

The Two Worlds

Chapter 1 Doud

They stood before the King, shimmering in a radiant light that was awash with a myriad of colors. The King would have been too bright to look at, but because their eyes were pure, they stood, unflinching, in the face of the One Who had made them. Everything was good here. The vibrancy of new light was in everything: from the grass to the giant water creatures. Everything was new and it was all very good.

The King spoke and they, small children as they were, looked up at the Great One like a child looks at her father—with simple love. “Hemolele and Nani,” He said, “Come and sit in my lap.” Both of the children crawled into the brightness and sat contentedly for a while and then jumped off of Him like He was a diving board and rolled down the great hill and splashing into the gentle river below. Their King walked down, laughing, and called them to dinner.

No one knows how many years that the two were in this state of childlikeness before they began to grow. Time was not the same as we think of it because, in the presence of the King, time doesn’t exist—and they were in His presence a lot. Years passed and the two grew physically and spiritually stronger. One day the King called the to Himself for an early walk through the fields. “Do you love your land?” He asked them. “Yes!” they answered at once. As they said this they took in the beauty around them—beauty which no word could ever describe. The colors were as wild as the mountain peaks were high. Animals of all shapes and sizes would come and nuzzle their noses into their shoulders when they passed them. The King spoke again and said, “I have given all of this to you and you have taken care of it very well. I am proud of you.” When he said the last word, the each took one of His giant hands and walked next to Him. He continued, “Like I said, all of these lands are yours to care for. Soon you will have children and they will have children and the world will be filled with your offspring. Before you have children, I ask you, will you obey me?”

They looked at him each a little puzzled because they had no concept of not obeying Him. Their eyes were speaking affirmation, but before their mouths followed He continued on. Do you see that river over there? Yes, the Levande Vatten. I ask you not to swim in that river anymore, but you can still swim in all of the other rivers.” The two both had a strange look, as nothing had ever been off limits before, but they nodded and told Him that they would be obedient.

More time passed and the children loved their life and their King. There was nothing that existed to bring a shadow into their lives because they knew only of goodness. In order to make

sure they were obedient, Hemolele decided to make rules guarding the Levande Vatten. He told Nani that they would be better to avoid the river completely. He figured that, if they were in a boat and it turned, that would make them disobedient. If they were on the bank and a slipped into the water, that would make them disobedient. With all of these considerations, Nani agreed with Hemolele and they declared the entire river and the land close to it off limits.

When they had supper with their King that night, they excitedly told Him about their new rules. Both were aware that his face didn't light up with delight at their idea and they took this to mean that they must do more. In the morning, they decided that they better not even travel in the direction of the river. When He told the King, He looked sad and they both saw tears in His eyes. He still held the close and sung the to sleep, but they knew something was wrong.

When they were asleep, the King returned to Him home. Each of the three lights within Him separated and consoled one another because they knew what this new rule-keeping strategy of their beloved children met. As time went on the children began to skip their meals with their King. They were busy constructing a wall that would keep them from going near the river. They became obsessed with their ability to be obedient, but they never asked Him for help. He tried to talk to them about it, but a new feeling arose in them—shame. They felt like they couldn't do enough. This feeling of shame kept them from turning to their King. Before long, they decided that they better skip the grand sinners so that one could stand watch—in this came a separation between even themselves.

The King waited for them night after night, but he was left to have His meals alone. He grieved for His children, but he could not interfere. He had formed many planets. Whenever he made the foundations, he placed limits inside they very planet that he could not break—for if he did, the planet would be torn apart. One of the first limits he always placed on a world was the inhabitants would be free to love Him and free to obey Him. He would never force Himself of His children.

One night, as the glorious colors of light separated, each could be heard crying out because they missed the children so very much. Time went on and the two finished their great wall and said that is was good. One day, as Nani was standing guard, a strange being came towards her. He looked to be human, but much bigger. He was beautiful to look at and, because of his beauty, he was instantly put at ease with him.

“Greetings in the Name of the King,” he said. The word King drew up a longing from deep within—a fiery longing that was quickly quenched with shame. He sat with her and asked if she would dine with him. She agreed because she was hungry and she secretly hoped that the King would come to them. The food helped to hide her shame away and soon the two were laughing and having fun. He began to visit her during each of her watches—for Hemolele never

came to spend time with her. Months went by and she began to become very happy when she would see her friend walking toward her.

Upon one occasion, as she asked about the King. He told her that the King hadn't been visiting their world anymore and that he hadn't heard the King talk about them at all. She believed him since she hadn't seen the King—although, in reality He had been there every day. She told Hemolele that the king had stopped coming and he believed her. Eventually, the King could be standing right next to them, but they wouldn't notice Him. This, of course, grieved the King and, when the colors would separate, they would each grieve in their own way.

Hemolele's companion asked her why she was guarding the wall all of the time. She explained and he laughed at her. "Are you sure that the King told you not to cross into that territory beyond the wall?" he asked.

"Yes, I heard it with my own ears, he told us that we must stay on this side of the wall or we would be ripped apart by wild animals (such were the extent of the lies they made up and believed).

"That is ridiculous! I live on the other side of the wall and I have never seen any animals that would hurt me. They are all very kind."

"What about the river? Isn't it full of dangers? The King said that we would die if we even gazed upon the waters."

"When did he tell you that?"

"Oh, I cannot even remember. It has been ages and ages ago."

"Ah, that explains it! You didn't hear his decree that the waters are now safe to swim in! He told everyone—at least all of his children—that he wants us to enjoy all rivers on the face of this world."

"Really? Even the Levande Va..."

"Vatten, yes, especially that one."

That evening, Nani told Hemolele that a messenger came from the king to tell them that they were free to swim in the great river and enjoy all of the territories (she had never told him about the messenger before and felt shame in the deception). Hemolele jumped up and ran towards the wall with a handpick and soon had dug a hole through it. He took Nani and crossed into the territory of the river without ever finding His King to ask if the messenger had told the truth.

When they didn't see any wild animals waiting to tear them apart, they decided that the messenger must have spoken the truth so they ran towards the river and dove in—despite the feeling that they shouldn't that was inside their hearts. They swam and splashed and then they kissed—a kiss that they had not experienced before. It was a kiss that stirred a longing for

more. Suddenly three bright and blinding and beautiful lights appeared. They swirled over the pair and then came together to form a being that they at once knew and dreaded—their King.

They ran out of the water and were beginning to thank Him for the gift of the river when He began to cry. Being close to Him again awoke the childlikeness inside them and they crawled up next to Him. “Oh, my children, what have you done?” Nani got up to explain, but Hemolele, with a look she had never seen on His face, pushed her to the ground. He stood defiant to the king. He went on a verbal tirade telling the king that He was the one who abandoned them. He told the King that they hadn’t needed Him for all of the past years and that they didn’t need Him now. He did this, of course, because shame buried always sprouts pride. Nani tried to interrupt, but he kept pushing her down and she began to cry. Her tears angered Hemolele all the more and he slapped her, hard, on the face.

At that moment the lights separated again and formed a being neither had seen before, but both knew to be their King. He towered above them in a thunderous cloud and spoke to them on the winds of the lightening. He said, “Children, I bore you and cared for you and loved you yet you turned from me. You grieved me from turning and I hoped you would return to me. I waited for you every day at the supper table, but you stopped coming. I walked with you, but you didn’t see me because of your hardened hearts.

Today, with this act, you have chosen a life without me and I will honor your desire. I will leave and will never walk with you as I once have. I, of course, will always be with you. If you call to me I will come, but you will not see me. I long for your offspring to return to Me and have already put a plan in place to reconcile us, but you will not see that fulfillment. I must relocate you. This place you have know as home is an extension of the realm of heaven. Your hearts are bent on separation and heaven is only a place of being with me. My heart grieves, but you cannot live in this place while you are on this earth. If you turn back to me I will open a door for you to return to this realm after your years have been fulfilled on this world. If you desire to stay turned away from me, you may go with the Liar called the messenger and live in his realm and under his rule—a realm sadness and despair. This is the choice of both you and your offspring.

My princes will come and escort you to your new home and I will wait. I love you both.

The angels came and took the pair to a land that was very different. They told them that this land was different and that they would be surviving instead of enjoying life. They taught them how to take care of themselves and they left. The pair looked in the distance and saw their land lifted into the sky, wrapped in light, and then it disappeared. Then they walked away from each other and were alone for many, many days.

Chapter 2

Liewn

They stood before the King, shimmering in a radiant light that was awash with a myriad of colors. The King would have been too bright to look at, but because their eyes were pure, their eyes were wide open. They were staring at their Father's face, not unlike how babies stare at their mother's, while sitting in His lap. They both jumped up to kiss His cheeks to say goodnight. "Will you come and walk us to our beds, daddy?" His eyes light up with the invitation and he jumped to his feet. They walked to where the children slept at night. They had made beds of a plant called Heather under a slight outcropping of rock. They were lulled to sleep each night by the gurgling of a nearby stream.

They laid on their beds and their father kissed the tops of their heads. "Good night Manaio. Good night Hele. My heart always abounds with love for you both." They were fast asleep before he crossed the stream. As He walked, he separated into three bright colors. They communed with one another with a tangible light love flowing between them.

Laughter rose up as they recounted the many firsts of their children's day.

"Did you see her face light up as she put her finger in the sleeping grass and it grabbed her finger!"

"That was so precious! Did you see Manaio trying to convince the fish to jump into his hands."

"Ha, I almost rolled out of the tree when I saw his surprise at the sliminess of the fish. They are so precious. This evening, they visited all of the animals and trees they could find and wished them rest and then they kissed them all!"

The three lights continued to chat long into the evening. Morning arrived on the wings of the two great suns, Argia and Endurnyja (names given by the children). Their breakfast routine was that they would go and gather fruits and vegetables and bring them back. They would cross the stream and wash themselves and their food and then eat. Lunch was the same, but supper was always provided by their Father, the King. They never worried about what they would eat. They actually never worried about anything. They spent most of their time having fun adventures or planning fun adventures.

Since they were constantly in the Presence of the King, time did not progress as many think of time. Their bodies would grow as their minds grew in wisdom and understanding. Their Dad spoke of His desire to give the planet to them as a gift. He told them that He wanted them to learn as much as they could so they would manage it. Thus, learning became a grand adventure for them. Every day they would go and explore and create and, therefore, grow a little.

One day, their Father King came and asked to talk with them. He told them that soon they would create other people and fill the earth with them. He said that before that could

happen, he wanted to ask them something. They came and sat on the low-hanging tree branch he was on—one on the right and one on the left of him. He began: “Do you know the Sung tree in the valley you named Pulchram?”

“Yes,” they both answered.

“I am going to ask you to stop eating the fruit from that tree, though you may continue to eat any other fruits.”

“Is something wrong with that tree? Did we give it a bad name?”

“No, beloved, I have my reasons. Will you obey me?”

They looked at each other and both nodded in agreement to both themselves and to their daddy King. “Good,” he said, “let’s go and eat supper.” They went as feasted on the amazing foods that his princes brought. After the king left, the children went to sleep and slept with fully beautiful dreams.

In the morning they had an adventure planned to go and ride the giant birds that lived in the valley Pulchram. While they were searching for the birds, they came upon the Sung tree. They both looked at it hungrily—not for food, though. They loved to climb the Sung tree because of its many interconnecting branches. Hele said “I’ll race you to the top,” and was a quarter of the way up before Manaoio got to the first branch. When they were at the top, they saw that the fruit was ripening. Manaoio called out, “Daddy, will you come here?” The king was soon climbing up the tree. When he reached them, Manaoio asked if it was okay for them to climb the tree. “Of course it is,” the father King responded, “I only asked you not to eat the fruit. Will you be able to be in the tree without wanting the fruit?” Hele thoughtfully answered, “Why would we need this fruit when you have provided all of the other fruits for us?The king left and the children resumed their hunt for the bird. They didn’t care about the fruit, they only cared about pleasing their daddy King.

The children stayed together mostly and never forsook their time with their King. They did, however, have alone time throughout the week so that they could think about all that they had learned. One day, as Hele sat by the stream, in contemplation, a prince she did not recognize appeared.

“Greetings in the name of the king,” he said.

“Hello.”

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“I am contemplating the wonder of the great white flowers that close their petals every night. Have you seen them? They are so beautiful?”

“I have, but I am not that impressed with them. I have seen much more beautiful flowers.”

“The beauty of flowers cannot be compared—they are each beautiful. Ah, I hear Manaoio! I wonder how his contemplation over the rivers went?”

When she finished the last statement, she looked around and the prince was gone. When Manaoio arrived they embraced and told each other about their contemplations. He excitedly told her how the rivers all seem to flow the same direction and that some are faster and some are slower. He ended by saying that he had many questions for the King at supper. She told him about the flower and then she told him about the strange visit from the prince. “You have never seen him before?” he asked.

“No, and I had a strange feeling the whole time he was present. I did not like the way that he spoke about the beautiful flower that the King had made. None of the other princes speak like that.”

“We must ask the King at supper—before I even speak about the rivers.”

They enjoyed their day exploring the great caves and arrived for supper thoroughly hungry. Before they began eating, they told the king about the visit. The princes who were nearby stiffened and grew somber as they listened. Before the King spoke, Prince Iqhawe asked the King if he would give him permission to expel the one they spoke of—he never said the name. The King responded by saying, “It is not his due time. You know that. He will be taken care of after Earth is born.” The children puzzled at the word Earth, but realized that it was not time to ask questions. The atmosphere shifted amongst the princes. They seem restless.

The King spoke to the children and said, “This prince wishes to harm you. Would you like my help and the protection of the princes?” Although the children had no idea of what harm was they nodded in agreement with Him because they trusted that He knew what was best for them. He told Prince Iqhawe to assign the princes to protect the children and they fanned out instantly. Hele climbed into his lap and asked, “Daddy, what is it to harm?” Their Father King said, “Child, I hope you never know. Come Manaoio. I am so proud of the both of you for telling me about the prince” They looked at him quizzically because they didn’t know what else they would have done. They trusted Him so much that the idea of not trusting Him didn’t make any sense in their minds.

The princes gradually became convinced that the evil one was not on the planet that they again allowed the children to play and explore by themselves. The evil one, however, returned to the planet after a time and waited until the girl child was alone. He came one day as she was contemplating a beautiful bird she saw making a nest on the Sung tree. He approached and called out, “Greetings in the name of the king.” She was startled and jumped up. “What are you doing here?” she asked. He began to tell her that he had heard the King had been away and that he brought her a message.

“What are you saying? I talk to the King every day.”

“Hasn’t he been gone and unable to have supper with you?”

“That doesn’t mean that I haven’t talked to Him. We take all of the time.”

“How?”

“Thinking.”

“Ah, that is it. Don’t you know that we often think we are hearing from Him, but we are really just thinking our own thoughts?”

“I know the difference between my own thoughts and His thoughts.”

“How?”

“Because I am His child.”

“Really, did he tell you that.”

During the questioning, she closed her eyes. He thought that he was making headway and bringing her confusion. In reality, she was blocking out the sight of him and asking the king for help. The king told her to not talk to him anymore and that he was going to help. The evil one was going on and on with something she didn’t even hear when, at once, she noticed that it was silent. She opened her eyes and the King was there beside her. Manaoio was there with the princes. Prince Iqhawe had the evil one bound and a great hand over his mouth. The King looked at the children and asked, “The choice is up to you. These lands are your inheritance. You will rule for me here. You have the authority to tell this one that he cannot come into the very atmosphere of this world. The choice is yours and I cannot make it for you. Do you need to think about it?”

Manaoio grabbed Hele’s hand and walked forward to face the evil one and said, “I prohibit you from ever entering our planet. You are not allowed to even come into our atmosphere. Go.” At that word, the princes flew up toward the heavenly places and threw the evil one into the darkness. The children were, at once, embraced by their Daddy King and the princes as well. The King said, “You have chosen well. I am so proud of you. I give you this planet to take care of and the animals to love. You will enjoy my Presence and every moment of your lives. You will live out your days in heavens and never know the words of darkness that characterize so many worlds.

As the King spoke, the children began to grow. Soon they were standing tall and beautiful. They were husband and wife. The King blessed them and told them to love well. He ended by saying, “Come, let’s have a grand celebration supper tonight!”

Chapter 3

Doud

Hemolele and Nani came together after many months of lonely wandering. They found each other by accident (so they thought) and, being their anger had subsided, were happy to see one another again. Soon, they had children running around and were tolerably happy—as happy as one can be without the King. Nothing was the same between them as it had been. They fought often and were separated a lot. Hemolele would take off on hunting expeditions that would last weeks at a time and Nani was never sad to see him go or happy to hear him arrive because his temper grew more combustible with his age.

Despite their mutual indifference, they did love their children. They emulated how the King had fathered them when they were children. Time drew on and they lived their life solely in survival mode. The King would visit, but they could not see Him. He would speak but they could not hear. They were so ashamed that their hearts were hardened and they lived their whole lives without returning to Him—though they did teach their children about Him. When their daughters had grown into beautiful women, some of the princes came down and married them. Nani died holding her first grandchild, Dochas.

The line of the Dochas offspring is as follows:

Dochas married Hou and they bore Gradh.

Gradh married Hrrda and bore Lukas.

Lukas married Petra and bore Paulo.

Paulo married Timor and bore Love.

Love married Castruch and bore Heime.

Heime married Solu and bore Homer.

Homer married Laurel and bore seven daughters.

Their firstborn daughter, Lea, carried the family line.

Lea married Honu and bore Timo.

Timo married Castor and bore Hinela.

Hinela married Lovela and bore Hinlodo.

Hinlodo married Glasrush and bore Burn.

Burn married Havalah and bore Hamuela.

It was at the time of Hamuela that a great war began in the land. Hamuela was the king of a small city-state called Duar on the coast of Hysepheses. The wars began between two neighboring nations, but quickly spread throughout the entire known world. No wars before or since had ever been known. Evil ran rampant as captured peoples were slaughtered or

enslaved. Some people fought only because it gave them an opportunity to own more slaves than other nations. There was not one nation that was untouched, but much of the population fled to the outlying lands for refuge. It was during the wars that the origin genealogy stopped. People had to change their identities and their speech and many others wanted to forget where they came from.

With a loss of most of the population, the wars finally stopped, but those displaced never returned. Many people groups were so far apart that they found it easy that an outside world existed at all. Most of the displaced were peaceful so the time of peace settled upon the planet—a time not seen since the homeland of Hemolele and Nani. In fact, there was a lot in common with that land because people were seeking their King. For most, the origin story had been forgotten or warped, but people knew He was there and their hearts yearned for Him. This gladdened His heart so much because he had many, many children that He often communed with. He knew, however, that, since Hemolele and Nani had given the evil one control of the planet, peace would not be able to last until those who loved Him stepped into the next dimension of their lives.

The evil one was far in the south gaining worshippers daily. Most of them did not know whom they worshipped, but the worship of anything besides the King is to worship the evil one. He was bent on taking over control of the planet. The peace was slowly killing him. There was a time that peace was so outspread that he thought he was going to have to flee and find another world. He was able to stay only because his area was thoroughly under his control. He allowed his people to prosper and he made them very comfortable with life. He even allowed them to forget that he existed. He fed off of their energy rooted in greed and hate and anger and lust. Their prosperity ensured that they would never remember the King and the memory of the evil one became a bedtime story.

Although the evil one seemed inactive he was not. He was making plans to be able to take over the entire planet. His area was too small for his ego, but he couldn't even look away toward the north because of the goodness there. He knew he would have to spread darkness in order to begin the takeover. He waited. he planted ideas in the heads of the southern peoples that those in the north were their enemies. The people believed those lies quickly because they were so full of greed that they suspected everyone of malice. While the people in the north lived and loved and enjoyed life, a movement in the south began to invade. The years of peace are, by some historians, counted as up to two thousand years. Some historians claim it was only fifteen hundred. Regardless of the time, it was enough for the evil of the southern peoples to become complete.

Some of those in the North prepared. The King was often warning them, though the peace made some of their ears a little deaf. Those who listened to Him began to take in stores.

Some began to make weapons—a thing which had not been done during the peace. Some tried to make their homes impregnable. Most just kept living and did nothing.

The gathering darkness of the southern lands was complete after five hundred years. When the time was fulfilled, the evil one revealed himself to his peoples as Yalan. The people were so steeped in his darkness that they quickly accepted his lordship. He told them that the times was coming when they would take back their rightful leadership of the planet. They rejoiced and all began to believe that the peoples of the north had exiled them to the southern lands and their hate burned hot.

Chapter 4

Liewn

“I can hardly believe that today marks 89 years since the great celebration,” said Hele. The couple stood out overlooking a beautiful valley—a new one they haven’t seen before. They had spent their years exploring and creating and caring for their world. “How can each new place we discover on this planet take our breath away? Will we ever tire of the beauty He made for us?” Manaoio said. They sat down on a cliff overlooking the great valley and tried to decide what they would name it.

They had no children yet, but were content. They spent so much of their time in the presence of their King that they never aged as those peoples on fallen worlds do. They were still very young—indeed, just growing into their childbearing years. They had mapped out much of their world and were enjoying every day of their life together. Sometimes they disagreed, but they did not fight. They always took their disagreements to their Father and asked for His help—which of course he always gave to them.