

## Paulus and the Honey Bee



The great vast sea lay many, many sunsets and moonrises away from the mountains of mauve and further away still from the shimmering forest of Mareithia. Although the majority of people of the meadowlands and foothills claimed that this huge body of water had dried up into a basin of salt, relentlessly caked and baked in the hot sun of the ages, this was not so. This tremendous area of water and its companions of wind, light and sky were older still than the first humans who had touched upon the earth planet. Its tremendous head and body of shining turquoise rocked slowly and definitively within the embrace of the orange sand. Those who believed that the vast sea did indeed exist thought that the water was uncharitable that nothing could grow within it.

But this was not so.

Most individuals born near this majestic and mysterious body of blue and green had no desire to wander far away from it. It seemed that this sea had a way of willing people to stay. The few who left never to return, seldom spoke of their origins in their travels. And so with time the nomads and the curious began to name the sea "Sevenaaz" which in the tongue of the roaming community means "unknowable waters."

Strangely enough, there was an easy familiarity between Mareithia, the great and sacred forest, and Sevenaaz, the vast and silent sea. Both held within their ancient selves secrets of fathomless understanding and wisdom that had been lost over the thousands of years of human evolution and migration. It was also true that both Mareithia and Sevenaaz, although lying far away in opposite directions had a common genealogy – the stars.

And thus it happened one fine day as the sun sprinkled its goodness onto the leaves and the clouds tickled the wings of excited swallows that a message was radiated from the stars to the peoples below. This celestial communication, swift and clear, sent pure silver light into the wings of the honey bees. It was now up to these devoted insects to alert, gently yet firmly, the humans who were ready to continue their journey upwards.

Filled with their joyful mission they danced off to the great expanse of Sevenaaz, the mountains of mauve, the rocky foothills and the butterfly meadowlands. They continued on for many days

hoping that in simply landing upon the hand or the arm of an inhabitant for one brief moment, they would be given the grace to transmit the light of greater understanding. But little was accomplished. There seemed few people indeed who wanted to admire the honey bee. Often before the golden insect could come near the inhabitant, it was brushed away with a hand of irritation or anxiety.

Paulus, a quiet and honest man, had spent his twenty-one years near the amber coloured shore which caught up Sevenaaz. Respecting his ancestry he, too, had taken up the staff of wandering. But always after a trip of several days or weeks, Paulus would return to the sea. Sometimes in the evening, under the soft surveillance of the celestial sky, he would allow a great expansion to invade his heart and mind. The silky feeling of being one with all creation was at times so overwhelming that warm tears would flow down his tawny cheeks. Then he would whisper to the universe, "Will you not tell me more? Can you not bring me somewhere where I can meet a family or friends of like minds and hearts?"

Paulus knew the sea held great secrets, but his loneliness created a barrier. First he needed understanding from others and then he could delve into the comprehension of things more far-reaching.

And so it was that at the end of a crystal clear day a honey bee weary from a very long flight found a quiet young man caressing the turquoise waters with a slender hand. The air graciously held the lovely fragrance of renewed hope as the glowing insect gently came to rest on his wrist. Paulus looked from the water to the bee and addressed it wonderingly, "Where do you come from? You are such a long way from home!"

While Paulus admired the colour and the courage of the honey bee, a tremendous force penetrated his being. He became enraptured, filled with a goodness and peace never felt before. It took his breath away and he closed his eyes to savour the experience more deeply.

When he awoke, Paulus found himself near another body of water – golden water. He was sitting at its flower-filled edge, the scent of honey and roses filling his nostrils. Wise, ancient trees swayed around him as birds sang out their welcome.

A very small honey bee had brought Paulus to a new land which promised great discovery. He knew that soon he would be meeting familiar faces and this brought a smile to his lips. Mareithia shimmered all about him and the Glory of Creation moved as a silver thought throughout the world.