

*SPIRITUAL STORIES FOR  
THE NEW WORLD*



Regiena Heringa

## Lost and Found Again

It happened on a warm summer's morning in the forest as the birds were singing the advent of a new day. The calm, golden lake between the boughs of the trees shone with silent reverence. All of nature pulsed with Perfection. Then quietly, with tremendous strength and majesty, a human form, standing tall, slowly rose to the surface of the lake from deep below. This human, beautiful and all-knowing, glistening like the gold of the lake, walked gracefully from the water's surface to the flower carpeted shoreline and praised the glory of Creation.

Admiring the intelligence and purity surrounding him and breathing in the delicate fragrance of the wild roses, the being began to follow a path which wound itself out of the forest to greet the meadowlands and the distant mountains of mauve. At the beginning of the journey, the human retained full memory of the sacred light of the lake and continued to praise the Creator of All Good. Thus he remained in a golden body of perfect light. But the traveling to the mountains was very long. As his attention began to focus more and more on his immediate surroundings, the memory of his divine origin faded and the light of his body became dull and feeble. With time he settled down to become part of a village life he had discovered which provided him with some comfort but little peace. The villagers called him "Ha-say-na" which in their tongue meant "The Lost One."

Many years passed. Ha-say-na, although somewhat of a recluse, did much to help the inhabitants of the small village. He was generous and kind. Yet within there flickered a feeling of abandonment which he could not define.

One late afternoon the village buzzed with excitement. A stranger, tall and bright, elegant and strong walked with great purpose towards the small dwellings. Every step he took was preceded by light and every footprint was immediately filled in with this same light. Long ago, before the people in this community were born, this great being, too, had risen from the sacred golden lake in the forest of bird song.

The love and power of this stranger were so great that the villagers moved towards him without the slightest hesitation. He opened his perfectly shaped hands in friendship, smiled and asked to see Ha-say-na. Several people pointed to a small hut hidden behind a stone outcropping, but Ha-say-na was already coming towards them. The presence of this great being had already filled his mind from afar and he knew he had been called. But he did not know the reason.

Hay-say-na stood in quiet admiration in front of this noble stranger and asked himself why he couldn't be like him. The great being smiled and answered his question out loud. "You are exactly like me, but you have forgotten your origins. Do you remember the lake?" And as he spoke he lightly touched Ha-say-na's forehead.

As his eyes closed, Ha-say-na found himself once again in the perfect, pure light of the lake. His heart soared and his peace was complete. Realizing that he had found his home and that all was good, he once again praised the glory of Creation.

This wondrous experience lasted only a few moments but when Ha-say-na opened his eyes, the stranger had disappeared and the villagers were filled with awe as they gazed upon him. Looking down at his body, Ha-say-na saw he was once again clothed in the golden light of the lake. Smilingly he looked into the eyes and hearts of the gentle people with whom he lived so long. It was then he vowed to remain with them until each one became completely clothed in that same light.

Ha-say-na still lives in the same village today but his name has been changed. Lovingly the people now call him "Am-ly-ri" which in the old tongue means "Found Again."

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