds and only now was making itself known.

In fact, all that was being murmured with staccatoed breath among the inhabitants was true. At times the vessel appeared as a rainbow of mist, at other times almost transparent showing only a silver edge when the fine fingers of the sun reached over to caress it. Indeed, it was mysterious and in the past had caused great discussion and contemplation. But with time the people became accustomed to this wondrous light in the sky coming and going like the migration of birds. The people described the star vehicle as quiet as velvet that softened their thoughts and warmed their hearts. And so eventually the vehicle became a familiar part of the surroundings, fitting nicely in their minds between the meadowlands and the streams. Familiarity brings on easiness and soon the inhabitants were comfortable with the shy presence in the sky.

Eight-year old Joselle and her slightly older brother Oro had spent the morning running through the summer meadows with pure, clear laughter. They had invented games requiring certain skills. But as both were still quite young, each trial for increased power and endurance would fail and both would burst out in simple joy when they realized the required strength could not be mustered. Joselle and Oro were unfamiliar with failure. One either stood still or moved ahead in the learning process. There was no such concept as moving back.

At the edge of the meadow where they had spread their laughter, was a very steep and inviting hill. Perfect for a body roll! And so sister and brother lay themselves down on the grassy edge and began to propel their bodies downwards, around and around, causing them to feel both exhilarated and dizzy. Down they went, pieces of straw sticking in their mouths and dried sticks clinging to their footwear. Luckily, they stopped short in front of a small stream that gurgled a wet welcome and both lay together in the perfect embrace of a cloudless afternoon. A few bees hummed nearby and the inviting smell of warm earth rose up into their faces. Suddenly, a thin white sound like the wind within a reed began to pulsate in the air. Joselle and Oro sat up quickly and looked around curiously.

“Oro,” whispered Joselle, always observant, “look at the other side of the stream.”

There above the land not far away, floated a most magnificent object sprinkling green, blue and purple lights. Oro held his breath for a moment, kept his body perfectly still and then whispered, “I know this ship. I have seen it in dreams. Wonderful people live on it. We must go visit.” And up he stood.

Joselle was not at all sure that his idea was a good one, but Oro the Curious would not be held back. Without

bothering to undo his footwear, he walked straight through the cool water of the stream towards the great star craft. His body, his mind and his eyes were glued to this new adventure and no one was going to take it away from him.

Joselle stayed put on the summer ground, keeping her curiosity in check and watched her brother move away “Surely Oro will tell me the story when he comes back,” she said to herself drowsily and promptly fell back into a gentle sleep.

It seemed like a very long time before Oro walked back through the chilling waters to greet her. The vehicle had gone but the bees, unfatigued, still continued their musical visitation of nearby blossoms. Joselle slept on. When Oro excitedly nudged her awake, she gazed up to a smiling face and a body surrounded by a shining blue light. Ecstatic, Oro jumped around like a lost frog, words stumbling from his lips. “Joselle, oh Joselle,” he managed to utter, “it was marvellous! It was marvellous!”

Joselle, still feeling that her mind was stuck in a slippery fog, couldn’t understand his tremendous enthusiasm.

“Please sit down beside me, Oro, and speak calmly. What is it and why do you have all that blue light around you?”

Oro told her of the wondrous people he had met, exclaiming every now and then that they came from many places and not just from the earth. But the greatest secret of all was this: As he took his sister’s hands in his, the blue light surrounding Oro flowed into her body. Joselle gasped at the power and the beauty of the radiance.

“Oh Oro, I feel so...wonderful!” Like the joyous arpeggio of a silver flute, the brilliant blue played into every cell of her body. Joselle smiled widely and Oro nodded merrily for he, too, was feeling very, very wonderful. With a warm whisper he suggested, “Let’s see if we can change the colour. Let’s think of cake and see what happens.”

As both children had a remarkably sweet tooth, the idea of cake deliciously invaded their minds (and their stomachs) and the light around them turned pink! They were astounded. As they admired the beauty of the surrounding grasses, the pink light changed to gold. All afternoon they experimented with colour and feeling, and later that night illustrated their findings to their parents. They had begun to realize that from the bodies of those inhabitants who were kind and had feelings of gratitude, beautiful colours would flow. From the bodies of unhappy people the colours were duller.

Joselle and Oro’s adventure happened many years ago. They are now grown up and continue to teach others about how to change their feelings to radiate shimmering colours. Not all the inhabitants in the meadowlands understand them, but that does not hinder their work. To this day they continue helping and healing others. They know that loving beings are with them and that the shimmering sacred forest of Mareithia, which is not too far from where they now live, holds them close to the Glory of Creation.