



*The Seeker and  
the Temple of Light,  
by Sonya Haramis ©*

The Seeker sat alone in the Temple of Light, waiting for the word of enlightenment she had trained so long to hear. When she heard the word she would know what course to take in her life to save herself and her people. For so long she had wandered in the wilderness, alone...without food, nourishment, or companion to give her solace. She survived because of one thing alone...the light she kept seeing way off in the distance, deep in the woods she so solemnly navigated.

At first she thought it was the North Star, the celestial light that had lit her way home many times in the past, yet it was not. It was the Great Light, the Ember Glow of the Temple of Light, calling her forward beyond her despair and heartache. It was a call she could not refuse.

As she sat in the Temple of Light, she thought about all of her loved ones who had perished in the Battle of the Ages. It had been foreseen by her elders and prophesized by the great seers of her tribe, so in a way she was prepared. But nothing could have prepared her for the bloodshed she witnessed or the helplessness she felt.

While her grandmother trained her in the secret battle arts of her lineage, and her father taught her how to fight as the fierce warrior he was, nothing could have prepared her heart for the grief it would suffer. Sitting in the Temple, her grief still too near, she focused on the brilliant yet soft white Light. It seemed to soften the agony living in her being.

Thoughts raced through her – too gruesome to bear – and as each memory surfaced she fed it to the Light, surrendering the grief with the offering of a sacred grain indigenous to her land. Each time she did so, she would see

the face of the loved one who perished in the great battle, yet their face was not in agony – in the mask of death – it was the face of utter bliss and joy. She knew she was seeing them in Heaven and that they were safe in paradise. So her battle, her warrior path of solitude, was not in vain, but in deep victory – a victory beyond her understanding.

She thought she was the only one to survive and escape, especially when her father told her to run to the great Woods of Shadow to seek help and answers. Through the pain of fiery tears, she obeyed him and ran...as fast as she could while terror raced through her body and mind.

For days and nights, she didn't eat, sleep, rest. Her mind and being were tortured, wondering if she would ever see her loved ones again.

The Battle of the Ages began long ago – it was a battle that began between the Seeker's great-grandfather and his best friend, who had betrayed him. The Seeker's great-grandfather, Watchful Eye, and his best friend, Empty Palm, had been given the great responsibility of care taking a sacred stone, which held great prophesy for the people...and held great prophecy, it held great power – none of which Watchful Eye wanted. Yet he could see that

Empty Palm was beginning to want to keep the stone for himself and his family. His desire for power began to change him as a man. Watchful Eye prayed for guidance on what to do. He was guided to take the sacred stone to a secret hiding place, deep within the Village of Peace. When he did this Empty Palm was furious and broke the friendship that had lasted a lifetime.

That is when the dark times began and the plans were set for the Battle of the Ages. For many generations, Empty Palm and his descendants tried to find the stone and killed many innocent people in their search.

Because it was prophesized, many of the Seeker's family fled the Village, but some stayed to protect those who could not travel or leave as they loved their land and wanted to protect it and the sacred stone.

The Seeker defended her land and her loved ones well, but many perished, and alone she traveled through the Woods of Shadow, guided by the Light, to enter the Temple where she now sat.

She sat and sat, silencing her mind and offering her thoughts to the Light whenever they arose or became too painful to bear. It felt as if she sat

there for days, comforted by the Ember of Light, which had a sacred energy to it and soothed her soul and eased her mind.

She saw visions – generations of lives on the earth, witnesses to great peril and great beauty. She saw the earth after the Battle of the Ages – charred, scarred, and deserted. Then she saw her people, her land – as it once was, pristine, beautiful, sacred, untouched by grief. How could this be, she wondered?

As her spirit asked this question, she felt a gentle breeze blow across her face, wiping the tears that had slid down her face. It seemed to speak to her, speaking to the unspoken part of her.

“Seeker, you have come here for a reason. You have been guided here for answers, and your prayers have been answered.”

The Seeker lifted her head, not sure who was speaking to her, but knew they spoke the truth.

“Yes, I come for peace, solace, and comfort,” replied the Seeker in her mind.

“You will find them here. What you do not know is that your grandmother sewed into your garment a sacred seed, which you unknowingly carried through the Woods of Shadow to the Temple of Light,” said the Wind.

“I did? Where is this seed?” she asked.

“It is hidden in the hem of your shirt,” replied the Wind, “where it would be safe, and never touch the ground or germinate before it was ready. You see, Seeker, the seed you carry no longer exists and your grandmother held it for safekeeping all these years, for she knew you would one day return it to the Temple of Light. You alone would have the courage to journey through the Woods of Shadow, carrying the sacred seed. The tree which will bloom from this seed hasn’t been seen on earth for thousands of years. It is necessary for peace that this great tree blossom again, and it had to be carried through great danger to arrive here. That you have arrived is a great omen for the people.”

Stunned, the Seeker felt her garment and could feel where the tiny seed had been sewn into the garment without her knowledge. To the naked eye, it looked as any other seed. One would never have known it was the germ of a sacred plant.

The wind guided the Seeker to tear the garment and set the seed free, and lay it at the foot of the Great Light. With reverence she did as she was guided and stared at the seed for what felt like hours.

It, too, began to glow in the reflection of the embers.

Beyond the Great Light, the Seeker was guided to look and not far away was a small garden, carefully, meticulously cared for.

“Take the sacred seed to the Garden of Hope, Seeker,” the Wind instructed.

The Seeker gently took the seed in her hand and walked reverently to the Garden of Hope. There were miraculous plants and flowers growing there – beauty she had never seen before – colors and aromas never experienced

or seen. Beside an exquisite pale pink rose bush without thorns, there was already a small hole dug in the earth.

“This is where you are to leave the seed, Seeker,” guided the Wind.

The Seeker placed the seed gently in the earth, and covered it reverently with the soft soil that was beside it.

Moments later, the sky still soft blue, soft rain began to gently caress the Garden of Hope and the Seeker. She smiled and let the rain fall upon her and bless her. She was so tired that she lay down on the earth and fell asleep for what seemed like days.

When she awoke beside the Garden of Hope, not far from the Great Flame, the most beautiful miraculous tree had blossomed. She was astonished gazing up at its beauty – at once offering light and shade. The energy, power, and force of the tree were magnificent, and the Seeker could tell this was a great shepherd among trees.



The Wind said, “Seeker, well done. Now, you can see why the sacred seed was so important to arrive in the Garden of Hope. This tree provides healing medicine for incurable diseases, it heals all broken hearts, and mends grief and despair in all who sit beside her, or drink a tea made with her leaves. She is also the sacred guardian of the Garden of Hope, so you have helped restore hope and protection to this magical realm.”

The Seeker was overwhelmed and humbled by the gift she had been given. Sitting beneath this sacred tree, all of her grief left her and her strength returned to her.

Led back to the Great Light, she stared into the embers for guidance. She was shown a vision that it was time for her to return to the Village and her people, and to tell them about the great tree. Her way would be lit, as it was lit before guiding her to the Great Light. She was to wait until the full moon, which was just a day or two away.

She slept, drank the rainwater, ate the sacred food from the Garden of Hope, and prepared for her journey back.

When the time came, she thanked the Wind, and the Great Light, and the sacred tree. She left an offering of gratitude. As she walked back through the Woods of Shadow, somehow she wasn't as afraid and the woods didn't seem as dark. She was still guided by a great light, and trusted the gift it gave her. As she approached her village, she was scared of what she would find, and what or who she wouldn't find.

At the top of the mountain, which overlooked the valley of her village, she could see that things had begun to heal and grow again. A great peace overwhelmed her and she knew a miracle had happened. Somehow, miraculously the sacred tree had grown there, too! And those that had been killed or maimed were healed and reborn beneath the sacred leaves!

She ran to her home into the arms of her father, grandmother, mother, and sibling! All were happy, healthy, healed and alive!

How could this be, she wondered, but dropped to her knees in gratitude.

Her father explained to her that soon after the Seeker left, a great miracle had happened in the village. They couldn't explain it, but deep in the night,

suddenly the sacred trees began to grow. They grew so tall and thick that they choked off the enemy so they could no longer invade and fight the people. They didn't get the sacred stone – that was safe. And for those who had perished or were maimed, the sacred trees healed everyone.

The Seeker began to sob, not knowing her part in the miracle but grateful that all of her loved ones were safe. She gave thanks and blew a prayer to the Wind, for the Village and her people were alive and well, and the Garden of Hope had spread throughout all of the land.