

Meeting Mina

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“There is going to be a storyteller putting on some kind of a show tonight.”

That is the first thing I heard after I sat down in the café. I was seeking a cup of tea and a bit of conversation. The other people there, a mixture of friends and acquaintances from around the village, dropped in and dropped out of the place as it suited them and their appetites. I mean, there was no schedule or anything. Work was limited, and we spread out what things we had to do over the day to try to make life as interesting as possible. We were a small village on the edge of open wilderness where nature and the animals held their own dominion over the land.

“Who is doing this? I asked.

Michelina behind the food counter answered, “An older woman who came in last night.”

“*Arrived?*” I asked. I knew what *arriving* here might be like.

Michelina was feeling a little extroverted. She whirled around the wooden tables and chairs cleaning up and putting things away. “No. It seems that she has made a job of traveling around on foot doing these performances. She’s a traveling storyteller. Pretty cool, don’t you think?”

Then, the next thing I wanted to know: “Did she have any news about what is going on in the other towns?”

“Didn’t ask.” In Michelina’s mind I could see an image of this woman walking into the café yesterday evening and surprising everyone with her strange appearance.

I knew immediately that I wanted to talk to this stranger who traveled around on foot. If I wanted to leave here, I needed to know what I would encounter down the road. I needed to know a lot more about what was going on out there before I could plan how to get away.

After finishing my tea and determining that no one knew anything more about this newcomer, I returned to work in the community’s vegetable fields. I enjoyed the work even if my powers of manifestation were not the strongest, but today my mind kept wandering off.

When the sun tilted down toward the horizon, I walked back toward the café. The landscape was wrapped in orange rays of sunlight that streamed across the hills and illuminated the village. It was truly beautiful, but I was sure that I was supposed to be somewhere else. Something important was going on out there in the larger world, and I didn’t know what it was.

When I pushed open the door to the café, the crowd was still thin. I stood there with my eyes adjusting to the dim light of the room. I recognized everyone, except for one. Our stranger was sitting in the back by herself eating a bowl of soup. No one had dared break into her solitude, so I took up a place right in front of her. When she stopped and looked up at me with an intense expression, I thought that maybe I had made a mistake not asking first if I could join her.

“Tell me your story,” is what she said to me. “Tell me about how you *arrived*.”

Yeah, what did I expect from a storyteller? Maybe I was feeling a little desperate, but I needed information from her. “Yes, I’ll tell you my story, if you’ll tell me about your travels out away from here.”

She looked at me hard. She was reading me like I was an open book. And I knew that there weren’t very many pages in that book, because I had *arrived* not long ago. I didn’t care. I had nothing to hold back. I was desperate.

I must have passed her test, because her face became more relaxed and friendly. “I’m Mina. Happy to swap stories with you.” She returned to eating her soup. “So, what exactly happened to you?”

The dam inside of me burst open. “I *arrived* during the night. I couldn’t tell you much about the spot where it happened because there wasn’t much that I could see in the darkness. So strange. I mean, this was the key moment of my rebirth on the New Earth, and I still don’t have much of a memory to hold onto. What I remember most clearly is the cold wind blowing all around me, and how the rain began to soak through my clothes. (I began to waive my hands around for emphasis.) The weather was really miserable, and the darkness made it impossible for me to grasp where I was. I immediately looked around for some kind of place where I might get out of the rain, but the only thing that I could see with any clarity was one faint light off in the distance. So I started off in that direction while expecting to bump into cars or buildings or something.”

She was quick on me. “What did you expect to see? Did you remember anything about where you were before on the old earth?”

“In my mind’s eye I thought that I was in the city, and I was walking home through the rain. And then suddenly it all turned dark. For a moment I thought that all the lights had gone out on me. But feeling around, I discovered that I was on a dirt road that was covered with ruts and holes now filling up with water.” (I kind of acted this out in pantomime.)

Mina looked strangely at my reenactment of feeling around and touching the ground. She spoke softly and close to my face, “Do you remember how you felt when you realized that something was off?”

“Yeah, you nailed it! There was a quick shift in my feelings. I went from rushing to get somewhere to feeling like there was nowhere to go. That must have been the moment I had really *arrived*. I still feel as if I have no idea where to go.”

“Its ok,” she said. “I feel for you because this was so disorienting. How did you come to be here in this village?”

“I tried to follow the road, because that was easier than trying to navigate the rough ground on the left and right. (I didn’t want Mina to lose interest in my story so I mimicked my movements.) When the road led me to be this village, there was only one house that had a light inside. I knocked on the door. When it creaked opened, that woman sitting over there, she took one look at me and asked:

(In the voice of an old woman) “Lost your way? Where are you from?”

(With a freezing voice) “Yes, I am lost. And I have no idea how I got here. Can you help me?”

“That must have told her everything she needed to know about my situation. She invited me in and directed me to sit by the fireplace.”

(Old woman) “It’s a cold place to arrive that you picked here. Why anyone lives up here is beyond me.”

“Can you believe that these were the words that welcomed me to the New Earth? I couldn’t tell if she meant that ironically or not. She just sat there like a statue and stared at me.”

I don’t know what got into me to make me behave like this in front of Mina. I guess that knowing she was a storyteller caused me to lose my inhibitions.

There was something unusually soft and accepting about Mina’s manner now. “Yes. Welcome to the New Earth. And what do you think now that you have been here for a while?”

That was a question I would happily have dodged. “I don’t know. I don’t know why I am here, or what I am supposed to do. And it seems like I have arrived in the middle of a great transition, and I don’t have any sense of where I fit in. For example, right now I work in the village garden, but it is not in good shape. There aren’t enough people taking care of it. What does this mean? This can’t just continue like this. It all feels kind of upside-down.”

I felt that Mina would accept my strangeness no matter how confused I was about this world or how insecure I was about my situation. I looked around the room. This conversation had me so distracted that I didn’t noticed how many people had turned up for the event, but some of them were staring back at me because of my odd behavior. All of the chairs were now taken, and a few people were forced to lean against the walls.

Mina took off her cloak and gave it to me to hold. That revealed her dress that was of the lightest, bright purple fabric, and it floated in the air as she glided up to area in front of the serving bar as if she were levitating. Her body was old, but she obviously knew how to move in a performance. Mina’s quickness surprised everyone, and there was a perfunctory burst of applause that fell into silence as Mina began to move her arms gathering and shifting the energies in the room. Then, . . .

Mina’s Story

There once lived a man named Tassi who was a builder of homes. He lived at the far outskirts of a city, and he felt very fulfilled by his work of creating homes for people. His special talent was that he could manifest building materials for walls and roofs from the loose dust and gravel that came from the low mountains near his home. Pretty soon, other builders came to him and asked if he would manifest the building materials that they could use in making their buildings. After some negotiation, they settled on standard rectangular sizes and thicknesses that they would all use. So, instead of building homes himself, Tassi became a supplier of building materials for others, and the number of homes being built in the region expanded because more and more people were able to become builders and to create houses for the newly arrived.

Tassi again felt pretty fulfilled. But his work manifesting the standardized building materials kept expanding to the point where he was spending all of his time and energy manifesting these materials. It was pretty hard work manifesting solid stone structures out of loose stone and dirt. He finally reached the point where he knew that he couldn’t keep this up any longer. He was nearing exhaustion, and he needed some focus to

his life beyond just providing his materials to the other homebuilders.

So, Tassi traveled into the city to visit his distributor and to learn more about how the other builders were utilizing his precious materials. In searching his brain for a solution to his predicament, he strategized that if he knew more about how the materials were being used and assembled, then he might devise an easier strategy for manifesting the materials. But much to his surprise, what he discovered was that most of his materials were being shipped far out of the city to a single construction project that was in the middle of the desert. This one project was consuming everything that he could produce. And even though this peculiar project was located far, far out of his way, he decided that he had to go there and see what was going on. There was no other choice for him.

Tassi asked his distributor for help, and the distributor introduced him to his delivery driver, Notum. Tassi could catch a ride on the special wind-powered vehicle that carried the materials out to the construction site. Notum seemed very happy to have Tassi accompany him on the long trip. So early the next morning, Notum and Tassi left the city together. And even though the wind-powered vehicle was fully loaded with the heavy stone slabs, the wind blew with the power of an elemental spirit.

“The wind?” asked Tassi, “is it always like this?”

“Always,” said Notum. “The wind gives of itself for this project.”

It was most of a day’s journey just to reach the edge of the desert, and that was followed by an arduous ride through the dust and the heat of the flat desert plain. The vehicle carrying them must have looked like a tornado of wind passing through the desert.

Then Tassi saw it off in the distance, the place where the huge project was taking shape. In the middle of the flat desert plain rose a gigantic mesa—like a mountain with the top half cut off. On the flat summit of the mesa stood a huge platform that was clearly the foundation for something very big that was not yet present. Above the platform rose a few strange walls curving up toward the sky like the wings of fledgling birds. This was obviously something quite incomplete, and there was no telling what this construction would ultimately look like.

‘But what an audacious undertaking!’ Tassi thought. ‘What were the builders up to?’ No wonder that so much of his efforts had been siphoned off to supply this project. It was envisioned on a huge scale. Clearly the foundation had been assembled with hundreds, maybe thousands, of his wall slabs. How the builders had made the curving walls was not obvious to him.

But now the closer they came to the mesa, the more Tassi felt depressed. There was no solution here to his dilemma. This project would eat up everything that he could ever produce. This was his worst fear: he would be tied up producing building materials for the rest of his life. What kind of a life was that?!? Maybe this was the end of it. He couldn’t do this any more.

When Tassi and Notum arrived at the base of the mesa, people were waiting for them.

‘No surprise,’ Tassi thought. ‘They must have seen us stirring up dust

across the desert hours ago.’

“Welcome! Welcome!” the crowd called out loud.

Everyone quickly gathered around Notum, who obviously had friends among the crowd. A few members of the crew checked out the new stone slabs that Notum and Tassi had brought. And a few others stood waiting for Notum to introduce this new friend who he had brought along.

Notum was about to explain how Tassi was the creator of the stone slabs, when Tassi stopped him.

“My name is Tassi, and I came along for the ride.”

Everyone accepted this, and the party moved over to some temporary houses where tables and chairs had been set up.

There were pitchers of water waiting on the tables, and Tassi was ready to pour himself a glass, when Notum stopped him and signaled him to be patient. The whole group gathered at the tables and stood behind their chairs. One woman was standing off to the side in an open space. Everyone turned to her.

“In the name of the light and the love within each of us, we ask to be held together in Oneness with our New Earth, and we ask for the guidance of the New Earth’s consciousness in everything that we do. We especially ask for the presence of the New Earth’s four great elementals to be with us and to empower us in service to the New Earth. May we all live in right relationship with all consciousness of the New Earth. We honor the consciousness the South. (And the whole group turned in the direction of the South and bowed.) We honor the consciousness of the West. (They all pivoted to the West and bowed.) We honor the consciousness of the North. (Turning and bowing to the North.) And we honor the consciousness of the East. (Now facing east.) And like the new sun rising, we dedicate ourselves to bringing a new dawn to the New Earth.”

I was so struck by Mina’s delivery of this simple prayer that I looked around the interior of the café and realized that many people were standing and performing the movements just as Mina described them. It was like we were all in trance together.

This simple ceremony struck Nassi like an alarm going off and screaming for him to wake up. He had never really felt affected by a ceremony like he was now with these people. This little ceremony connected to something inside of him. He was affected in his heart, and he struggled to hold back his tears.

And now the crew just sat down calm and happy.

‘Extraordinarily devote group of people!’ Tassi thought.

The drinking of the water was shared in a ritualistic way as each person held their glass before them and offered a prayer of gratitude for the water.

That woman who was obviously a leader came closer to Tassi. She merely stood and studied him.

‘Oh no, she is reading me,’ Tassi thought. ‘She will know who I am.’ But she said nothing, and the woman’s calm face reassured him. She

simply accepted him. His secret was safe. Maybe his inner turmoil was obvious to her, but it wouldn't be divulged.

Several members had gotten up and retrieved platters of food from one of the houses that obviously served as a kitchen. And they all chatted as they ate away, interrupting their conversation only for short prayers of gratitude.

Of course, everyone wanted to know from Tassi about his life and his world, and Tassi was attempting to skirt around the obvious by describing his old life building houses. And at the same time, Tassi was trying to find out more about the construction project. What was this going to be? But no one was really answering his question. Tassi looked over at Notum, but Notum only smiled. It was a strange conversation of avoidances that must have become obvious to them all as they began to laugh at themselves for the situation that they were caught up in.

Finally the leader stood and came next to Tassi. She whispered in Tassi's ear, "Do you know why you are here?"

That broke through Tassi's resistance. He began to explain his work manifesting the building materials. He explained his reasoning about modifying his production techniques because of the high demand, how he had visited his distributor, and caught a ride out to the project site. But he couldn't talk without crying. There it was: the fruitless reality of what his life had become. The whole story seemed crazily out of place in the middle of this beautiful desert. Everyone listened attentively just the same.

The leader now went over to the middle of the tables and looked around. There was a psychic conversation going on among them all.

Tassi thought, 'I am naked in front of them, and they see the void into which I have fallen.' And then he spoke out loud a prayer directed to realms beyond his comprehension, "Please help me."

The woman looked over at Tassi. "Follow me."

The whole group took to their feet and began to follow behind the woman. Tassi followed too as they walked around the edge of the mesa to a flat space marked by boulders arranged in a circle. Everyone formed into a circle as they found places to sit facing the center.

'So tribal,' Tassi thought. 'Working together as one—is this the secret of their joyfulness?'

The woman waved to Tassi to come to the center of the circle with her. She called out, "You have shared yourself fully with us, and now we will share ourselves fully with you. Take a seat and close your eyes." With his eyes closed, Tassi could hear that everyone else had settled down and become very quiet. The woman spoke out loudly, "What is the question that brought you here?" At first Tassi wasn't sure who this question was direct to. "Tassi, what is the question in your mind when you were traveling here?"

"I need to understand what you creating here in the middle of a desert that needs so much of my production?"

Then, from inside his head Tassi heard the message, 'Look inward.' And a vision began to unfold in Tassi's mind. There he saw the desert and the mesa as a mystical plane. And standing upon the mesa stood

something like a piece of sculpture of gigantic proportions reaching up to the clouds. Its shape was a bit like an unfolding flower whose leaves resembled wings. The wings turned around each other creating open passageways through the center. Everything was made of curves both huge and graceful. The wings twisted around themselves and each other until they came to a peak with many delicate spirals. It was a clear, powerful vision, a vision that Tassi assumed was being shared by them all. But what was it? It couldn't be a building for people, because there were no flat surfaces, no places for people to walk. Was it simply a grand work of art with no overriding purpose other than to stand there in beauty?

'The Temple of the Winds,' their voices told him. 'It will be a Temple devoted to the consciousness of the air element on the New Earth.'

Tassi had a vision of himself standing on the top of the mesa and facing directly toward the Air Elemental floating above the desert. Its body was visible only in the turbulence of the air, but it was clearly a massive conscious energy. The Air Elemental welcomed him and asked him to help with the project. 'For the New Earth that is still to come.' Yes, Tassi got it: the Temple was designed for the wind to pass through its wings and passageways. It was not designed for the presence of people at all. It was designed for the movement of wind. More than that: it must have been designed by the wind. The Air Elemental had conceived of this Temple. The consciousness of the wind would be anchored here and amplified. This was a vision of the partnership of humans with the New Earth that went beyond anything that Tassi had ever considered. The work of creating a New Earth in mutual harmony with the elementals was still unfinished.

But Tassi wasn't ready to give up his regular life and simply surrender to this urgent appeal for his help. He needed to get a hold of himself. He opened his eyes and stood up, but discovered that his legs were not so steady. With his first step, he collapsed right down on the ground, and slowly began to rise again only with the help of others.

"We know and understand," one of them said.

Tassi stood up on his wobbly legs, and he searched the faces of those who stood around him. "How did this come to be? How did you come here?"

"Called."

"Just followed my instincts."

"I wandered all over the world before I found my way here."

"I just know that I belong here."

"I wanted to give something to the New Earth, and here I was."

"I just knew that there was something more to living on the New Earth than just living day-to-day."

It was the same with all of them.

The leader came forward and faced Tassi again. "And what is the deeper question that has been plaguing and driving you forward?"

"Yes, there is this feeling that my life had become a dead-end. The question that tears me apart is how do I find a more meaningful life for myself? Is this it? Did I trip and land in a better place?"

You could see why this woman was a leader. She projected a sense of complete confidence in herself and in her community here. She embodied the vision, and when she looked at Tassi, you could feel her flow of compassion and love. "Tassi, let me show you some more. Come."

Tassi walked with her back toward the houses, and then passed the wind-car on which he had arrived to a work area with piles of stone slabs, some rectangular and some curved.

"We have the talent to lift and place the stones through levitation. That is how we were able to build the foundation. But our powers of manifestation are challenged when trying to bend the stone into the curved surfaces that we need. Each piece must be unique and must fit together with the other pieces perfectly. We need your help because you are the one with the talent to manifest stone from dust and to shape it with your intention. This is why you have been called here."

Maybe that should have been a shock, but Tassi absorbed these words as easily as breathing in air, because these words were truth. Tassi now accepted the inevitable and felt a wave of relief. He had been clearly called to a higher purpose. His knowledge and his talent fit the need. "I will do this."

And so it was that the construction of the Temple of the Winds entered a new phase. Members of the team levitated materials from the desert and brought them to the mesa. Tassi was the leader in shaping these materials into curved stone slabs that fit into their special positions in the Temple. Like fitting together the pieces of a puzzle, one mammoth piece of manifested stone after another was assembled reaching higher and higher into the sky. And as the Temple was growing piece by piece, the consciousness of air was attracted to the site growing stronger and stronger. The vision was becoming reality.

And all of you hearing this story, envision if you will, a time on the New Earth when the consciousness of all the New Earth, of all the elementals, of all living things are joined together in a state of Oneness that sings out into the Cosmos: I am the New Earth and I am fully awake!

I guess that I woke up in a kind of an exhilarated state. I watched Mina with deep admiration and a longing for more. I had received something well beyond a simple story. There was something important for me in what she just did. It all seemed so very real. I had seen it, and I had felt it as if I were really there. I just puzzled at Mina for some time while she slowly relaxed her arms and guided the room's energy toward a soft landing.

A young man yelled out: "I saw it. I saw the Temple of the Winds sitting on the mesa. It was beautiful and shocking. Where can I find it?"

"I want to join them!" called out a young woman. "Where are they? How do I get there?"

They were both ready to go and to give themselves over to this project that was so much greater than the lives they lived in the village. Their outbursts broke the ice and now everyone was talking about what they had seen in their mind's eye during the story. There were lots of affirmations about the project and questions about the significance of such a Temple for the New Earth. And was this

something that had already happened or was about to happen?

Mina came back to her seat next to me, took her cloak, covered herself, and sat like a stone. She didn't react to questions, and so people took the hint and ignored her. I think that she was helping people to process their experiences by giving them their own space to speak and share.

I leaned over to her and said, "I want to talk with you about something else."

She looked at me with a wry smile. "How about in the morning, my friend? Bright and early with the sunrise! Meet you here."

'Well there goes my morning sleep-in,' I thought.

'BE READY!' she said to me with a powerful psychic thrust. That shook me up. Be ready for what? If I wanted her help, I guess that I had to be ready to accept it in whatever form it came.

It took quite a bit of time before the gathering in the café broke up. As people stood to leave, they would express their gratitude to Mina who smiled and nodded. And then as she herself stood and turned toward me, 'See you in the morning,' delivered firmly like a parental command. It reminded me of my mother insistently waking me up in the mornings for school—only I couldn't remember my mother's face or my room or anything but the feeling in her voice. It was all beyond my mind's grasp.

When I walked back to the simple house that contained my room, my head was abuzz with images and thoughts that would not relax and turn into dreams. My nervous mind couldn't settle itself, because it sensed that something was going to change. My whole life since my arrival here in this village could be turned over and left behind like the page of a book. Yes, a new chapter was what I longed for, what I desperately needed. I turned Tassi's experience over in my mind. He had found what I wanted. It made sense why people reacted the way that they did after Mina's story. Maybe we were all just biding our time here until we were called to something greater than ourselves.

Ok, so I wasn't so well rested when the sun rose, and without really thinking it through I packed a bag with my essential things. I was ready to move on whatever terms were offered to me. Today I was finally going to head back down that road where I had *arrived* weeks ago.

Mina sat against the wall in the café drinking her cup of tea. She seemed deep in her own thoughts, and so I hesitated before stepping up to her this time. I got her attention and asked, "Can we talk now?"

"Are you certain that you know what you want?" she asked me. What was she seeing in me? Was she testing my determination in this way?

I was ready to blurt out everything about my uncertainty, but then I realized that I was making a lot of assumptions about Mina. Maybe that wasn't the right kind of response. I turned it around. "Uh, is it true that you travel around to different villages telling stories like you did here?"

"You are well informed," Mina responded with a slight smile. "What do you think about that?"

"I like it. I think that you are preparing the way for something new. That is what the story-telling is for, isn't it?"

"True."

"Mina, I want to join you. I want to travel around and meet people. And I also want to contribute to whatever is going on. Please may I travel along with you?"

Maybe I can assist.”

“If you come with me, I will teach you to be a story-teller too, and a time will come when you will need to go out on your own to help lift the consciousness of the people.”

“This is it, exactly what I have been waiting for. Thank you, thank you for coming here.”

Mina took my thanks quite casually. Then called out, “Michelina, you better bring this man something solid to eat before we head out. He is going to need it.” And then in the psychic way she told me, ‘Along the road I will tell you the story of my encounter with the Temple of Antares.’