

The Weaver and the Fairies

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The Villagers

Once there was a village where all the villagers had magic inside them. It was a magical village. The farmers, the healers, the artists, the singers, the writers, the chefs, the gardeners, the architects, the bakers, the shopkeepers, the apprentices, the teachers, the builders, the artisans, the dancers, the dreamers, the star watchers, the musicians, the candle-makers, the water-keepers, the weavers, the stone-cutters, the animal-whisperers, and the children- they all had magic inside them, and they made beautiful things from it. They all loved doing what they did. When they did what they loved the magic came out, and they saw jeweled light, and they felt joy.

The magic inside them was a jewel. It was an eternal, limitless jewel. It was as powerful as Gaia, Sea, Sky, Sun, Moon, Planets and Stars. It had been given to them before they were born. It was the source of their love and their joy. It was where everything they needed and desired came from. It was the jewel of the heart.

But, a dark spell had been cast upon the villagers. Cast upon them, long ago. And all of the villagers went under this spell, except the Weaver. The villagers would forget what they once did know – that within each of them there was this magical, limitless jewel. So, they all went under the spell, except the Weaver, and when they did what they loved, they saw jeweled light and felt joy, but they didn't see the jewel.

This meant they could forget they were eternal, limitless beings. For, without remembering they possessed within themselves the source of the jeweled light, the joy they felt in seeing the jeweled light and making beautiful things from it, was fleeting. They didn't talk to each other about the jeweled light. They kept it a secret. It was the secret of the jeweled light each villager held alone inside. For you see, when they went under the spell they stopped knowing about the magic inside and began believing magic didn't exist. And the jeweled light was magic, wasn't it? So, it was better not to talk about it. Before the spell, they had been like Queens and Kings of their own magical realms. Before the spell they had laughed and danced and sang and played with the fairies in their gardens. They had freely and openly woven their love into what they did in joy, always remembering they were not their beautiful things, they were the jewels. It would be like the Sun forgetting it was a ball of infinite radiance and thinking instead it was only the rays of light shining on earth. Perhaps, it would make the Sun feel limited, insecure and small. After the spell, the villagers felt limited, insecure and small. This made them easy to control.

The Faraway People

When had the villagers been free of this dark spell, you may wonder?

Long, long ago the ancient ones, the Faraway People had lived in the magical village among the villagers. The villagers had skin the color of Gaia and warm, turquoise eyes. The Faraway People had skin the color of the Stars and Planets. They had warm, violet eyes. They wore long, golden robes, and were very tall. The Faraway People and the villagers built together a tower made of shimmering stones, the Tower of Jewels. The Faraway People were Teachers. In the Tower of Jewels they taught the villagers the lost, hidden secrets of Gaia, Sea, Sky, Sun, Moon, Planets and Stars. They taught them to see the fairies. The villagers learned from the Faraway People, and the lost, hidden secrets were unlocked for them, through the jewels of their own hearts.

The villagers gathered in the Tower of Jewels and the Faraway People would sing:

*“Remember to love the jewel of your heart
and look to it for all you need and desire,
and you will experience limitlessness.
Remember the beautiful things you create
from the jeweled light
come from the jewel of your heart
and you will experience joy.
Remember the magic inside...”*

And the villagers did, for a while.

The Dark Sorcerers

Who or what had cast this dark spell upon the villagers, you may wonder?

One night, the Faraway People visited the Weaver who lived in a house at the edge of the village, beside a Forest. The Weaver had both Faraway People and villager blood flowing through her. The Faraway People told the Weaver they would be leaving the village that night. The Weaver was sad and cried. The Faraway People said, “It must be so. Those who would steal the jewels of the heart are coming. We will move into the Forest where the fairies are. The door between fairy and villager world must be closed. From now on you will not be able to see the fairies but you will remember they exist. For the villagers it will be different. They will forget everything. But the time will come again when a Weaver will be called upon to assist in the opening of the door between fairy and villager world. This may not happen for thousands of years. When the Weaver is called, she will open the turquoise

box and weave the villagers a healing cloth. We know this is difficult to hear, but this is part of the story of the jewel of the heart. Part of the story of Gaia, Sea, Sky, Sun, Moon, Planets and Stars. *Trust.*” And the Weaver said, “Yes, I will trust.”

Then, the Faraway People gave the Weaver three magical gifts: a silvery pouch of golden seeds, a turquoise box and the Book of Jewels. The Book of Jewels was a treasury of the timeless stories the Faraway People had received through the jewels of their hearts. It was alive and always evolving. It was a transmitter of the wisdom of Gaia, Sea, Sky, Sun, Moon, Planets and Stars. It was filled with pictures, writings and songs. It was a magical book.

The Faraway People told the Weaver, “You are the one who will treasure the jewels of the heart for us.” And she said, “Yes, I will treasure the jewels of the heart, come what may.” Then the Weaver and the Faraway People embraced and the Faraway People walked into the Forest. The Weaver put the magical gifts in a safe place and went to sleep.

Soon after the Faraway People left, all the villagers except the Weaver began to forget to love the magical jewel of their hearts and look to it for all they needed and desired. They began to forget what the Faraway People had taught them and stopped going to the Tower of Jewels. Though they wouldn’t say it out loud, they were angry at the Faraway people for leaving. They felt abandoned.

One day, a small group of dark sorcerers came into the village. They were looking for some place to cast a dark spell. All the villagers except the Weaver, came out of their colorful homes, shops, classrooms and studios, they left their gardens and fields. It was as if a strange new wind had blown into the village, and they were curious. The strangers had dark, veiled eyes burning with an icy fire. Their skin was grey. They wore long, dark capes. The villagers could feel a coldness emanating from the strangers’ chests, an icy vapor curling through their capes. They had never seen or felt anything like these beings before.

The villagers looked into the dark sorcerers’ eyes. The dark sorcerers were looking at them as if they were superior and knew something they didn’t know. As if the villagers were bereft of magical jewels. As if the strangers could see all that was not good enough in them, all that was missing, lacking, wrong. Suddenly, the villagers felt afraid. They saw something dark move inside themselves. For the first time, each villager saw a golden door at the entrance to the jewel of their heart. It cast a shadow. The villagers felt the impulse to shut the door and were shocked. They had a choice? To open or close this door? This, they hadn’t known. The villagers thought, *Should we trust these strangers? Perhaps, they are wise and can teach us something we don’t know.* And they felt a sudden pull to want to please these strangers. *This was the beginning of the dark spell.*

The villagers went back to their colorful homes, shops, classrooms and studios, they returned to their gardens and fields. The dark sorcerers found a place to stay in the village.

One day, the dark sorcerers built a grey house in the center of the village. The house had many rooms. As all the villagers except the Weaver watched them building the house, they saw something dark move inside themselves and were split in two. They *felt* like telling the strangers to stop building the grey house because, for some reason, they didn’t like it. But a voice inside their heads said, *this will bring greater stability, safety and security to the village.*

And the villagers chose not to listen to their feelings, but to the voices in their heads. *This was a continuation of the dark spell.*

One night, the dark sorcerers closed the curtains in the grey house. In a room they had devised particularly for hiding secrets, they gathered in a circle to perform a dark magic ceremony. They worked deep into the night. One of the dark sorcerers was chosen to be the owner of the grey house. He was given the key to the grey house and the title Mayor. It was decided it would be best if the Mayor didn't wear a dark cape, but clothes just like the villagers. They turned the dark cape into a tall, black hat.

Next, they took out objects they had hidden. They'd stolen something from everyone in the village. Everyone that is but the Weaver, for she was invisible to them, though the Weaver could see the dark sorcerers. They lay the stolen objects in a circle and took from each the essence of its owner, and made a Book. The Book would be used as a tool for controlling the villagers. It was full of dark, veiled words burning with an icy fire. It was a Book that would have the same effect on the villagers as the dark sorcerers' eyes had when they'd first looked into them. It would be where all the beliefs they wanted the villagers to believe, would be written. It would be where the villagers' beautiful things would be recorded. The dark sorcerers called it the Book of Judgements and Opinions. One of the first things they wrote in the Book was, "*Magic, dark or light, doesn't exist.*" They wrote many other things too, none of which they actually believed. But that wasn't important. The important thing was that the villagers believed what was written in the Book. Everything written was meant to strip beautiful things of their light and leave the villagers feeling diminished, and wanting to please the one who controlled the Book. Among the seemingly endless pages they left many blank, intending the Book to be passed down through the ages. They left room for countless Mayors to come to continue binding the Book of Judgements and Opinions with dark magic. And recording all the villagers' beautiful things.

The next evening, again, the dark sorcerers worked deep into the night, forging a long, black table. Fashioning it from a metal they had brought with them from a distant place and imbuing it with all the dark magic they knew. They called it the Table of Shadows.

At dawn, the dark sorcerers looked into the darkness inside. They looked north, they looked south, they looked east, they looked west and saw there was nothing more to be done. So, all the dark sorcerers but one, packed up their things, bid the Mayor goodbye, and disappeared from the village. The Mayor fondled the key to the grey house deep in his icy, chest pocket. He walked into the room particularly devised for hiding secrets and sat down behind the Table of Shadows. His grey hands caressed the Book of Judgements and Opinions, and he smiled, eager to begin. The first thing he would do would be to introduce himself to the villagers as the Mayor. They didn't know what the occupation of Mayor entailed. He would explain to them he was there to *help* them. To help them improve their beautiful things.

The Time of the Mayors

And so, the time of the Mayors began.

With each new Mayor the dark spell cast over the villagers deepened, and his control over the villagers grew. A Mayor's life was lonely and made up of dark secrets. He worked behind closed curtains. When he let the villagers see him he had to hide all his dark sorcerer secrets and show them only lies. This was not hard for him to do. He didn't feel bad about it. He didn't know any other way of being. He didn't know what it was like to feel compassion for the villagers or want to disclose his secrets. Like all dark sorcerers he had chosen to lock the door to the jewel of the heart, and so he didn't see jeweled light. He saw only darkness. He had chosen to experience power and control over those who saw jeweled light instead of experiencing love and joy. And he thought he had chosen well. Even though this meant he couldn't create beautiful things. A Mayor was taught by his father that he could take unto his dark body what he needed of the jeweled light by possessing the villagers' beautiful things. Each Mayor thought "I'm free to do whatever I please with the villagers and their beautiful things. I have the power. I'm in control." Yet, each Mayor's hunger for the jeweled light never ceased. He was always hungry, for the next beautiful thing....

Neither Fooled Nor Daunted

In the village, there was always one villager who was neither fooled nor daunted by the shenanigans of the Mayor, and that was the Weaver. She was the one the Faraway People had chosen to treasure the jewels of the heart. The one who held the silvery pouch of golden seeds, the ancient turquoise box, and the Book of Jewels. The Weaver loved the magical jewel of the heart. She remembered the beautiful things she wove from the jeweled light came from the jewel of her heart and were not *her*, *she was the jewel*. She remembered what the Faraway People had taught. And always, she loved the villagers and wove them the most radiant, wondrous cloth.

Each Weaver taught the next Weaver about the magic inside. When it was time, she gave her the three magical gifts, saying, "Now, you are the one who will treasure the jewels of the heart for us." And the new Weaver would say, "Yes, I will treasure the jewels of the heart, come what may."

Though the other villagers thought it was abandoned, each Weaver watched over the Tower of Jewels. She climbed its steep, spiraling stairway, spoke with its shimmering stones, and in the top of the tower, sang and danced under the stars and the moon.

Through the ages, Mayors had sought to possess the Tower of Jewels. They had commanded villagers to enter the tower and make it habitable for them. Each time though, flocks of powerful doves mysteriously appeared and prevented them. No matter how many doves they killed, new doves appeared. One Mayor told the villagers to take down the tower itself, stone by stone, and though the doves didn't appear, the villagers discovered

destroying the Tower of Jewels was impossible, for the stones were immovable, unbreakable, uncrushable. Finally, the idea of taking over the Tower of Jewels was abandoned by all Mayors. The villagers were told that the tower held no value, and to forget about it. And so the villagers did. It was forgotten by all but the Weaver and the children. The children loved to play their imaginary worlds in the Tower of Jewels. There came a time when no dove was ever seen in or around the tower, and for many years doves seemed to have disappeared from the village. But one day, a Weaver went into her garden and saw doves sitting in a flowering tree. From that day on, there had always been doves living in the Weaver's garden, watching over her.

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The Villagers' Beautiful Things

At the end of every day, the villagers left their colorful homes, shops, classrooms, studios, gardens and fields, and walked through the village in a tidy, well-behaved line, carrying their beautiful things to the Mayor's grey house. They wanted so much to please the Mayor.

They carried their beautiful things into the room devised particularly for hiding secrets, where they knew the Mayor was waiting for them. As they entered the cold, grey room many of them stumbled. The villagers asked themselves, *why am I in such a jumble? A heap, a mess, a tangle of confusion? What is this darkness I feel moving inside me? Why are my children whimpering, collapsing on the floor in tears? I am just doing what I'm supposed to do.* What the villagers didn't understand was, the darkness they felt moving inside was the door to the jewel of the heart being closed by their own hands.

There the Mayor sat, behind the Table of Shadows. His dark, veiled eyes burned with an icy fire, under his tall, black hat. He looked into their eyes. As he did, the flame of the candle on the table grew. No one moved. Even the children became quiet and still. Everyone felt the icy vapors curling from his chest, reaching out to them. "Give me your beautiful things and I will judge their worth," the Mayor said, in a cold, commanding voice.

The villagers lay their beautiful things on the Table of Shadows. Then they quickly stepped back from the table, and stared at the floor.

The farmers brought intuition, tomatoes and cilantro, the healers brought compassion, remedies and roots, the artists brought imagination, paintings and sculptures, the singers brought harmony, songs and notes, the writers brought understanding, stories and poems, the chefs, brought delight, roasted delicacies and soups, the gardeners brought tenderness, flowers and seeds, the architects brought balance, plans and designs, the bakers brought comfort, pastries and pies, the shopkeepers brought integrity, tapestries and teas, the apprentices brought curiosity, experiments and plays, the teachers brought knowledge, drawings and books, the builders brought strength, clay and wood, the artisans brought, patience, pottery and jewelry, the dancers brought passion, choreography and costumes, the dreamers brought inner sight, journeys and dreams, the star watchers brought insight,

discoveries and charts, the musicians brought peace, flutes and harps, the candle-makers brought illumination, scents and beeswax, the spinners brought simplicity, hemp and flax, the stone-cutters brought persistence, limestone and granite, the animal-whisperers brought listening, dogs and cats, and the children didn't bring anything. Their mothers and fathers held their hands tight and told them to be quiet.

The Mayor's grey hands moved quickly over the table, bringing all the villager's gifts as close to his chest as he was able. The Table of Shadows seemed to quiver, as if it were alive. The Mayor took each beautiful thing, looking at it rapaciously with his dark, veiled eyes. Then, he turned the pages of the Book of Judgements and Opinions, till he found the perfect page. The one that would strip the beautiful thing of its light, and leave the villager feeling diminished. Then, reading from the Book in sharp, disapproving tones he'd explain what was lacking, missing, wrong. Why the beautiful thing the villager had brought that day, just wasn't good enough to be recorded favorably in the Book of Judgements and Opinions.

After the Mayor had finished doing this with each of the villagers' beautiful things, he always remembered what he'd been taught by his father, "Always look and sound like you believe what you say, and always give the villagers hope." The Mayor's eyes and voice would strangely soften as he looked into their eyes and said, "Don't worry, you are like children. I am patient. I know you will grow better at this one day. Maybe, tomorrow!"

Then, the Mayor took out a long, white quill, stained with the blood of an ancient dove, dipped it into vermilion ink, and looking very powerfully pragmatic, began recording their beautiful things in the Book of Judgements and Opinions.

There the villagers silently stood, staring at the floor. The Mayor looked into their eyes, but they never looked into his. Not after that first meeting long ago, did a villager ever really look into a Mayor's eyes. *This was part of the dark spell.* Yet, had the villagers peered into the Mayor's eyes while he wrote, they would have seen a curious gleam, a rather mad, unsettling smile actually. As if he were smiling at something invisible, faraway and yet very near. You see, as vermilion ink flowed from the long, white quill the Mayor saw his ancestors' faces spreading gleefully across the pages, and he was smiling back at them.

Once the Mayor finished, he'd close the Book of Judgements and Opinions with a flourish, and tell the villagers in his cold, commanding voice, "Now, you may leave."

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The Table of Shadows and the Secret of the Jeweled Light

When the villagers had gone, the Mayor placed his grey hands on the table and commanded, "Take the beautiful things." And the Table of Shadows did. It swallowed up all the beautiful things and began sorting and sifting through them. The Mayor caressed the Table of Shadows that had been forged long ago by his ancestors, the dark sorcerers. They had imbued the table with all their dark magic so he could have all the power and control in

the village that he now had. The table was alive, and so was the Book. The Table of Shadows and the Book of Judgements and Opinions were his friends, his family. He could depend on them to support his greed, always. The Mayor blew the candle out and in the dark, the Mayor, the Table, and the Book, chuckled together, thinking of what was written on the very first page of the Book: *Magic, dark or light, doesn't exist.*

As the Mayor slept, the Table of Shadows sorted and sifted through the night. With its long, streaming, shadow hands, it ran like secret streams breathing through the house. It put all the beautiful things where they belonged. The Table of Shadows was marvelous at keeping everything in order, and perfectly clean. But the countless grey rooms were growing heavier and heavier, like a person who has eaten way too much day after day after day, year after year, for thousands of years, even though they scrub and bathe themselves, even though they wear the best clothes. Perhaps the house itself felt sick with the weight of the living, locked-up gifts and wanted to explode? For thousands of years the house had been holding the villagers' beautiful things. The Table of Shadows knew how to make the rooms grow bigger, even though the villagers perceived the house was always the same size. There was always room for one more beautiful thing, because the Mayor's hunger for the jeweled light was rapacious, and actually, growing. But the Table of Shadows had noticed something disturbing recently. Something it had never experienced: it was slowing down, it wasn't as strong. As its long, streaming, shadow hands ran like secret streams breathing through the house, the Table of Shadows was needing to catch its breath and in some of the rooms it seemed as if there was no air to breathe at all...

As the villagers stepped outside the Mayor's grey house, the sun was setting and the birds were singing their evening song. They began walking home together, silently at first, thinking to themselves. Feeling to themselves. The villagers didn't want to reveal their true feelings to each other. They all felt so limited, insecure and small. Once again, they hadn't pleased the Mayor. It was so awful. It gave them such a heavy feeling. An empty feeling too. But somehow they must endure this painful reality, that locked within the Book of Judgements and Opinions was written for all time, all the ways they were not good enough. All the ways their worth had been judged and they just didn't measure up.

After a while, the villagers would begin to talk to each other. What could they do to make the Mayor smile? They discussed how they could enhance their beautiful things and gave each other advice based on this evening's judgements and opinions. Soon, they would begin to feel better. Actually they felt enormous relief. They were going home now. They could do what they loved. None of them had pleased the Mayor. They were all the same. Who were they anyway? They were just villagers. They were lucky they had the Mayor to help them. Someone to teach them how to improve their beautiful things.

The villagers were resilient. The villagers could rationalize anything. They prided themselves on being practical, productive, reasonable and realistic. On suppressing their emotions, controlling their children, trusting the Mayor, believing what was written in the Book of Judgements and Opinions, and keeping the jeweled light a secret.

When they reached their colorful homes and bid each other good night, they'd smile and say, "Maybe we'll do better tomorrow!"

*You see, everyone wanted so much to please the Mayor.
Everyone that is, but the Weaver.*

The Weaver

The Weaver lived at the edge of the village, in a small, colorful house beside a Forest. Her house was covered in wild blossoming vines and encircled by a garden of iridescent flowers and lilac trees. Every day she called to the fairies, “Dearest fairies, though I can’t see you yet, I know you exist!” The Weaver loved the magical jewel inside herself and all beings. She’d planted a golden seed in the center of her house and a tree of golden flowers had grown. She’d fallen into a dream under the tree and when she awoke, there was a golden loom shining beside her. It was alive. It was her friend. From that day on, she had woven the most radiant, wondrous cloth for the villagers.

She loved to sit at her golden loom, under the tree, with the door to her garden open, and weave. As she wove she’d sing in her warm, vibrant voice, “I weave with the jeweled light of my heart, I weave with the jeweled light of the flowers, I weave with the jeweled light of Gaia, Sea, Sky, Sun, Moon, Planets and Stars, I weave with the jeweled light of my heart...”

The villagers loved the Weaver and her cloth. She wove them magical blankets. As the villagers lay under them in their beds at night, they felt bigger and their dreams grew into amazing journeys through forgotten worlds. Just holding a piece of it between their fingers soothed them when they felt afraid.

The Weaver wore simple dresses woven from the flowers inside and outside her house. Her skin was the color of Gaia. She had warm, violet eyes. When the villagers looked into her eyes they felt warm deep inside. This was because the Weaver knew the jeweled light shone from the jewel of the heart, and that this jewel was inside her. It was inside everyone and everything.

Sometimes, the villagers had tea with the Weaver in her garden. She would tell them stories from the Book of Jewels. The villagers loved these fairy tales. They would breathe deeply into the colors and scents of the iridescent flowers and lilac trees and listen. Amid the fluttering of butterflies and dragonflies, the humming of bees and the song of doves, they would learn about magical realms. Though they didn’t believe magic existed, it was enchanting. Sometimes in the garden, the villagers would wrap themselves in the radiant, wondrous cloth they had just bought, and feel a wild urge to dance. And they would. They would rise from their cups of tea and dance upon the grass and be transported. They would dance a dance of simply and freely expressing who they were, and know they were eternal and limitless beings. Then, the villagers would sit back down, stunned, not knowing what had come over them...for just a moment they had let go of having anything more to do to improve themselves, and their beautiful things, and they felt released from the dark spell they were under.

But soon they would gather their things, fold their new blankets neatly, preparing to leave the Weaver’s house. For, the villagers’ thoughts had returned to the Mayor and the Book of Judgements and Opinions. You see, though the villagers loved the Weaver they didn’t trust her ways, not really. They felt bewildered and worried about her. What happened to someone who believed in fairy tales? Someone who didn’t bring her beautiful things to the

Mayor, and have them recorded in the Book of Judgements and Opinions? What happened to someone who just didn't seem to care about pleasing the Mayor? Before the villagers left the Weaver's house they would often ask, do you want to come with us to the Mayor's tomorrow? The Weaver would gently smile at them and say, "No, thank you." She didn't attempt to persuade them not to go. She always said, "Tell him I said hello." The villagers would nod quietly in ascent, but when they stood before the Mayor they always forgot the Weaver's request.

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The Golden Tree and the Ruby

The Book of Jewels was a treasury of the timeless stories the Faraway People had received through the jewels of their hearts. It was alive and always evolving. It was a transmitter of the wisdom of Gaia, Sea, Sky, Sun, Moon, Planets and Stars. It was filled with pictures, writings and songs. It was a magical book. The Weaver would go to sleep at night and in the morning a new page would be there for her to delight in.

One morning, the Weaver sat at her golden loom under the tree and opened the Book of Jewels. She saw a new picture. It was of a brightly glowing ruby. It radiated warmth. Under the picture was written, *A magical jewel rises*. Mmm...the Weaver thought, bathing in the beauty of the picture and the mysterious words. What could it mean?

The Weaver rose, feeling a sudden urge to dance. As she danced, the golden tree began to sway, to tremble. Then, from its fluid branches its golden blossoms began to fall in waves. In wave upon wave the golden blossoms fell, showering the Weaver. Covering the golden loom and the floor of the Weaver's house. The more blossoms that fell, the more were on its branches. The Weaver held her arms up to the delicious, delicate cascade, filled with love and joy and celebration. This magical event had been foretold in the Book of Jewels, *When the golden tree dances, showering a Weaver with its blossoms, she will know the time has come for the door between fairy and villager world to be opened. The time has come for her to weave the healing cloth ...*

On the very same morning that the Weaver found a picture of a brightly glowing ruby in the Book of Jewels, a farmer discovered a large, radiant ruby in his field. It radiated a beautiful light and when he bent to touch it, harmonious sounds rose into the air. The farmer was filled with wonder. For a moment he forgot to believe magic didn't exist and thought, "This is a magical jewel. It has emerged from the earth as a precious gift to our village." The farmer called to his friends and all the villagers came. A little boy said, "It's like the sun has risen from inside the earth." The villagers lifted the jewel from the field. They listened to the jewel's harmonious sounds and gazed into its radiant light. The jewel was warm and emanated love. It was alive. Its love flowed into the villagers. They held the jewel tenderly and began to sway, as if to the rhythm of its heart beat. All the animals in the fields swayed too. Everyone felt something inside shining, something inside rising.

A little girl said, "The jewel is telling us not to keep the jeweled light a secret. It's telling us we all have a beautiful jewel inside! We don't need to bring our beautiful things to the Mayor anymore!" And all the children began singing with the song of the jewel.

Suddenly, a cold wind blew across the fields and the adults remembered the Mayor and the Book of Judgements and Opinions. Their voices rose in excitement, "Let's bring the jewel to the Mayor. It is sure to please him!" The children stopped singing and they all began walking to the Mayor's grey house.

10

The Villagers Bring the Jewel to the Mayor

The villagers walked exuberantly through the village. Not tidily, in a well-behaved line, as they usually did. They stepped excitedly into the Mayor's grey house. They spilled into the cold, grey room particularly devised for secrets, and didn't stumble at all. They smiled, anticipating the pleased look in the Mayor's eyes when he saw the astonishing jewel they had brought him. The farmer held the large, radiant ruby in his hands tenderly, not bringing the beautiful thing to the table as he always would have done.

There the Mayor sat, behind the Table of Shadows. His dark, veiled eyes burned with an icy fire, under his tall, black hat. He looked up at the sudden noise, saw the jewel, and leapt to his feet. The farmer said, "Mayor, look at this jewel the earth has given our village as a precious gift!" The villagers didn't lower their heads, as they had always done before. Instead, they looked straight at the Mayor, expecting him to smile. For the jewel was so beautiful.

But the Mayor didn't smile. His lips disappeared into the stony grey fortress of his face as he stood staring at the jewel. Now that the villagers were looking at his face and not lowering their eyes, they were terribly surprised. They noticed for the first time just how cold, hard and rapacious it was. And when they looked into his eyes, they felt a terrible shock. Within his eyes the villagers saw an icy mountain of greed, reaching for the jewel. Their heads spun. They awoke from their confusion, the uncertainty that bound them when they were in the cold, grey room. Things that had been hidden were suddenly hidden no more. They could see who the Mayor really was. They could see what he really wanted. And the villagers, who had trusted the Mayor, who had given him their power and believed in the Book of Judgements and Opinions, felt so betrayed.

All at once, the villagers' thoughts metamorphosed - from tiny caged birds into large, wild geese suddenly released into the cold, grey room. Their thoughts began to fly as freely as if they flew through a cold, grey sky: *The Mayor just wants to capture and control this beautiful jewel, but why? What will it bring him? He already has so much... The Book of Judgements and Opinions is a tool for him to control us with, not because he believes anything that is written in it... Magic does exist, and he is practicing dark magic, and we want to practice the magic of the light, as it is alive in this jewel, the magic of the heart, that is why this jewel has come to us ...We will never please the Mayor with our beautiful things. He just wants us to keep thinking we can, so we never stop trying... He doesn't want life in the village to be safe, secure, or stable, he wants us to feel afraid, and unable to value our wondrous worth... We have thought we are free, but the grey room is a cage and we have been its prisoners, and even when we leave it, we*

are still inside it... He just wants to capture and control us, like this beautiful jewel... Suddenly, the villagers turned to each other shivering, moving closer together to feel warm. The wild geese of their thoughts had flown into an ice storm. And then, all at once they felt the fire.

Abruptly, the Mayor stepped out from behind the Table of Shadows. The villagers had never seen him do this before. Stunned, they watched him walk towards the farmer. The Mayor was trembling and they could see in his eyes from the icy mountain of his greed, flames of rage now blazed. He stood glaring at the farmer, and said, "Give me the jewel!" And the farmer did.

The Mayor took the ruby and walked back behind the table again. For a moment, he thought he might drop the jewel, for it moved in his trembling hands, as if it were alive. But he held it tight. He looked down on the villagers from a great height and yelled, "This jewel is mine!"

The villagers' eyes opened wider. They saw the Mayor looking down on them from a terrifying mountainous blaze of ice and fire. He was being eaten alive by something deep inside.

You see, the light of the jewel eluded the Mayor though he thought he could capture the jewel and consume its jeweled light. Because of this he was filled with more hunger than he'd ever felt before. He was lost in a storm of greed and rage. It carried him faraway. He heard a dark voice howling inside and it said, *I must have all the jewels! Compared to this jewel what are all the villagers' beautiful things? They are nothing. What I need is jewels!*

Then, the Mayor had a thrilling vision. He saw himself sitting in a tower high above the village. He was sitting at the Table of Shadows. It was covered in mountains of jewels. The icy vapors curling from his chest consumed their light in overwhelming deliciousness. The Mayor felt dizzy as he realized what this vision meant: He would be omnipotent if he moved from the grey house, into the Tower of Jewels!

But, he wondered, *for thousands of years, Mayors had lived in the grey house. Would he have the support of his ancestors if he moved into the Tower of Jewels?* He got his answer immediately. All at once the cold, grey room quivered with dark delight, and he saw in the paintings on every wall, his ancestors smiling at him in agreement. Then, the long, streaming, shadow hands of the table rose in a breathless wind and began turning the pages of the Book of Judgements and Opinions. The hands stopped at a page the Mayor had never seen before. He peered close to read the words, drawing the water of dark sight from its hidden well:

"There shall come a time when a Mayor is able to live within the Tower of Jewels. He shall do what no other Mayor has done before him. He will unlock the ultimate power held within the key to the grey house. He will no longer need villagers' beautiful things and shall control the villagers in a new way."

Though this was the first time the Mayor had read these words, it was as if he had been studying them all his life. He knew just what to do.

The Mayor stilled his trembling hands. He would do something none of his ancestors had done before him. He would say what he meant and not attempt to give the villagers hope.

He would no longer lie. The villagers stood there watching him, frozen. The Mayor sat down. His eyes and voice were strangely alive with an unfamiliar fervor. He looked into their eyes and said, "This is a magical jewel. Magic, dark and light, does exist. It always has. You are fools. This is my jewel. You have found it because it belongs to me, and it is your destiny to bring me all I desire and need. It has always been so, and will always be so." The Mayor took the long, white quill, stained with the blood of an ancient dove, dipped it into vermillion ink, and declared, as he wrote in the Book:

"I decree from this day forth, all villagers shall now be Diggers of Jewels. The sole work villagers shall henceforth do is digging for jewels and bringing them to me, the Mayor Supreme. Farmers will stop farming. Healers will stop healing. Artists will stop making art. Singers will stop singing. Writers will stop writing. Chefs will stop cooking. Gardeners will stop gardening. Architects will stop designing. Bakers will stop baking. Shop-keepers will close their shops. Apprentices will stop learning. Teachers will stop teaching. Builders will stop building. Artisans will stop crafting. Dancers will stop dancing. Dreamers will stop dreaming. Star-watchers will stop watching stars. Musicians will stop making music. Candle makers will stop making candles. Water-keepers will stop watching over water. Stone cutters will stop cutting stones. Animal whisperers will stop listening to animals. And children will stop playing. Each and every day...."

The Mayor continued declaring his decree. The villagers saw his mouth and hand moving. But they had stopped listening. They stood there, absorbing everything they had just witnessed.

Would they do nothing, say nothing, feel nothing, one more time? They felt something deep inside shining. Something deep inside rising. It was beyond the golden door. They could almost see it burning as brightly as the jewel in the field. Could it be that a powerful, beautiful, magical, hidden part of themselves was almost within view? And if they could lift it from within just as they had the ruby from the earth, they could see it clearly, they could hold it tenderly too? But they were terrified. Terrified of its light. Terrified to see jeweled light shining inside as they stood before the Mayor. This had never happened before. They had never seen jeweled light in the cold, grey room. What would they do? What would they say? Would they raise their voices? Speak what was in their hearts? Reveal to the Mayor and each other the secret of the jeweled light? For thousands of years villagers had stood in this cold, grey room and been controlled by fears. Would today be any different? They wanted it to be. But...they were afraid. They had to do something. They had to make a choice. They couldn't do both. They had to open the door inside wider than it had ever been before and let this something shining, something rising out, or they had to push the golden door shut.

Just then, the jewel on the Table of Shadows began to sing. "The jeweled light shines from the jewel of the heart, keep secret no more the beauty you are, keep secret no more..." The air was filled with the song of the jewel. Two children cried out to the jewel, "I love you!" For a moment nothing was allowed in the room except this magic.

But then, the Mayor raised his grey fists in the air and brought them crashing down upon the Table of Shadows. The room shook and whirled with the storm of his spell-binding rage and the villagers were afraid. Before they knew what they were doing, they felt dark hands moving inside, and the villagers chose...they shut the doors to the jewels of their hearts.

Once they did that, it was mostly dark inside the villagers. But still they could see the faint glow of the golden door. The Mayor took out the icy key to the grey house from his chest pocket. He lit the candle. He passed the key back and forth through its flame, murmuring a spell no Mayor had ever uttered before. To do this, he drew the spell of dark sight from its hidden well within himself.

As the key absorbed the dark flame, the villagers heard a calamitous creaking, a scraping, clawing, scratching, screeching. Sounds coming from the dark inside, insisting on shutting out all light. The villagers didn't know what these sounds were, but these were the sounds of the doors to the jewels of their hearts being closed, in a new way. These were the sounds of the doors to the jewels of their hearts being locked. Then, the villagers heard only silence inside. They saw only darkness. The faint glow of all the golden doors had disappeared, and the villagers could feel no emotion.

The Mayor smiled and in his eyes there was a mad, unsettling gleam. He put the key back into his chest pocket. The doors to the jewels of the villagers' hearts were not just closed. Now they were locked, and he had the key. He felt so very pleased and he knew his ancestors supported him thoroughly. He blew out the candle. He finished writing his decree and signed it with a flourish. He closed the Book of Judgements and Opinions and lay the long, white quill down.

Then, the Mayor pounded the Table of Shadows with his grey fists and screamed, "Diggers of Jewels! Go at once! Dig! Dig, dig, dig in the fields you fools, and bring me more jewels! Bring them to my new home, the Tower of Jewels!"

11

The Weaver Receives Messages from the Golden Tree

After showering the Weaver with its blossoms, the golden tree became still. The Weaver stood under the tree enveloped in the fragrance of the golden flowers. The golden tree began to sing. At the end of its song, which was filled with messages, the tree told her, "Now that it is time for the door between fairy and villager world to be opened, you will go on a journey. Always remember you have the blessings of Gaia, the blessings of Sea, the blessings of Sky, Sun, Moon, Planets and Stars!"

The Weaver sang softly to the tree, "I love you. Thank you. I have received all you have told me and more." She gently touched the golden loom covered in flowers. She put on her blue cloak and went into her garden. The sky was the color of dusk, though it was still morning. A cold wind blew from the village. She looked into the Forest with longing eyes, wishing she could see the fairies. The Weaver called to the Doves, and they came to her. She spoke to them in low, tender tones, and then, they flew off.

She began walking to the fields. As she neared the fields she saw all the villagers. *This is strange*, she thought. *Why is everyone here, even the children?* They seemed to be picking things from the fields. As she got closer the Weaver saw that what they were picking were actually *jewels*. Jewels of varied sizes, shapes and colors. They exuded warm, colored light. This colored light flowed over the fields in translucent, glowing streams. The most

harmonious sounds the Weaver had ever heard rippled from the jewels, bathing the air with a blissful music. It was so beautiful and wondrous, but there was something strange. The villagers were not the same. They moved as if they didn't see each other or the jewels or hear the song of the jewels... as if they, the villagers, didn't know what they were actually doing. But still they were doing it, without bumping into each other. And she could see, the villagers were putting the jewels into sacks. So they did know they had something in their hands, they just didn't see what it was. The Weaver thought, *it's like all the villagers are walking in their sleep, together. Doing the same thing, without any emotion.*

She strode forward, calling out to her friends, and just as she did, her whole body hit a wall. A cold, transparent wall of wind rose before her. She stepped left, she stepped right, but the wall of wind surrounded the fields and would not let her pass. She cried out to the villagers. She struck the wall of wind, but could not shatter it. She cried out to her friends again and again, but they wouldn't wake up. The Weaver realized that the Mayor had just this morning cast an even darker spell over the villagers... a spell in which he'd locked their hearts. And it was he who had conjured this wind through his greed, his anger, his pain and his fear, and she burst into tears.

The Weaver sat in the field, crying. She wanted to go to the villagers, but she could not. The harmonious sounds of the jewels wrapped around her, comforting her. She opened her eyes and saw a magnificent Sapphire glowing at her feet. It was the shape of a star and shone forth a warm, radiant light. She lifted the magical jewel to her heart and held it tenderly. It was warm and emanated love. Its love flowed into her. The Weaver began to sway to the rhythm of its heartbeat and was soothed. *Thank you*, she whispered to the Sapphire. The Weaver rose and began walking back to her house, carrying the magical jewel.

12

The Fairies

The garden fairies were known as the Derona by all the other fairies and magical beings living in the Forest beside the Weaver's house. The Derona lived in a magical garden they and their ancestors had loved and cared for since long, long ago. Of all the fairies it was the garden fairies who had been especially close and connected to life in the magical village when the door between fairy and villager world had been open. When the Faraway People had lived in the village, the Derona had flown through the Forest into the village whenever they pleased. They had loved cavorting in the villagers' gardens and fields, playing with the villagers' children, and sometimes, they would teach in the Tower of Jewels. But most of all they had loved watching the Weaver weave and loved helping her whenever she asked.

On that night long ago, when the Faraway People had come into the Forest, they had gone to the Derona, to give them news of the changes coming. The garden fairies had been very sad. The fairies and the Faraway People had gone together to a special place to lock the door between fairy and Villager world, for they knew it must be so, to keep the magic safe. After the door was locked, the fairies wept. The Faraway People held the Fairies close to their hearts and said, "The time will come when the door will be open again. When that time comes, you and the Weaver will be called upon to assist in the opening of the door between

fairy and villager world. This may not happen for thousands of years. We know this is difficult to hear. This is all part of the story of the jewel of the heart, part of the story of Gaia, Sea, Sky, Sun, Moon, Planets and Stars. *Trust.*” The fairies knew this was true, and said, “Yes, we will trust.”

The fairies and the Faraway People decided that all knowledge about the time when the door between fairy and villager world would be unlocked, must be passed on from generation to generation. All except this, *where the door was and how to unlock it.* This special knowing would not be spoken of to their children. It would not be sung of in the ancient songs. It could only be revealed through the wisdom in the jewel of the heart, to those who were called upon to assist in its opening. And only when it was time.

One day, the Faraway People told the fairies they would be leaving the garden and continuing their journey. Before they left they told them, “Remember this, dearest friends... Even though the Weaver cannot see you any more, she will always know you are there. She will *feel* your existence. Even if she doesn’t know it is the fairies she is feeling, she will feel your frequencies. They will be a source of secret strength. Watch over her dearest fairies, and listen for her call.

Together you and the Weaver are treasuring the jewels of the heart for us all. You will know it is time for the door between fairy and villager world to be opened when the Weaver calls on you with a trusting heart. Only when she calls on you with a trusting heart will you be able to pass through the invisible wall outside the Forest, though the door is still locked, and go on a journey together.”

The Faraway People and the fairies embraced. The Faraway People walked back into the Forest to continue their journey. And so, thousands of years did pass in the fairies’ garden beside the Forest...with the fairies tending ever so lovingly, joyfully, merrily and magically to the Flowers and the door between fairy and villager world remaining locked.

The Derona were highly sensitive beings. They could feel the emanations of emotions, the flowing of feelings, pulsing from every living being. These were frequencies they tuned into with the jewel of the heart, as easily as breathing. They were drawn to the frequencies of love and joy and wherever they found them, they delighted in cultivating the expansion of these energies even more. That was why they were the ones who tended to the flowers. That was why they loved being near the Weaver. They wanted to be as close to her as they could. They dreamed of the door between fairy and villager world being opened and the Weaver flying with them into their realm. They would sit blissfully in the trees beside her house, watching her weave, singing songs, beaming love to her. They loved the ancient fairy songs singing of the time when the fairies had helped the Weaver, and the Weaver had woven the fairies the most wondrous, radiant clothes.

Sometimes they made their own songs and sang them in the trees;

*“O Weaver, Weaver of the jeweled light,
we are waiting day and night,
for you to see us, for you to hear us,
for you to fly with us into our magical garden.
How we long to sing and dance with you,
make celebration plans with you,
we have made a list,
it would give us such great bliss,
if you would please assist,
we want clothes for the celebrations
we’ll enjoy together
when the hidden door is open forever,
we want gowns, pantaloons, coats and dresses,
shawls for full moon balls and ribbons for our tresses,
oh yes we do, oh yes we do, oh yes we do...”*

13

The Weaver Returns from the Fields

When the Weaver returned from the fields carrying the magical jewel, she walked slowly through her garden. She tenderly touched the iridescent flowers and the lilac trees, breathing in their luscious fragrance. She felt their love welcoming her home. She went into her house and lay the Sapphire under the golden tree. She sat at her loom and opened the Book of Jewels.

As she turned the pages, they came alive. They fluttered in a whirling spiral of white wings. It was the Doves communicating to her. This morning she had requested them to go to the Tower of Jewels because the golden tree had given her the message that the Mayor intended to move there. She had told the Doves, “Make sure his move goes smoothly and he feels as at home as possible.” As the pages fluttered, the Doves told the Weaver how all had gone well, and they were now settling into nests far beyond his sight. She smiled, happy to hear this.

Next, the Weaver took out the ancient turquoise box. Since it had been given by the Faraway People, every Weaver had wanted to see what lay inside this box, but it would only open for the Weaver who was called upon to weave the healing cloth. The cloth that would awaken the villagers from the dark spell. It would only open when it was time. *And so the time has come and I am the one*, the Weaver thought, breathing deeply. She rose to open the door to her garden as she always did when she wove.

But, when the Weaver touched the doorknob, she felt icy waves curl around her hand, and the door would not open. She went to the windows but the same cold energy curled around her hand, and the windows would not open. She did everything she could think of to open the door and the windows, but she could not open them. And the Weaver knew it was the Mayor who was conjuring this, just as he had conjured the wall of wind around the fields. She knew he was creating this, through his greed, his anger, his pain and his fear.

She sat down under the golden tree, with the Sapphire on her lap. The Sapphire warmed her hands. She relaxed against the tree. She closed her eyes. She began to dream. To sink into the wisdom in the jewel of her heart. Suddenly, she had a thought and it filled her with excitement. *Even though the door between fairy and villager world had not yet been opened, she would call on them and she would trust that they would come!*

The Weaver spoke, "I am magic. I am as powerful and limitless as Gaia, as Sea, Sky, Sun, Moon, Planets and Stars. I am the Jewel. With that knowing, I say, Fairies, wherever you may be, come to me!"

14

The Weaver and the Fairies

The Derona were playing among the Flowers, the flowering trees, the melons and berries in their garden. Suddenly, each of the fairies heard the Weaver calling them. "She is calling us!" They cried out in joy to each other and the Flowers. The fairies and the Flowers knew what this meant, and they were all ecstatic. The time for the door between fairy and villager world to be opened had now come! At last, the fairies would be able to fly into their dearest Weaver's arms and give her fairy kisses. The fairies rose up into the air and flew out of the garden, into the Forest.

Everything in the Forest welcomed and supported their swift flight. But, as soon as they came out on the other side, everything changed. The air was thick with fear-filled frequencies. Icy waves of wind froze their diamond wings, filling them with winter. This wind wanted to stop the fairies from going any further. Suddenly, the Weaver's house, which was beside the Forest, appeared far in the distance.

The fairies had never felt such energies before. They were certainly not frequencies the fairies would ever want to fly towards. They felt like they might fall. But, if they wanted to help the Weaver, they had to fly towards them, and they couldn't fall. They had to fly into them, into these fear-filled frequencies. They had to go through them, even welcome them. For, if these emanations of emotion were not here, *she* wouldn't have summoned them! With these thoughts, the Derona were suddenly filled with a warming gratitude, and they flew gladly into the icy waves of wind. They felt compassion for the Mayor who found himself in such a predicament.

Their diamond wings thawed, and they saw how close the Weaver's house really was. The fairies flew through the garden. They flew through the Weaver's door, laughing. They unlocked her house and melted the icy waves of wind! This also melted the cold, transparent wall of wind surrounding the fields.

As the Weaver lay dreaming under the tree, she heard a sound of bells and opened her eyes. She saw frolicking fairies flying through her door. The sounds of their laughter chimed through her house. "We're here, we're here!" They called. The Weaver rose and flew towards

the fairies, her arms open wide. The fairies lit upon her hands, arms and shoulders. They fluttered against her cheeks. They gave her fairy kisses. They smiled into her eyes. The Weaver gazed into the fairies' eyes and felt as if she had known them always. Their eyes were warm, golden, deep and dazzling. The fairies' skin was a glistening, emerald green. Their ears and noses were different shapes and sizes. Their mouths were a rosy peach. They had soft, silken, yet firm and intrepid, diamond wings. And in the center of each fairy's tiny body, the Weaver beheld the radiant jewel of their heart. The colorful jewels of their hearts burned so brightly that they shone through their emerald skin. Their warmth shone upon her and filled the room. Most remarkable of all to the Weaver was that there was no door at the entrance to the jewel of their heart. Instead, around each jewel was spun a very thin veil, *a translucent pearl*. The Weaver's heart overflowed with love when she spoke;

“My dearest fairies, I have imagined how it would be to see you so many times. Yet, now that I see you, though you are a magic beyond what I have dreamed, somehow I feel I have seen you with my heart many times. I have felt your frequencies in my garden. I have heard your laughter on the breezes. I have seen your eyes looking at me with infinite kindness, through all the beautiful things. I have felt your love flowing to me always.”

The Derona smiled blissfully at the Weaver, and the jewels of their hearts beamed. “Yes,” their voices chimed softly. “We have been watching over you. We have longed to pass through the invisible wall outside the Forest for so long. And now, when it is time for the door between fairy and villager world to be opened, we will take this journey together. What could be better? We are the Derona, the garden fairies. We know what you most desire right now is to weave the healing cloth for your friends. Do you want to weave the healing cloth in our magical garden?”

The Weaver's heart sang, and she said, “Yes!”

Suddenly, the Sapphire which had been quiet, began to play its harmonious sounds. Its glowing blue body hummed and it rose into the air. The Weaver and the fairies watched as the Sapphire jewel melted and stretched and sizzled in a beautiful dance till it had changed its shape from a star into a large, glowing, Sapphire disc.

They went close to the Sapphire, caressing and thanking it, for they understood it was offering to carry them on this journey. The Weaver spoke softly to the golden loom, as she stepped onto the hovering Sapphire disc and sat down. Her loom, the ancient turquoise box, and a basket immediately appeared beside her. The fairies made themselves comfortable. The Sapphire disc was a deep, soft, velvety blanket made of sapphire light. In a flash, it was carrying them out of the Weaver's house, into the Forest!

The Jewels in the Fields

Carnelian, Sapphire, Emerald, Ruby, Coral, Azurite, Sunstone, Lapis Lazuli, Moonstone, Larimar, Diamond, Turquoise, Citrine, Aquamarine, Zircon, Topaz, Opal, Amethyst, Serpentine, Jade, Malachite, Celestite, Tourmaline, Pearl...

These were just some of the magical jewels that fell into the villagers' hands as they picked them from the fields, as easily as taro or garlic, pumpkins or beets, and threw them into sacks to bring to the Tower of Jewels. When the villagers returned to the fields after giving that one large ruby to the Mayor, there was such an abundance of jewels in the fields. They sparkled like sunshine and rainbows in their hands. Magical jewels aplenty of different sizes shapes and colors, yet to the villagers they were just dull, grey rocks.

Even though it was as if the villagers were walking in their sleep, seeing, hearing and feeling nothing, wondrous things were happening all around them. The magical jewels were alive. The jewels exuded beautiful, colored light that flowed over the fields in translucent, glowing streams. The most harmonious sounds rippled from them, bathing the air with a blissful music. More jewels than could be named. Jewels whose names were not yet known, as they came from forgotten worlds. Lost, hidden jewels that had chosen to leave their vanished realms of infinite radiance deep in the earth and rise from the fields, to awaken the villagers. The jewels knew it was time. Time for all the magic, tucked away behind golden doors, to reveal itself.

The villagers didn't need shovels or trowels or sweat of brow to discover them. The villagers were not to be Diggers of Jewels as the Mayor had decreed. They hardly needed to do anything for the jewels to fall into their hands. The jewels gave themselves unconditionally, as precious gifts from a limitless source to the villagers. Though the villagers were asleep to the beauty within the jewels, the jewels were awake to the beauty within the villagers. The jewels recognized the villagers in their radiant totality. They radiated their light into the villagers' forgotten realms and whispered, "You are not forgotten." The jewels held the villagers' hands, they kissed their skin, they danced in their shadows, they sang in their darkness.

Two children, a little girl and a little boy, sat at the edge of the fields. They had not fallen under the dark spell. They bathed in the harmonious sounds rippling from the jewels floating around them. They sang with the song of the jewels. The villagers didn't notice the children were there. To their families, friends and neighbors, they were invisible. "Everyone is very strange now. They were strange before, but now they are even stranger," the children agreed. But somehow, they weren't afraid. The children watched the magical jewels floating around them in a glowing ring. None of the other jewels in the fields floated and these jewels never left their side. The children smiled to each other and the jewels. The jewels were warm and emanated love. This love flowed into them and the children swayed to the rhythm of its heartbeat. "Thank you," the children said to the jewels. "We love you, we will take care of you," the jewels said to the little boy and the little girl. When the children went to sleep in the fields at night, the jewels covered them in their deep, soft, velvety blankets made of light. The children would look into the warm light of the jewels and see loving eyes looking back at them. Eyes that saw something of wondrous worth inside them. Then, the children would close their eyes and go to sleep and have beautiful dreams.

16
The Fairy Realm

The Sapphire carried the Weaver and the fairies into a Forest of emerald evergreens. Deeper and deeper into this sea of emerald evergreens it flew, glided, sailed. This was the Forest where the fairy realm began. From it, you could travel to all the magical realms. It was a portal. The air inside the Forest was a deep, dazzling blue. There was no time in the Forest but All Time. The light of the Stars, Sun and Moon twinkled, shone and glowed all at once, in the cool, crystalline shade of its emerald evergreens. The ancient, timeless trees grew without beginning or end. In the Forest, everything lost its age and became eternal, floating in pure imagination. The Sapphire flew, glided, sailed beside the immense, dark, sparkling trees, and the Weaver saw tiny azure eyes filled with curiosity looking out at them. "Those are the Islater, the tree fairies," the garden fairies told the Weaver.

They continued through the Forest till the deep, dazzling blue disappeared into soft, silky yellow. The Sapphire flew out of the Forest into the golden, morning sunlight of the fairies' garden and down a vast, spiraling ring of flowers.

Rose, Sunflower, Periwinkle, Gladiolus, Foxglove, Lavender, Lotus, Iris, Hyacinth, Yarrow, Lilac, Gardenia, Cherry Blossom, Cosmos, Poppy, Tulip, Buttercup, Daisy, Jasmine, Honeysuckle, Moonflower, Windflower, Morning Glory, Lily ...

These were just some of the Flowers the Weaver saw as the Sapphire floated down the indescribably fragrant glory that was the labyrinth of the fairies' garden. The fairies flew off to speak with the Flowers and the Sapphire brought the Weaver to the center of the ring and lay her down on the grass.

The Weaver stepped off the Sapphire disc and looked around. The Flowers in the fairies' garden were much bigger than the flowers in the village, and their colors were more alive. They exuded warm, colored light like the jewels in the fields. She knew the Flowers were looking at her. Suddenly, a deep, magenta Rose, spread its petals before her. Its warm, colored light flowed to the Weaver and the Weaver felt love. The Rose spoke in velvety tones, "Welcome to the garden, wondrous Weaver! I speak for all the Flowers. Though you think you are meeting us for the first time, you are our dear friend whom we've been watching from afar. We've been watching over you like the fairies and have been so looking forward to your coming into the garden!" The Weaver's eyes filled with happiness, and her heart overflowed with gratitude. The Rose had wise, kind eyes. The deep magenta Rose spoke, "We have something to tell you. A secret we've kept since long ago. The time has come to reveal it. It is the secret of our true names. You think you know the Flowers' true names but you do not. We didn't even let our true names be written in the Book of Jewels."

As the Weaver listened, her eyes opened wider and wider. The Rose continued in her velvety tones, "We hid our true names from the villagers when they began bringing their beautiful things to the Mayor. We would not have our essence traded like that, stolen by shadows. And so, as all the villagers dreamt one night, we whispered in their ears our pretend names and from then on, they thought those names were real. Those names are beautiful, but they are not our true names. Our true names can unleash the mysteries of Gaia in those who

speak them with loving awareness. And now, in this time when you will weave the healing cloth, in this time when the door between fairy and villager world will be opened, it is also the time for us, Flowers, to tell you our true names.”

The Weaver bowed to the deep magenta Rose, deeply honored and touched by this momentous gift, this amazing, new knowledge. She was filled with excitement and asked the Rose, “Dearest Rose, dearest Flowers, may I weave your true names into the healing cloth?” On hearing this, all the Flowers in the garden seemed to grow even bigger. Their warm, colored light exploded in waves of delight. The deep magenta petals of the Rose gently touched the Weaver’s cheeks as she softly sang, “Most certainly, wondrous Weaver, most certainly!”

The Weaver sat down at her golden loom and the fairies gathered around her. All the Flowers came forth. They streamed through the garden in their colorful, velvety robes like ancient Kings and Queens. One by one, they stood before the Weaver and she bowed to each of them and the Flowers gave the Weaver their true names. Their essences poured into the Weaver’s hands in threads of luminescent nectar and the fairies helped her to hold all the Flowers’ true names. When the Flowers’ true names had been received, the Weaver and the fairies spun them into a ball of warm, fragrant, jeweled light. Then, the Weaver took out the ancient turquoise box.

The Weaver opened the box, and she and the fairies looked inside. What they saw was a large, orb shaped opal. It was like the jewels the Weaver had seen in the fields, only it was utterly polished and smooth. A soft rainbow light emanated from it. The Weaver gently lifted it from the box and found it was a ball of silky, opalescent, iridescent thread. She felt a surge of amazing aliveness flood her heart.

Then, she saw at the bottom of the box, a folded piece of paper. She unfolded it and read,

Our Dearest Weaver,

This ball of opalescent light was spun from our hearts. It was spun from the heart of Gaia, the heart of Sea, the heart of Sky, Sun, Moon, Planets and Stars. We went on quite a journey to gather this jeweled light, knowing it would be needed one day! We magicians of jeweled light went on a wild and wondrous flight inside ourselves and through the universe, to bring it to you, to bring it to all of you. We love you all so very much. Use it when you weave the healing cloth, to awaken the villagers from the dark spell. It is the pure light of love and joy and more. If you are reading this it will be in the time when the door between fairy and villager world is to be opened. This time does not come too early or too late but when it comes, do not hesitate. Trust the jewel of your heart in all things.

Eternally yours in Radiance,

Your infinitely, ever-loving Ancestors, the Faraway People.

Tears of joy swelled in the Weaver’s eyes and streamed down her cheeks. She was filled with love and appreciation for the Faraway People. She breathed deeply, feeling their presence, knowing they had never really gone away. Then, she gently folded the note and returned it to the turquoise box. She lay her hands upon the golden loom and felt it smile. The loom was warm as sunlight. It was alive and ready to begin. She held the ball of opalescent light and felt the surge of amazing aliveness pour through her heart again. The Weaver began to weave, and as she wove she sang.

It was a song she had never sung before and it poured through her. It was the song inside the jewel of her heart... the song inside the heart of all, and it radiated from the opalescent ball. It was the song inside the jewels of the villagers' hearts. The Weaver heard the villagers' hearts calling to her from behind dark doors, "*Weave the healing cloth for me, weave the healing cloth for all of us...*"

"I weave for you, I weave for you,
for I love you so,
I weave for you, I weave for you,
this is how we grow.
The light weaves the colors and
the colors weave the form,
the healing cloth of the heart
is woven from the jewel.
And everything shall be new, my friends,
everything sparkling in a new time,
and you and I shall dance and sing
weaving beauty side by side..."

The opalescent threads streamed through the Weaver's fingers and she wove... Liquid, rainbow wings flying...Flying from the heart of All. Amazing aliveness... A fluid vibration...A flowing song unstoppable... *May you know who you really are. Through the forming of this cloth from the jewel of the heart of All. May what has been forgotten, hidden, lost, be remembered in you. May it be reclaimed. May it resonate through your new heart and new body...*The Weaver felt the mysterious threads and their song pouring through her... Quickening in the colors and shapes of its dancing, singing creation... *May you know you are loved, and that the light weaves the colors and the colors weave the form through you...* The fairies held the ball of warm, fragrant, jeweled light and let the Flowers' true names pour into the Weaver's hands... *May your essence shine. May you always speak your truth. May you never exchange your jewel for stability, safety and security. May you always know you are an eternal, limitless being of wondrous worth...*The fairies sang as they helped the Weaver, and the Weaver wove their song into the cloth too... *May you be wise, fearless and rainbow hearted. May your heart shine before you...* The Weaver wove with the jeweled light of her heart... She wove through the day with the fairies... with the golden sunlight... the Flowers... the hummingbirds... the butterflies... the dragonflies... the bees... and more. She wove with the jeweled light of her heart...

By dusk, the healing cloth was finished. The fairies folded each radiant piece and lay them in the basket. The Weaver took a walk in the garden, talking and laughing with the Flowers. Then, she stretched herself out on the Sapphire disc, relaxing into the deep, soft, velvety blanket made of light. The fairies brought the most delicious feast. Periwinkle pie, gardenia souffle, rose cakes, lily cream, alnosa berries and semsebar melon (fruits that only grew in the fairies' garden) lavender milk and moonflower tea. The Weaver and the fairies ate and drank and danced and laughed and saw the full moon rise. They felt fulfilled and satisfied. The Weaver closed her eyes and fell into a dream...

In the dream, she was standing at the edge of a moonlit circle where she saw the fairies dancing a great celebration dance. The fairies were swirling, whirling, leaping, and jumping in a mysterious, fierce, dance. They all wore beautiful, diaphanous clothes. She knew the fairies had planned this celebration for a long time. They were so happy. Their tiny, sparkling bodies

were exploding with joy. She saw the mysterious, fierce dance was one of special steps with a special purpose. The fairies' celebration clothes fell in diaphanous, pearl-white waves around them. The clothes looked as if they'd been spun from the same substance as the translucent pearls around the jewels of their hearts. The radiant jewels of their hearts shone through the cloth in beams of love. As the fairies danced, she watched the diaphanous cloth flow like water, ripple like wind, creating powerful ripples of energy, waves of light, in the circle. These waves of light touched her and she began to dance with them. She thought of the cold wall of wind conjured by the Mayor, but she was not afraid. She felt elated. A feeling of bliss came over her, as she danced with the waves of light and felt them lifting her, like a wind and she thought, this is what is real...the wind of love is carrying me home... and she began to float up into the air and then, she awoke from her dream.

The Weaver opened her eyes and saw the full moon shining brightly over the garden. The fairies lay sleeping beside her. She woke the fairies and told them her dream.

The Fairies voices sang with delight when they heard the Weaver's dream. For in her dream they were wearing the new clothes they wanted the Weaver to weave for the celebrations they wanted to have, when the door between fairy and villager world was open. Isn't that what the dream meant? But then, the fairies became quiet, as they reflected more on the meaning of the dream and the forces guiding it and they spoke in hushed, solemn tones, "Your dream is calling us to take you to Her. *She* is calling us. We will bring you to The Mother, we will bring you to the Tree of Moon."

17

The Tree of Moon

The Tree of Moon is the tallest tree in the Forest. She is known by the countless fairies of Gaia, as The Mother. Her bark and leaves are emerald green like all the trees in the Forest, but from her alone spill luminous, pearl-white flowers. It is said her trunk is as wide as a lake, her branches are like overflowing streams and her roots like rivers flowing to the sea. The fairies love to sing and dance in her highest branches where there is a hollowed-out fairy circle. It is there they come for their special celebrations. The Tree of Moon reaches so high into the sky the Moon can sit in its branches on full moon nights and pour luminous white light down through the Tree's branches and trunk, down into her roots, where the earth is fed by this light as with divine nectar. This has formed a glistening, silvery, pearl-white pool in the Tree of Moon's roots which all fairies have heard of through their ancient songs, but which none have seen since long ago.

As the Weaver and the fairies rode on the Sapphire disc deeper and deeper into the Forest, they saw a luminous white light in the distance. This was the Tree of Moon. As they neared the tree they were bathed in her light. They felt her forces guiding them closer and closer. The light became so intense they could hardly see, for it was a full moon night. The Moon was pouring its luminous white light down through the tree's outstretched branches. As the Sapphire lay them down in the fairy circle in the highest branches of the tree, the light became more diffuse and they could see clearly again. Luminous, pearl-white flowers spilled from her branches, emitting a wonderful fragrance.

The Weaver and the fairies stepped into the fairy circle. The fairies saw a small hole in the floor. "Come," they said to the Weaver. Together they looked into the hole. They saw a flame of brilliant emerald light shining deep below. The fairies' voices were filled with joy as they spoke, "The emerald light! We have heard of it in our ancient songs but it hasn't been seen since the door between fairy and villager world was closed. If only we could slip through this hole and follow the emerald light!"

The fairies' hearts began to pound loudly and they heard a tender voice singing from the tree, "*Remember,*" the voice sang softly. The pounding in the fairies' hearts got louder and suddenly the lost, ancient words were on their tongues and they spoke - "Euphren, engatha, fettam, maizmar, opaline, nomaline, pincole, questar!" Immediately, the Weaver and the fairies found themselves on the other side of the small hole in the floor. "Look!" The fairies whispered in awe, "We are in the spiral of the great trunk of the Tree of Moon." The Weaver looked down and saw they were at the top of a steep, spiraling stairway, descending into a darkness illuminated only by the fairies. The emerald light had disappeared. The fairies flew downwards and the Weaver followed their diamond wings. They descended deeper and deeper through the tree's timeless, twisting, trunk. Step by step the Weaver went, following the fairies. Eventually they came through an opening into a large, round cave.

The air was dark and silvery and dazzlingly mysterious. They went further into the cave and saw dark, silvery roots tinged with blue, glimmering at the edges of the cave. It was beautiful. This beauty sang into their bones. Though the cave was unfamiliar, they felt at home. They went further into the cave still and stood before the glistening, silvery, pearl-white pool sung of in the fairies' ancient songs but not seen since long ago. Tears fell from both the fairies' and Weavers' eyes as they looked down into the pool. It was infinity's mirror, eternity's pool, welling from the root of the Mother, the Tree of Moon, dreaming a deep, sweet, dream.

They looked into the pool, wanting to see into its depths. Yet, though their eyes looked and looked they could not see through its glistening surface. But they could *feel* the powerful peace and infinite imagination, welling up from its depths. As the Weaver looked into the waters, the golden door to the jewel of her heart opened so wide there was nothing left for her to see but the jewel inside, and it all became clear to her, and she said, "I don't know why I know this, but I do. I know there's a door at the bottom of this glistening, pearl-white pool. Your ancestors and mine came here together long ago and locked this door, to keep the magic safe. If we can find the key to the door at the bottom of this pool, we can open the door between fairy and villager world. If only we knew where the key was..."

As soon as the Weaver told the fairies' this, both their hearts began to pound loudly and they heard a tender voice singing from the tree, "*You have the key,*" the voice sang softly. The pounding in their hearts got louder, and suddenly the Weaver and the fairies knew this was true... they did have the key, and together they dove into the pool.

Inside the pool they opened their eyes and gazed into waters that were of a translucent pearl-white color. Shining from deep below they saw the flame of brilliant emerald light again. They felt the powerful peace and infinite imagination welling upwards and dove. They reached the bottom of the pool and saw, on the floor of the pool, the emerald light shining through the keyhole of a door. This was the door between fairy and villager world! The Weaver and the fairies put their hands to their hearts.

They knew this was where the key to unlock the door between fairy and villager world was. They began weaving the threads of jeweled light they could feel streaming from their hearts into the threads of emerald light shining through the keyhole. There was a deep resonant tug inside their hearts as they wove the threads of their jeweled light and the threads of the emerald light into one thread. They wove and wove these threads together until they became fuller and fuller, thicker and thicker, heavier and heavier. Until they became one rope of brilliant light. Coils of this radiant rope lay beside them, and they took the rope and let it drop through the keyhole into what lay beyond the door. They felt the rope falling and falling. When the Weaver and the fairies knew the rope connecting their jeweled light with the emerald light was strong enough, they rose from the bottom of the pool to its surface. They began to swim in a spiraling motion. For a while the rope streaming from their hearts continued to drop through the waters but then, all at once, they felt a deep tugging in their hearts. It was coming from a deep tugging on the other side of the door. The rope of brilliant light began to grow tighter and tighter as they swam in a spiraling motion in the pool. The tugging in their hearts and the tightening of the rope increased until they felt a click! They felt the turn of a lock and the door between fairy and villager world swung open!

Waves of brilliant emerald light rushed through the door into the glistening, silvery, pearl-white pool. The waves formed an emerald light stream, and the Weaver and the fairies were lifted up on this stream. The stream carried them out of the cave, up the steep, spiraling stairway to the top of the Tree of Moon into the fairy circle. It lay them gently down on the Sapphire disc, where the golden loom shone and the basket filled with the healing cloth shimmered. The emerald light stream lay quietly beneath them. The Weaver and the fairies began to laugh. They laughed and laughed, rocking back and forth on the Sapphire. What a ride it had been!

Then, the Weaver and the fairies became quieter as their eyes opened wider and wider. They looked closely at each other in amazement and pointed at each other saying, "Look!" The Weaver and the fairies looked at themselves and saw something so beautiful. New clothes had been given to them while they were in the glistening, silvery, pearl-white pool! The Weaver was now wearing a sparkling, emerald gown and around her ears and throat mysterious emeralds glowed. The fairies were wearing clothes just like in the Weaver's dream. They fell in diaphanous, pearl-white waves around them. The fairies skipped about in delight in their gowns, pantaloons, coats and dresses, shawls for full moon balls and ribbons for their tresses! And for the first time the fairies knew the origin of the translucent pearls around their hearts...

The Weaver and the fairies were filled with thankfulness and began to sing in the fairy circle to the Tree of Moon, "How beautiful is the light that flows to you, how beautiful is the light that flows from you. How beautiful is your body through which this light flows. How beautiful is Gaia which holds All." The Weaver and the fairies felt something rising inside, something shining inside, and the fairies began to dance.

A mysterious, fierce dance, a dance of certain steps, a dance of divine purpose. The Derona swirled and whirled, leapt and jumped. Their tiny, sparkling bodies exploded with joy. The Weaver watched the fairies dance. Their diaphanous pearl-white clothes flowed like water, rippled like wind, creating powerful ripples of energy, waves of light. These waves of light touched the Weaver, and she began to dance with them. Her sparkling, emerald gown undulated like the waves of the sea, and she raised her arms high. She was filled with bliss and felt the wind of love lifting her up as she had in her dream. Then she realized, it was the wind blowing through the tree. The Tree of Moon was showering them with her luminous, pearl-white flowers. The Weaver and the fairies kissed the Tree of Moon's emerald green bark. They caressed her living branches. "Thank you, Divine Mother," they sang softly.

Suddenly, the emerald light stream was moving beneath them, and they had to sit down. The Sapphire held them close, in its deep, soft, velvety blanket made of light. Ever so swiftly, exuberantly, jubilantly, the emerald light stream went flying between the high, outstretched branches of the Tree of Moon, into the Forest!

18

The Mayor and the Children

"I am the most powerful Mayor of all! I am the Mayor Supreme!" the Mayor declared to the cold wind as he looked outside the tower window and down upon the village. He enjoyed watching the villagers working in the fields, knowing he would be able to see if they did anything that displeased him, which they always did. This gave him one more opportunity to release his rage upon them when they brought him the jewels. Since he had moved into the Tower, the Mayor felt angrier and angrier. Though the villagers did exactly what they were told, he felt he was somehow losing control.

Something was happening beyond his sight that was weakening his dark spells. He placed the key with which he'd locked the villagers' hearts on the table, and looked at it often to remind himself of how he had done what no Mayor had done before him, but... the jewels didn't soothe, however temporarily, his emptiness and hunger, as the villagers' beautiful things had. Consuming their jeweled light didn't make him feel omnipotent as he'd envisioned that day in the cold, grey room. Seeing the jewels tidily shelved, all sparkling clean in the tower rooms from floor to ceiling didn't give him the thrill he thought it would. He'd felt better when he was surrounded by thousands of years of villagers' beautiful things. What was going wrong with his plan? He was the most powerful Mayor of all. He was supposed to feel powerful, but he did not.

As the Mayor held each jewel, doing all the things he'd been taught would suck out its worth so he could consume its jeweled light and feel superior, he felt something that he wanted terribly slipping through his fingers. Nor could he fill the pages of the Book of Judgements and Opinions with words to diminish their light as easily as he'd done with the villagers' beautiful things. His mind kept going blank. There was something *preventing* him. He felt trapped inside the Tower of Jewels and then he thought, *That's ridiculous! I'm the Mayor!*

He looked into the darkness inside and shouted to his ancestors, *Where are you? Where is your support?* But they had grown silent since he'd moved into the Tower of Jewels. Was this because he had commanded the Table of Shadows to swallow the grey house and all of its thousands of years of villagers' beautiful things and then to destroy them in a fire using all of its amazing house-keeping skills? But, the Mayor thought, *I have the right to do that. I have the clout!* Yet, his bones ached with insecurity, instability, sleeplessness and gout.

Sometimes he worried he was going crazy. He thought he saw the jewels and the shimmering stones of the tower walls looking at him, observing him, with clear, shining, faraway eyes, looking at him as if they knew him. And sometimes he even thought, he heard the jewels and shimmering stones talking to each other as if they were old friends. And sometimes he dreamed the guardian doves, whom his ancestors had killed, were alive again. They were flying outside the tower window, whirling, swirling, spinning around the Tower of Jewels with vast white wings, and he'd wake feeling he could hardly breathe.

One day, the two children sitting at the edge of the fields had an idea, "Let's go see the Mayor." Holding hands and with the jewels following them, they walked through the village to the Tower of Jewels. The children climbed the steep, spiraling stairway to the top of the tower. They stood hand in hand before the Mayor and looked him in the eyes. There the Mayor sat, with his tall, black hat, behind the Table of Shadows. He looked down on them, annoyed. The children saw they had his attention, and together they asked, "What are you doing?"

The Mayor looked into their clear, shining eyes, with his dark, veiled eyes burning with an icy fire and did what he always did. He expected to see fear rise in the children's eyes as they absorbed the dark spell of his gaze, but no fear rose. The little boy and the little girl just kept looking at him, waiting for an answer to their question. It was the Mayor who began to feel afraid. Though the children had asked him what he was doing, somehow he felt they could see inside him and they already knew. They knew who he was deep inside... not a Mayor at all but a dark sorcerer.

The Mayor called on his other dark spells. Perhaps the poisonous tongue or the pounding of fists upon the table? But they did not come. And he couldn't do the spell to lock the doors of their hearts again. That spell could only be used once. Why were these children different from all the other villagers? He felt enraged, as they stood before him. He was suddenly powerless. He could say or do nothing. Something was preventing him. The Mayor just sat there... as if a spell had been cast upon him.

When the children understood that no answer to their question was coming, they looked back at the Mayor with their clear, shining eyes. They nodded and smiled. Then, they turned and walked out the tower room, down the steep, spiraling stairway, with the jewels following them into the sunlight.

The Healing Cloth

The emerald light stream flew swiftly through the forest, focusing all its warm emerald intensity on reaching the villagers quickly. The Weaver and the fairies nestled deeper into the soft, velvety blanket of the Sapphire disc. They looked down from the stream through the emerald evergreens. Flames of emerald light flickered everywhere. Now that the door had been opened the emerald light waves were unstoppable. The emerald light was just the beginning. Its flames warmed the roots of everything as they whispered to the magical beings of the Forest, "I am the Emerald Light. Do you remember me? I am the one who left for a while to keep the magic safe. But I have returned to you, precious creatures of the rainbow radiance. I am back."

The emerald light stream flew out of the Forest and soared through the sky over the village to the fields. The stream was made of magical eyes, bones, blood, and wings, made of crystal flame, water, stone, and wind, made of everything hidden, lost, secret, and unknown, everything kind, loving, joyful and reborn, everything that could nurture and saturate, love and liberate, both fairy and villager world, and now it was unlocked, unleashed... now it was here, now it was free!

When the stream was high above the fields, drops of emerald light dripped on a horse, a goat, a villager's neck, a villager's nose, a cow, a mouse, a persimmon, a wild rose, a scallion, a grasshopper, a lady bug, a villager's toes. The stream hovered over the little boy and the little girl, and they reached their hands up, and drops of emerald light splashed on their fingers.

The Weaver and the Fairies looked at each other and smiled as the Sapphire disc lifted into the air, and the emerald light stream began to bend downward through the sky. The two children watched as the stream grew into the shape of an emerald light doorway arching from one end of the fields to the other, with all the villagers under it. The children ran towards the Sapphire as it landed in the fields.

As soon as the Weaver placed her foot on the earth it was as if a message was sent to every jewel, for all at once wherever they were, whether in a villager's hand, a sack, or still in the soil, they all began to float. They all became floating jewels just like the Sapphire disc and the ring around the little boy and the little girl.

When this happened, the villagers stood motionless in the fields. They were lost without the things they had been commanded to do. They stared at the floating jewels, still asleep. The Weaver picked up her basket and walked to the villagers. The fairies and the little girl and the little boy followed her. The Weaver stood in the center of the fields.

The farmers, the healers, the artists, the singers, the writers, the chefs, the gardeners, the architects, the bakers, the shopkeepers, the apprentices, the teachers, the builders, the artisans, the dancers, the dreamers, the star watchers, the musicians, the candle-makers, the water-keepers, the stone-cutters, the animal-whisperers, and the children, stood in a circle around the Weaver. She lay the basket overflowing with the healing cloth down and began

to sing, “I weave for you, I weave for you for I love you so, I weave for you, weave for you, this is how we grow...” As she sang, the pieces of the healing cloth began to move, like waves upon the sea. Then, the clothes the Weaver had woven in the garden began to stream out of the basket, like Queens and Kings of magical realms taking a stroll.

The clothes looked like robes, saris, gowns, suits, pants, dashikis, shawls, dresses, kaftans, but they were none of these things, none of these things at all. And yet, they were all of these things, they were all of these things and more. They were the villagers’ new, magical, healing clothes. They could float. Just like the jewels. Everything became quiet and still as the vibrations of the healing cloth filled the air.

Liquid, rainbow wings flying from the heart of All. Amazing aliveness. A fluid vibration. A flowing song unstoppable.

The opalescent clothes began to float among the villagers, tuning into the villager they belonged to like tuning into a song. The one who had called to them from behind the dark door. Each piece of clothing listened for the song inside the jewel of the heart they had come to sing in harmony with. It wasn’t long before the opalescent clothes found the heart to whom they belonged, and all the villagers were embraced by their healing cloth. Soft, rainbow light spilled over the villagers. Immediately, the doors to the jewels of their hearts were unlocked. They awoke from the sleep cast by the dark spell of the locking of their hearts. The golden doors to the jewels of their hearts began opening. The villagers opened their eyes to the jeweled light. They beheld unbelievably beautiful, floating clothes that were somehow familiar and that they somehow believed were real. Moving like the waves of the sea. Filled with opalescent light. Warming them like the sun. The clothes were robes, saris, gowns, suits, pants, dashikis, shawls, dresses, kaftans, but they were none of these things, none of these things at all. And yet, they were all of these things, they were all of these things and more. The villagers reached out to touch the strange and majestic fabric of their new reality. Their eyes opened wider and wider as they heard the clothes ask,

“Do you want to know who you really are?” And though it seemed crazy, each villager said, “Yes! I want to know who I really am.” Then, the villagers heard the healing cloth say, “You’ll need to let go of your old clothes first.” And the villagers were happy to do just that, so in love with their new clothes were they. But it was a bit painful. You see, they had to face the dark, shattered mirror inside, in which they used to see themselves. They had to release all they’d needed to believe to feel limited, insecure and small. To stand before the Mayor every day and choose to give him their beautiful things. As the villagers looked through their old wardrobe they felt compassion for their old selves. *We traded our colorful essence for the color grey*, they thought. They saw dried blood on all their old clothes. And the villagers let go of their old clothes. They fell from them like pieces of dark, shattered glass touched at the perfect place, at the perfect time, and dissolved into earth.

The villagers welcomed their new, magical, healing clothes with open arms. They slipped the silken, velvety fabric made of their strange, majestic new reality on. They felt love. They felt lighter than they ever had before. They felt the power of the healing cloth.

May you know who you really are. Through the wearing of this cloth woven from the jewel of the heart of All. May what is forgotten, hidden, lost, be remembered in you. May it be reclaimed. May it resonate through your new heart and new body.

For the first time the villagers heard the song inside the jewel of their heart. It was such a beautiful, powerful song, and they felt beautiful... they felt strong. This song flooded their hearts with an amazing aliveness. It poured a luminescent nectar through their bodies. They felt joy and lifted their arms to the sun.

May you know you are loved. May you know that the light weaves the colors, and the colors weave the form through you. May you be wise, fearless and rainbow hearted. May your heart shine before you. May you see the fairies and hear their song.

The opalescent clothing fell in waves around them. It connected them to all the jeweled light in the universe as the Faraway People had desired it would. The cloth took the shape of their breath and true desire. Each villager saw the jewel inside the golden door of their heart, and they felt wonder and awe.

May your essence shine. May you always speak your truth. May you know the Flowers' true names. May you never exchange your jewel for stability, safety and security. May you always know you are an eternal, limitless being of wondrous worth.

The villagers were now fully awake and could embrace themselves fully. They stood in the fields smiling ear to ear, their arms open wide. It was all so magical. What a relief. All they had secretly wished for in their keeping of the secret of the jeweled light was true! They were magic. They all had an eternal, limitless jewel inside. They turned to each other and began to laugh, and the first words out of every villager's mouth was, "I guess we won't be bringing our beautiful things to the Mayor anymore!" And they laughed and laughed, and they embraced each other. They discovered they could embrace each other as fully as they embraced themselves, and because of this, they were in a completely new relationship with each other.

The villagers saw the fairies and the floating jewels. They saw the Weaver. She was standing in the center of the fields wearing a sparkling, emerald gown. They gathered around her. They hugged and kissed and thanked her. They thanked the fairies too. They thanked the jewels. They thanked the little boy and the little girl. The villagers were filled with love and joy and gratitude.

Then they heard the song of the jewels playing their harmonious sounds, filling the air with a blissful music. They all began to dance. They danced, and they danced, together, in the fields!

Carnelian, Sapphire, Emerald, Ruby, Coral, Azurite, Sunstone, Lapis Lazuli, Moonstone, Larimar, Diamond, Turquoise, Citrine, Aquamarine, Zircon, Topaz, Opal, Amethyst, Serpentine, Jade, Malachite, Celestite, Tourmaline, Pearl...

Together they all stood, under the emerald light doorway arching over them in the fields, looking into its brilliant light... feeling its uplifting frequencies as it dripped emerald light upon them. They knew it was a portal beckoning them to step into magical realms. Now that the door between fairy and villager world was open, a magic beyond all they had thought possible was calling. They hesitated. How would they step through this wondrous doorway, this beautiful portal, this jeweled light for the very first time? Their hearts began to pound loudly, and they heard a tender voice singing from the emerald light stream. "Love," it sang softly. Their hearts pounded louder and louder as they reached out to each other and held hands. Then, amid the sounds of fairies' wings, *they all stepped through.*

The Road of Coral Sand

They found themselves on a road of coral sand that none of them had ever been on before. A road of ocean sand. The villagers had never been to the ocean for the sea was far away. Or so they had thought. “Our garden is over there,” the fairies said, pointing down the road. A golden sun shone high in the sky. On both sides of the road was a forest of eucalyptus-type trees. The trees were much smaller than the emerald evergreens in the Forest. The Weaver guessed these scented trees bordered the Forest. They had rainbow-colored bark, shiny blue leaves and clusters of pink berries growing on them. The air was filled with their rich, potent scent.

All at once, the children pointed at the sky, in the opposite direction to the fairies’ garden. It was near the Tower of Jewels. They couldn’t see the tower as it seemed to be hidden by the Forest trees. “Look!” the children cried. And they all saw, low in the sky, a fiery ball of golden light, hovering like a great fiery bird.

They began walking towards it.

Darkness Revealed and the Golden Star

Three Faraway People climbed the stairway to the top of the Tower of Jewels. They had warm, violet eyes. They wore long, golden robes and were very tall. They walked into the tower where the Mayor sat behind the Table of Shadows, measuring an amethyst. The Faraway People lovingly placed their hands on the shimmering stones and gently spoke to the stones. Then they turned, standing before the Mayor. He looked up and saw them, annoyed. Why hadn’t he heard these strangers enter the tower? He turned his dark, veiled eyes, burning with an icy fire, upon them, sharply saying, “Who are you? What are you doing in my tower?” The Faraway People didn’t answer his question but softly said, “It is time.” Gently, one of them took the Book of Judgements and Opinions from the table and opened it to the last page. It was yesterday’s record, filled to the end with vermilion ink, and it was the last page in the Book. He closed the Book and as he did the Book crumbled in his hands, and turned into dust. He let the dust fall onto the floor. The Mayor leapt to his feet and screamed, “What did you just do? You can’t do that! I’ll make you pay for that!” The Faraway People said nothing but looked at him with large, compassionate eyes. “It is time,” they said again. The Mayor ran from around the Table of Shadows to chase the strangers away, his fists raised, but as he did he felt as if he were falling into an abyss. He steadied himself just in time to see the edges of the strangers’ golden robes lifting off the floor, and the Faraway People walked out the tower window into the shimmering air. Three Doves appeared in the sky, flying onto their shoulders, and then, the Faraway People and the Doves disappeared.

The Mayor ran from the tower. He ran from room to room in a spin to make sure the strangers hadn't stolen any of his jewels. When he saw all the jewels were still there, he was relieved and went back to the tower. But when he remembered what had happened to the Book of Judgements and Opinions, he pounded his fists on the table. He threw his tall, black hat on the floor. The Mayor forgot he must never take off his hat. He forgot about its dark magic. Without his tall, black hat, the Mayor had nothing holding him to earth. The icy vapors curling from his chest dissolved. The fire in his eyes went out. His fiery anger and his icy greed had been just veils hiding the endless darkness of his lonely existence. And now, this darkness was revealed. The Mayor couldn't hide. He couldn't stay on the earth. He began to float. He floated up to the ceiling and hit his head hard on the shimmering stones. He saw stars.

His body began to change. He began to grow dark wings and a tail. He became what all dark sorcerers were deep down... *Dragons*. The Mayor became a small dragon. He flapped his dark, jagged wings about, but he had no power. Suddenly, it was very bright inside the Tower. The floors, walls, and ceiling were swaying, melting in a shimmering dance of desire. Fallen pieces of the ceiling were circling the dragon like hot, dancing coals. The shimmering stones were burning with love for the jewel within and without. It was time. Time for the shimmering stones to be ignited by their devotion to the jewel within and without. Time for the Tower of Jewels to be reunited with his beloved who he hadn't seen for thousands of years. The jewels came floating out of all the locked rooms in the tower, moving in rhythmic waves of celebration in the returning, the re-uniting of the Tower of Jewels with his beloved, the Tree of Moon. The jewels didn't know how this returning, this re-uniting would look. How they and the shimmering stones would choose to dance into new being this dance of oneness, unstoppable. They just knew they would dance this dance together, and it would be pure ecstasy. Then, one of the jewels, a diamond bright as the moon, was swollen with love. She floated up to the ceiling and became a Mermaid. She had sapphire skin, golden hair, and warm, violet eyes. She held the dragon in her arms as the Tower of Jewels burst into golden flames and became a Star.

The Golden Star

The Golden Star somersaulted in the sky in pure delight. He was released from being the Tower of Jewels. Not that he hadn't enjoyed it, but this was a new time. It was *the time*. And what new being would he *be* in it, now that the time of oneness had begun and he would be reunited with his beloved? The Star spread his majestic, ecstatic flames of love out to all of Gaia. He was like a great, fiery bird, hovering before he dives. The Star loved all he beheld. He saw the emerald light beginning to flow everywhere on earth, and the golden flames of his love burned even brighter for his beloved, the Tree of Moon. And the Star dove from the sky to earth.

The Star spread his majestic, ecstatic, flames of love and Gaia opened to the Golden Star and the Star dove into earth. The Star dove and dove. He heard the sound of water deep below. He saw his beloved's blue roots glimmering. He dove and he dove. He saw his beloved's silvery, pearl white pool, glistening. The Tree of Moon opened all of herself to the Star. She sang to him, guiding the Star to her heart. It had been thousands of years since she had seen him, and her heart was filled with tears she knew would soon be released. The Star

spread his majestic, ecstatic flames of love and dove into her song and became part of it, as he always had been. The Star reached the glistening, silvery pearl-white pool where the Tree of Moon's heart beat in rhythm with his, as it always had. And together their hearts sang the lost notes that had been floating between them since long ago as they had held the jewels of the heart for All, "Goldame, golar, misselrai, magendar, olsapine, prearna, zeph, hepsomar, rifensar ristain, quillesse silphane!" The Tree of Moon gazed into her beloved's eyes, and together they looked into infinity's mirror and eternity's deep, sweet dream woke up, and the Golden Star dove into all of her. The Star melted into the Tree of Moon, and the Star and the Tree became One.

Something new began to be created at once. Beneath the Tree of Moon's glistening, silvery, pearl-white pool, beneath her glimmering blue roots, the Star and the Tree formed a bliss-filled crater. From this crater they brought into being, a small, blue sea. They smiled in pure ecstasy at this small, blue sea. They watched in celebration as she filled herself up with magical waters. They named the small sea, Tolsane, *Daughter*.

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The Mermaid

As the Star dove into earth, the Mermaid had cradled the dragon in her arms in just the right way. She didn't want all of him to burn up in the Star, just part of him. She let everything that was not the jewel of his heart, burn up. Then, when the magical waters began to surge, she let the rest of him that was not the jewel of his heart, be washed away. All that was left of this entity who had called on the dark and got his way and lost his way and never known who he was at all, was not a mayor or a dragon or a man, but a newborn Child. The Mermaid held the jewel of his heart to hers at the bottom of the crater, as the magical waters swirled around them. The heartbeat of the Star and the Tree of Moon beat with her heart and the child's and she knew, he would live. Did she have anything to tell this little one, this spirit new born? Before she released him to the sun? To the air? The Mermaid whispered something in the child's ear and then, holding him close, she rose.

She rose through the small, blue sea. When the Mermaid reached the surface, she cut a piece of her long, golden hair and from it made a golden shell. She climbed into the shell with the baby and they floated. She gave him to the sun, to the air. She cried out in pure joy when he smiled. Together, they rocked on the magical waters, delighting in everything.

The Magical Waters

The fairies and the jewels flew ahead of the Weaver and the villagers on the road of coral sand. They hovered over the deep abyss in the earth where the Tower of Jewels had been. The Weaver and the villagers rushed forward and stood at its rim looking down, astonished. They heard the sound of waves rising up through the abyss and the sound of waves crashing close by and walked further down the road till it opened out onto a beach of coral sand.

They walked to the edge of the waters. The Weaver lay her basket down. The fairies fluttered over the waves. The villagers asked, "What is this?" "Ocean," the Weaver said softly, her voice filled with love. Silently, they gazed out into the small, blue sea glistening before them. They began to notice a tiny golden boat carrying someone, rocking on gentle waves in the distance.

The Weaver took the last piece of opalescent healing cloth and wrapped it around her hips. She bent and tore a piece of her sparkling, emerald gown and made an emerald shell out of it. She set it on the waters and climbed into it. All the villagers did the same thing. They tore pieces of their magical, healing clothes and made opalescent shells out of them. They set them on the waters and climbed into them. As the fairies flew before them, and the jewels floated all around them, the Weaver and the villagers let the tide take them out.

When they reached the tiny golden boat, they looked at the strange, majestic Mermaid. She smiled at them. They smiled at her, filled with curiosity. None of them had ever seen a Mermaid before. She had sapphire skin, golden hair and warm, violet eyes. She was holding a newborn baby. The baby had skin the color of Gaia and was looking at them with warm, turquoise eyes.

The Mermaid spoke kindly to the Weaver, the villagers, the fairies and the jewels, "Zimola. You are blessed by the ocean of timelessness with this child, this little one, this spirit new born. Take care of him, magicians of jeweled light. He is your child."

The Weaver took off the opalescent healing cloth wrapped around her hips. It was a blanket. She opened her arms to the baby, and the Mermaid gave her the child. The Weaver wrapped the child in the healing cloth. She looked into his eyes and smiled. The baby began to coo. This reminded the Weaver of the three doves whom she loved so dearly. She lifted the child to her heart. He closed his eyes and went to sleep.

The Mermaid dove from the golden boat down into the small, blue sea, and they all began floating back to shore, letting the tide take them in.

