



Regiena Heringa

Seemer and the Gift of Transformation

Since the last turn of the moon, the villages scattered around the foothills of the mountains of mauve were restless. This unease had begun when, one day, out of a sleek, elegant cloud trimmed with piercing sunlight, a silvery vehicle had risen up swiftly into the familiar skies of the peoples. For most inhabitants it was an instrument which belonged neither in their skies nor in their minds. It was true that in the past some had witnessed a similar event but many more had not. And this had become the origin of dispersed debates which continued to linger on.

Finally a great gathering was called inviting all to discuss this strange state of affairs. People, short and tall, young and old, varying in skin and hair color, had come from as far away as the vast sea (whom some suspected no longer really existed). Interested parties from the deepest parts of the mountains of mauve and from the most secret hollows in the meadowlands were also asked to attend.

And so many groups were formed to discuss the possibility of life elsewhere upon or inside the planet, or even above it.

Among these many people were a few beings, gentle in nature. One of these individuals was a young man who carried the name of “Seemer” which in the ancient tongue means “the undefined one.” Unbeknownst to the villagers, Seemer and his companions came from afar, beyond the planet and its moon and carried with them the gift of transformation. With this gift they could not only change their bodies to match those of other worlds but they could also change another’s thoughts if that person was willing to exchange lower thoughts for higher ones.

The sun had risen and set three times before Seemer decided it was time to address the community. The people were more divided than ever and the space between patience and intolerance was growing smaller. Now was the moment to use the gift.

As he looked around the groups Seemer felt a great tenderness for them all. Some contemplative individuals had let go of argument and were eating quietly; others red-faced, were desperately trying to prove their point of view. A few children, clear in spirit and strong in body, were marveling over the purple butterflies that were visiting from elsewhere and playing with the small furry mountain animals which lived close to the village. Like the children who loved them, these playful creatures thrived on food and friendship. Looking up to the sky, Seemer smiled secretly to the worlds above the earth which lay waiting, invisible to the human eye but visible to him.

With a wave of his hand, the buzz of conversation stilled immediately and all heads turned to Seemer who

stood on a solid piece of pink and white granite slightly above the crowd. With a face sweet and strong and his warm brown eyes falling lovingly on each inhabitant, Seemer radiated wisdom and truth. With a powerful voice he spoke to the people, “I ask you to close your eyes for a moment. Tell me, what do you see?”

Each inhabitant did as he requested and each inhabitant saw something different. Some saw wonders of worlds far beyond their imagination; others saw peoples in shining light that walked among them; yet others saw trees that spoke and the winds that sung messages of great importance into their ear. Each villager was experiencing something greater, something deeper than their normal ideas. They realized that by opening their thoughts and hearts from deep within themselves, there were universes to explore. They realized that although they were unique, so were all other peoples and therefore all existence was to be revered. They realized that no matter what they may experience in the outside world, it was only a play from the world inside. With these great realizations they knew they were free for their hearts had opened them up to greater possibility and opportunity. All the peoples from the vast sea to the meadowlands realized that they had a common bond—the expression of freedom through tolerance and compassion of another’s point of view.

Seemer then asked the crowds to open their eyes. With a powerful yet gentle voice the man from afar said, “I ask you to reflect on this: which do you choose, to free your spirit and contemplate the possibility of things unknown or to remain with the familiar and harness your spirit to a closed world?”

The feeling of liberty had suddenly become such a strong link of respect and friendship among the inhabitants that no one could utter a word of dissension. They looked one to the other with the sole desire to share their food and their point of view.

Seemer could feel the warmth of gratitude like a ribbon of gold moving throughout the community and beyond it. Not only had the people felt the gift of transformation he had bestowed upon them but they now carried that same gift within themselves. Quietly he left the gathering and mentally signaled to his companions that it was time to visit the great forest Mareithia for rest and fellowship.

The world had once again been lifted up to a finer expression as the Glory of Creation touched the land.

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