



Regiena Heringa

The Morassa Family's Adventure

It was said that the Morassa family had originally come from the salt banks of the vast sea which some villagers believed no longer existed. To their minds, the waters had been swept away by discontented winds and only an immense dish of white hard ground remained. But others knew better. The vast sea, heavy and powerful in its turquoise waters, extended far into the horizon in a northeasterly direction. It could not be measured, for how could one measure infinity? This vast sea lay broad, proud and open seemingly lifelines away from the meadowlands and the great forest of Mareithia.

Kye Morassa, the tall, handsome father of soft eyes, walked the pathway from the meadows to the forest with his right arm over his son's shoulder. Every now and then he would pull Berma closer to him. His wife, Pela, was leading the way. She was as tall as her husband and brave of heart. It had not yet been a year since the loss of their only daughter.

The Morassa family had decided to leave the village on the far side of the mountains where they had lived many years and where Berma had been born. Although foreigners, they had been graciously welcomed by the inhabitants and would have stayed had their daughter not become ill and die. But to stay in a place of grief was unbearable to Kye and Pela and so they left, without a plan and without their daughter. Their hope now lay with Berma.

Dusk was spreading its fine fingers of dew and pink-orange light on the autumn grasses. "We need to find shelter," Kye said softly. "Let us enter the forest."

Pela nodded in agreement and began to scout out an entrance between the oak and the pine. In the end it was Berma who found a narrow, somewhat undefined path which led into the clean, fragrant forest. The birds, feathers trembling in song, trilled with joy that they had come to visit. Unknown to the family, the forest had been awaiting their arrival for many months.

They all made a comfortable bed in the end-of-summer-warmed pine needles, ate some fruit from their bags and looked up to admire the full white moon which began to float upwards within the deepening sky. In this place of beauty and grace, Pela and Kye felt their hearts open in companionship. They smiled at each other; gave Berma a hug and lay down to rest. The birds placed their lovely heads under their wings and slept.

There are times in the forest when the full moon becomes the playmate of the trees and the golden lake. And tonight was such a night. Majestically and with a faint whisper, a great force moved up from the earth below and surrounded the forest from left to right. To the outside world the forest remained unchanged. But to the world within, Mareithia had become glittering. The silvery trees melted into transparency and the lake became liquid crystals of purest light which glided everywhere touching and elevating all things to elegant geometric forms of unsurpassed beauty. Small, perfectly formed fairies the size of pine cones danced on the breath of the trees while visitors from within the earth and from the highest rainbow celebrated this new night in dance and in song. All was permeated with the fragrance of white roses.

Something pulled Berma out from a deep, deep sleep. He rolled over, brushed away a pine needle from underneath his nose, opened his eyes and saw in the dark distance a human form in pink and golden light. It was beautiful. It was also quite familiar. Excitedly Berma shook his parents who, too, were far away in sleep. "Wake up," he whispered urgently. "Wake up. We have a visitor." Immediately his parents awoke and looked to where Berma was pointing. There she was, a magnificent light in human form. Norra. Their daughter. "Shsst," said Norra oh so softly, her sparkling index finger touching her lips. "Do not be frightened. I am really here."

Her family was so filled with awe and surprise that they were unable to move.

Norra continued to speak in that fine, delicate way. "When you think of death, you think I am lost to you. This is not so. I am simply in another place. And that place is given sustenance by your thoughts and your love. The whole universe is only a beat of the heart and each beat is a thought of love. If you keep your thoughts on this love, you will see me and you will be with me because there is where I am."

She came up, oh so very close, to each of the family. Within her hands were three objects. She first kissed Berma and said softly, "With this stone I give you courage to help our mother and our father." As she kissed Kye she whispered, "With this leaf I give you vision to care for our family and the many others who will come to you for help." Turning to Pela she murmured in her ear, "With this flower I give you love to become the leader of a community you will all build together," and she kissed her mother goodbye.

It was late morning before the Morassa family awoke in the sun-flooded forest. Each member wanted to say, "I had the strangest dream about Norra," but felt too shy to do so. And so no one spoke about the event. Secretly Berma put the stone in his pocket; Kye placed his leaf in his bag and Pela put the flower in her hair where everyone could see it.

No one would mention the visit for a long time to come. In the meantime, each in his and her own way

had understood that death was only an idea. Love was a heartbeat that could bring anyone from anywhere into a pure and honest mind.

Berma, Kye and Pela smiled at one another, finished up a small breakfast while the birds prepared the afternoon's concert, and left the forest in gratitude. A new day had begun and all was well.

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