

## FIRE ON THE SEA BY ZEND

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Facing them, the sea had calmed a little and turned turquoise with white foamy bubbles. Where it brushed the sand, it colored then to green, like peridot, then paler, then clear, so that the yellow sand gleamed through it, as through glass. And, above all this, the sky became an extension of a rainbow already begun: gold-yellow sand to shallow green water to turquoise depths, to the blue sky which flowed in seamless procession from pale cobalt to intense ultramarine. All that was missing was the red, Will thought, the color of blood and fire, and the violet to blend it into the blue.

Then what was Marek doing? Was that his stone, his gift from Alva that he was throwing into the air? Will couldn't believe his eyes. "Now he's lost it for good," he thought as it rose in a high arc, ready to plummet back down, straight into the sea.

It was strange, though, for at the apex of its flight the stone appeared almost to pause in the sky, as if gravity meant nothing to it, and, suddenly, Will was seeing with his eyes what his mind found astonishing and almost too much to comprehend. Had the stone grown and expanded, turned to something like a watery shield filled with wavering light?

It had. It grew and grew, spreading wider and wider, until it filled the whole sky above the sea. Will became conscious that it had expanded to inland too, so that the sky behind him was touched with the same effect. But he was not conscious of it around himself and the babies, not yet, as if the strangeness had not reached to ground level yet.

To Will's dazzled eyes, the sky and the sea were almost indistinguishable from one another now and the stone itself had vanished as a separate entity. And yet it was still there in the peculiar look of the sky-sea. It was a look which had begun to change yet again, for from watery, it transformed to crystalline, as though Ompalo was living inside a shell – a shell of refracting crystal light – and through the shell of light the sun poured a fire so brilliant and intense that Will was momentarily blinded. Swiftly, he bent himself over the babies in an effort to protect their eyes. However it did

not matter, for the brightness was only brief and undamaging, and when he understood this Will sat up again.

He sat up to be a witness to a world of transformed light and realized then that the strangeness was no longer just above but was all about him, that it even ran right through him, through his flesh, through every cell of his body. How light passed through him, he did not know, but the sun had made rainbows in the air and in him, for he saw how they radiated from within his arms and legs, from his hands, and from the babies too, every part of them alight with little, darting spectrums of fire. The babies cooed and chuckled, as if they were having the greatest of times, and Will balanced them on his knees and stared in wonder at the world.

It was a world of new light. Will wondered if it would last forever and if all the world outside was the same, sensing in his heart and mind that it must be so. However, he felt then that he was not understanding properly, as if a voice told him that he wasn't. Maybe it was Ozira speaking to him, or Rai-ale, or maybe his own Being whose name he did not know yet. But the voice said:

“Not a world of new light, but a greater and more conscious way of seeing and experiencing the Now, for those of Earth who will see it and be conscious of it.

Here and now, you are knowing how everything vibrates. Every thing lives and expresses its own light, even your body's different parts. Here and now you are aware of the greatness and breadth of your own Being. From now on you will understand the vastness which is your Light, which is The Light.

You will continually experience the Light which is you and let It express Itself. From now on you are conscious of your Light, and that consciousness you will take into the world of mankind, and to every corner of the Earth, and you will give the Earth your Light and Love.

This is the Moment of Greater Opening, for you and for the consciousness of Humanity. There are many who will join you, many who will be touched by you and be opened to the Light. There are many now who are experiencing the essence of this Moment, and are ready to be healed. Because of you and those like you who shall love the whole of Life, and not

just its parts, the Earth shall be healed of its grievous wounds and will rise to express its Being in the Universe of Light.

Rise and heal the world! For you are the Light of the World!"

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The sea had gained substance again as the watery element deepened the effect of the light in relation to the finer frequency of sky. Will saw how the sea moved in a peculiar way. At first it was as though a great hand had stilled it from above, then the sea began to lift itself, heaving upward like an animal shaking itself awake. But it was not really the sea which lifted, although it boiled with a living energy. For that energy was a churning of living forms, as every kind of sea-creature rose from the sea's depths to its surface.

Fishes, crustaceans, jellies, the great mammals, all manner of sea-beings pushed upwards to the surface, and, defying every notion of what was proper or scientific, they poked their heads from the waters and, incredibly, began to sing.

Will's heart was in his mouth. He clutched the babies to himself as he felt the unbelievable joy of such a miraculous singing. Then it was not only the sea-creatures who were singing, but the crabs in the rock pools and the birds who had gathered above and the insects and the lizards and everything on Ompalo which lived. Will could hardly encompass it, yet as all the logical objections of his mind fled before the wonder of his heart, he heard and knew that the rest of Ompalo sang too. Trees and tiny plants sang; the sand beneath Will sang; the rocks and the stones, the crystal structures, the Earth itself. All sang.

And Will felt the singing in himself, and in the babies, and in Faran and Marek. Right to the core, they all sang, from every cell and fibre, each piece of them singing its separate note like the chorus in a great symphony. Everything sang the song of its own being, yet all harmonized because of the fact that it was all One Being.

One Being and One Light. The singing drew everything into another state of existence and all became visible and transparent to the eye and endless, though perfectly clear and understandable to the ear. Will seemed

to be able to see through every form, even through his own body, and hear the note that every living being made. He cuddled the babies in his arms and wondered, greatly.

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Then the singing faded away and, in back of all, Will saw the sun again, as it shattered the light into a million beautiful shards. The sea-creatures returned to their depths and the land creatures to their holes and branches. The sun danced its fire upon the sea and grew like a great flame, darting red and violet and deep purple, and Will knew then that the moment of wonder was about to cease. But it would not cease, he thought, not in his mind and consciousness, not ever. Suddenly, as he watched and heard the lilting song of light upon the water, he knew What he was; and then Who.

If he'd had his flute with him he would have played a song in tune with that great universal symphony, he told himself. But with or without a flute, without any instrument at all but the instrument of his own consciousness, he knew he was Sente, and that Sente was The Singer. How he knew that this name meant what it did, he did not fully comprehend, nor did he understand its full significance as yet. But he knew with a certainty that the understanding would come to him and that in his life thereafter he would fulfil the purpose of his being here on the Earth, as he fulfilled it now, just by being here at this Moment. When the Earth needed him to sing for it, why then he would sing, with or without his silver flute.

Will stood up with the babies in each arm. He looked into their bright, alive faces and smiled on them. He had forgotten how wet they had made his knees and he could only feel love and tenderness for them both. Then he saw Faran and Marek returning through the shining light, carrying the Light with them and linked by the Light as, hand in hand, they walked together. Will hoisted the babies higher and said to them, "Here comes your Daddy and your Mummy – Ozira and Rai-a-ele."

The babies laughed and raised their arms, as if they knew. Will was dazzled for a moment by the beauty so evident in the light as it radiated from their being. He saw then that they were truly special, as children of a new Earth; and he thought of Nikola and Dan's child, the two month old son whom they had called William, both in honour of Nikola's father and, Will suspected, in remembrance of himself. In his mind's eye he conjured the child, and in

imagination was suddenly transported, seeing it with an inward vision which was truer than any other. This child – these children – all the Earth's new children – were the signatures of the Earth's future. The Earth would be reborn, through this moment and through other great moments to come and these children were a great part of it. As was said to him in, in the voice of his own Being – the Earth shall be healed of its grievous wounds and will rise to express its Being in the Universe of Light.

## **Author's Note and Acknowledgement**

Whilst "Fire on The Sea" was conceived as a work of fiction, with its characters invented and its landscape evolved in the mind, it is not, in its essence, imaginary.

What the characters experience in consciousness, we are all capable of experiencing. What the Earth experiences in Its consciousness, through us and through everything which lives upon It, is expressed in this story. The Earth is a wonderful organism, of beautiful and powerful beingness, but we have given it much hurt, in our quest after Illusion, and, consequently, we have given ourselves much pain in the process.

The central characters of "Fire on The Sea" strive for freedom. They must do so if they are to survive and BE. As Marek steps away from his old life and turns to face the Light of his own Being, so it shall be with every one of us who longs for freedom.

"Fire on The Sea" is not imagined; it is KNOWN. Every vision and every dream described in its pages has been a true one, had by myself and by others. The search for freedom is a true one; the experience of Light and Being is happening NOW.

My own awakening of heart and opening of consciousness follows the revelations of the book "One Light" by Jon Whistler, and its sequels, "Enter the Vortex as One Light" and "The Oracle to Freedom" by Sizzond Zadore, three books which are currently being read by people world-wide. "Fire on The Sea" is my humble offering to them and to the Light which I have met in myself.

As "One Light" moved me to discover my own creative expression of the Light which is my being, so I hope that the many others already reading that wonderful trio of books will find their response also, and that they will not sit still but will give expression to it in their daily lives and, if desired, in some special way. Then the Earth will rejoice and the whole world will be the better for it. As for my production of "Fire on The Sea", it gave me great joy to write it. So it is with all works of heart, all works of love whatever they are.