

The Message

Princess Matahina was angelic and when she spoke all became silent and anxious to hear her words.

Matahina inspired.

Her hair, was beyond black and reflected light as though it were transmitting rays with her movement, the flow of her step was hypnotizing.

The island sun painted her completely and bathed the Princess with a cloak of golden light.

Her slender figure was curved gently with a statuesque form that only the Gods of Art could have created. Princess Matahina's face was kind, not intimidating.

During her childhood, like any youth, day to day activities on the island would occasionally deliver her share of cuts and scrapes. They always healed quickly and left no trace.

You'd expect Princess Matahina's eyes were influenced by the spectacular light blue eyes of the Queen. There were also hints of her father, King Temaru's deep green eyes which reflected the flora of Mo'ore'a.

Nonetheless, Matahina's eyes were the most compelling of her features. They were living proof that she was delivered to this world by the Gods of the Island.

It was more truth than legend that the sun would lift up from the horizon when the Princess would wake and open her eyes each morning.

In the bays on Mo'ore'a, the waters borrowed their color from her eyes.

They were blue and green and aquamarine. They were peppered with golden light and when she entered a room her eyes would light the room adding brightness around her.

A very smart young lady with common sense and good judgement, Princess Matahina was so quick to disarm an uncomfortable situation with her Solomon-like wisdom.

As much as Matahina loved being around others, she also loved to be alone.

Humble by nature, she did understand the essence of position as Her Royal Highness, Princess Matahina, the Daughter of Mo'ore'a.

Matahina chose to spend a morning at her sacred pools. And yes, they were her pools and Mo'ore'a was her island. She didn't claim it, but nobody could deny this. She was the Daughter of Mo'ore'a and accepted her ownership of the most beautiful place on Earth. She never placed this fact in front of others to gain advantage.

One morning, wanting to be alone, when the Princess arrived to the Ua terā himene feti'a, the meadow that surrounded the sacred pools, she stood and looked at an area near the entry to the pools where the rain sings to the stars. She spoke out loud and said, speaking to herself, "This is where, one day, a mango tree shall be planted. This will be the heart of the Amuhau." (Fruits of Peace)

Suddenly the noise from the waterfalls that never stop flowing into the pools became hushed. The same amount of water flowed from each of the falls but their normal thundering sounds nearly vanished.

Matahina was not alarmed, but curious. She turned her head and looked toward one of the larger falls and smiled.

Again she spoke, this time to the waterfall itself in such a way that she expected it would surely respond. She said with a kind compliment, "My you can appear so powerful and so gentle. I suppose you are protecting something very sacred when you need to and breathing slowly to rest when you know all is safe."

She walked toward the falls and edge of the pools slowly, then asked, "My island is safe and even you who are never seen by other then myself and my Mother and Father are trying to show me something that concerns you. What is it you are uncertain of?"

Next, something happened that she had never experienced before. Matahina heard a voice in her head. She knew it was not her own thoughts. Something or someone else was speaking to her.

She listened while she watched the surface of the pool. Clouds encircled the morning sun and created a glowing light on the center of the pool. "You are the Daughter of Mo'ore'a."

Matahina answered playfully, "There is no need for voices in my mind to tell me this." Then she added, "The Sun's spotlight radiating on my pool is very lovely." She laughed, "Must you tease me with such drama?"

She reached down and splashed the bright spot in the pool as if that would break open the clouds. It didn't. She sat on the edge of the pool and let her legs sink below the water kicking them gently.

"I think I know you though I don't believe I have ever heard your voice," Matahina explained. "Perhaps I have, once, when you sent me into the womb of my own Mother. I

am unable to recall. That was so long ago. I can only remember an emerald light that drew my parents into this pool."

"You are not of this world and yet you are this world. You are the Gods of the Island aren't you?"

Voices in her head responded, "We are your fathers, Princess."

Defiant, "My father is the King," she argued.

"Of course this is so," they added.

"Then why do you speak to me and have me hear your claim as my fathers?" she pondered then questions further, "How many are you that I would have more than one father? My father is the King of Mo'ore'a?"

"We have come to call you home Princess," is the only answer the voices provided.

Her defiance turned to concern. Matahina stood up abruptly and openly disturbed, "My father is Temaru and my Mother who is called the gift from the stars by her own father and Star of the Night by her husband the King are my only parents."

Matahina was frightened. Her face drew long and curious. She was almost frantic looking around as if by finding the source of these voices she could stop the conversation.

"Why do you speak to me about being my fathers?"

Once again the only reply she could hear was, "We have come to call you home."

Matahina began crying, weeping sadly, lost without self-control, "I am home. Mo'ore'a is my home. Leave me alone. I am home."

"Matahina. Be not fearful. Look this way and behold the future of Mo'ore'a."

She turned toward one of the largest, most powerful of the falls and it opened in the middle like a curtain being drawn apart. "You are the Daughter of Mo'ore'a and we are Mo'ore'a. You are Mo'ore'a's gift to the people of French Polynesia."

Matahina began to calm, continuing efforts to compose herself. Still filled with questions and curiosity, "I am home. Why do you say to me that you have come to call me home?"

She shivered with a relapsing fear concerned to be told such a thing. Her head was raging with these voices – voices she wished she was imagining, though she knew better.

"Behind these falls lives the gift of eternity. Not for you. For all people of the world. This is part of a story written in the stars that will give birth to the Amuhau. It is you, Matahina, that has the choice to bring to this world your fathers so that the gift can find its path of destiny."

"What is my choice?" she asks the voices.

"You are our child Princess. The choice is yours just as choice lives in the hearts of every person. You can walk along the paths that give you a wonderful life, a long life with a family. Just as you are loved by all today, so you will be loved by all and remembered long into the future when you become old and rest on your eternal star.

Along this path, the world will continue to live in a darkness that, since the dawn of time, has remained too dark for any to see."

Matahina answers, "Do I not bring light to the guests of my island and show them a path to peace and balance?"

"You do Princess. Even so, this is not why you are here," the voices tell her.

"The light you bring to others is for you to see the light you can bring to the world and finally peel away the skin of darkness that comes from the greed that has consumed so many."

They continue, "We are your light. We are your fathers. Your choice is to come home and sit on our Throne of Eternity and send us onto the world to deliver your light. It is us that serve you Matahina, not you who serve us."

Matahina acts confused, mostly trying to avoid what she believes she is learning from these voices, "And how would I send you onto this world when you are the spirit of life itself and one that many never come to know?"

The voices answer, "This is why you are being called home Princess. This too is part of these choices you must make. You are wise and this is a path of destiny that we cannot see, that we have not written, that even we, who write every story on earth in the stars can only have faith in you to write. It is you who we trust to write the most important story of eternity into the stars. The Amuhau is yours to leave lost behind these falls or, decide how you shall send us here to deliver the fruits of peace to all your children."

Matahina watches the fall's opened curtain of water close and the light glowing on the center of the pool from the sun rays vanish with the clouds drifting apart.

She places her hands on her hips and looks up to the sky commenting, "Now I am to believe that you are my fathers and that I'm mother to all the children of Earth? I came

here today to swim and consider some ways to help Mo'ore'a enjoy a hearty tourist season. How will I know what choices to make and recognize these paths?"

There is no more response. The voices in her head have left.

Sarcastically she responds to the missing voices, "How can I expect to understand anything you are telling me? You speak in such metaphors that none of this makes any sense!"

She throws open her hands outwardly as if she is tossing away the entire experience as useless and insignificant.

She begins to walk along the pools' edge and looks out through the palms to see the ocean's horizon. Abruptly, she stops and yells out at the ocean with an anger she's never know, "Perhaps, next, you bring your thunder to startle me, that I might take you seriously. I suppose that is your choice," with a tone she includes, "FATHERS!"

There is no thundering response. However she is surprised when a rapid series of lightning strikes touch the horizon.

She is startled to see the lightning fairly certain it is a deliberate response. Matahina looks up and under her breath concedes, "Maybe I'll think about it."

The Princess shakes herself of a shivering chill.

Matahina looks back down to the ground and a lizard is a meter away watching her. She sits down on the sand near the edge of the water and extends her hand. The lizard cocks its head left and right a few times, then approaches.

The Princess lets it climb onto her hand.

Matahina, unable to avoid her deep thoughts, uses her other hand to draw two lines on the sand like a fork in the road. The lizard watches her attentively.

She lifts up her hand and holds the lizard close to her face and asks, "Do we know each other little lizard? If I set you down on the sand and one path took you back to your family where you are safe, where you only need to care for them and the other path led your enemy away from many, would you play the hero?"

She sat the lizard near the fork lines she drew making a sandy road. The lizard turned and actually studied each path.

Matahina was amazed because it seemed like this little reptile was about to make a choice.

Then the lizard turned around and looked back at Matahina, again cocking its head as lizards tend to do.

Matahina asked, "Well?"

The lizard, choosing neither, ran off in the opposite direction of the sandy paths.

Matahina folded her arms in front of her, then let herself fall backward onto the sand. She looked up at the sky and went to her safe place by singing her song, Matahina's Lullaby. Only this time the lyrics sounded different than ever before.

Evening stars, rising sun
Mo'ore'a sings her song for you.
Swaying palms, gentle breeze
Love's harmony we choose.
Take you home, take you home
adventures on this endless sea.
Take you home, take you home.
Hold you in the arms of destiny.