



Regiena Heringa

Vynen and the Rainbow

For some time now the sky above the quiet and sacred forest had become an enormous and magnificent rainbow of sparkling and pristine hues, from yellow to indigo and on to silver and gold. This rainbow, emanating from an unknown source of pure light, lovingly embraced not only the forest below but also the surrounding meadows and reached even further to include the crown of the highest mountains of mauve shimmering in the distance.

The older man, dusty and weary from so many uninterrupted and dull days of traveling down a road he neither saw nor cared about, looked into the distance in front of him. With glazed eyes he perceived glimpses of pine and oak trees. He turned around for a moment to gaze without a flicker of interest at the purple mountains he had passed and then continued on. The air was as dry as that which lay within him.

Vynen had his reasons for living this way. He had lost everything, his family, his home and his finest memories.

The day was becoming very warm. Swallowing a little water from a half-broken container he carried in a bag slung over his left shoulder, Vynen found a small hollow in the meadowlands away from the road where he could rest.

Sitting down on the cool ground, he refused to lie back. Sleep had become a foreign land he no longer wished to visit. Looking out over the many colored grasses and drowsy wildflowers, he suddenly felt an inner stirring of something undefinable, like a thin faint sliver of hope edging itself into his dulled mind. Vynen closed his eyes for a moment exploring this newcomer and immediately felt someone beside him. His eyes flew open and fell upon a small perfectly formed human being the size of his middle finger who smiled up at him from within the golden center of a daisy.

“Peace to you,” said the delicate being, sparkling in the perfect colors of the rainbow. Her voice was high and clear like the call of an eagle on the wing. Vynen, despite his overall disinterest in the world, was immediately fascinated. How could this beautiful miniature know his language? For that matter, how could this wonderful creature live, let alone, speak?

“Where do you come from?” asked the astounded Vynen. She pointed up to the sky. Vynen saw

nothing.

“From the rainbow which is visiting this part of your planet,” she answered mysteriously. “But that is not important. It is your life that is important. And you are wasting it,” she added rather forcefully.

Vynen admired her directness. The sliver of hope now firmly lodged within his mind continued to travel down to prick his heart. “I am wasting my life because that is what I have chosen to do,” he said stubbornly. “I have my reasons. My life has been hard and unfair. I haven’t been lucky like other people.” Feeling sorry for himself made him comfortable.

“Watch this,” ordered the small shining being and instantly the meadowlands in front of Vynen disappeared to be replaced by moving images depicting significant events in his life. What he saw made him weep. He watched the many moments when he comforted those who were sad or sick; the times he created laughter, music, poetry and wooden carvings to uplift the hearts of others; the times he honored and loved the world and all of its children. All of these marvelous moments which were gone from him forever.

“This is not so,” replied the wondrous being, reading his every thought. “When memory is revisited it slips back into the present. Nothing in the universe is ever lost. Simply relive the moment you wish and it is yours again. The world awaits for help. Will you give it?” She finished her sentence with a smile that made the daisy upon which she stood dance in agreement. Elegantly reflecting the hues of the visiting sky, she rose up into the air easily, kissed Vynen on his wet cheek and disappeared. The echo of her final words filled Vynen’s head. *Reflect on this and choose well.*

He sat for a very long time and continued watching the images of his life being played out in front of him. As the meadows slowly replaced the fading pictures, the sun was already setting. A new life began to stir within him. All of nature breathed a sigh of contentment and Vynen began to contemplate how he could be of service to the world.

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