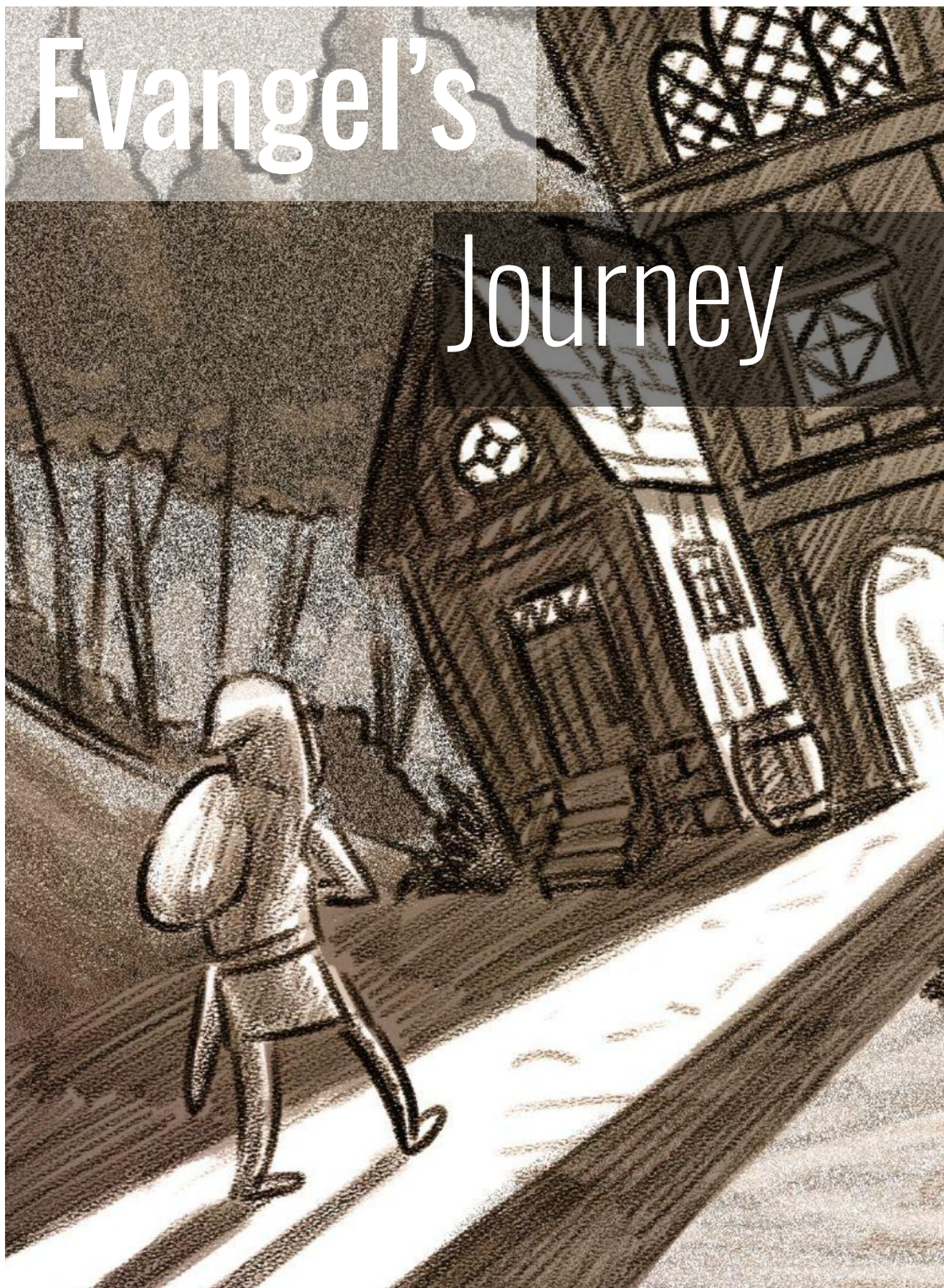


Evangel's

Journey



Evangel's Journey

By Desire Grover

In a great Kingdom vast and wide there lived a young messenger of the King. Her name was Evangel. She was one of many messengers who took their job of spreading the King's wishes to the subjects very seriously. She had never met the King but hoped that by being one of His most devoted servants she would soon stand before Him to be blessed.

One day Evangel received word that the King was not pleased with a town called Worthy. It was not always known as Worthy. It was once called Wretched but somehow the town's people had begun to think differently and talk differently; more so than any other town in the Kingdom. In time the town no longer believed they were Wretched so they renamed their town Worthy and this displeased the King. It was Evangel's job to warn them of the King's displeasure and to instruct them to rename their town as Wretched.



After a long journey into the heart of the town, Evangel needed a place to rest her head so she walked into a tavern called Reflection.

They had one room available because the lodging was terribly full. It seemed to be a very popular place in the town. Evangel grabbed a seat in the back of the tavern. She was enjoying the music and festive noises of people chattering with one another when she thought, "They seem so reasonable and rational. What could have made them defy the King?"

Just as she pondered this thought, a woman walked in. She wore a white dress and a large lavender hat that covered her face. Many people in the tavern greeted and hugged her. They were all so happy to see her. Some even followed her around as she greeted others. Evangel then noticed a large basket the woman was carrying.

"Who is this woman and why are so many enamored with her?" she wondered.

As the woman greeted people she would reach into her basket and give a small box to them. Evangel paid close attention to this and watched as each person opened their box to find a very large pearl inside. Some of



them laughed at the sight of the pearl. Some stared at their pearl, in awe. While others cried heavily as if relieving themselves from some

great pain at the sight of the pearl. The more Evangel looked on at the crowd the more she realized that most of them had received a pearl from the woman; who at times would comfort those crying and just as easily laugh with those who were giddy.

"This is madness," said Evangel.

She then marched over to the woman wanting to see her face clearly and ready to tell her of the King's displeasure. The lady in white was comforting an old man when Evangel interrupted them.

"Excuse me, madam!"

The woman looked up, her eyes so clear and full of kindness. The sight of the woman's eyes startled the messenger. Evangel felt herself back away. She looked down at the King's decree in her hand to break the uneasiness she was feeling.

"It's important that you read the King's decree," asserted Evangel. "You might be the cause of this town's problems." She then handed the woman the document.



The lady in white looked at the decree as if reading it carefully. "I'm certain that I am not the cause of the town's troubles," she answered.

Her voice was as comforting as her eyes. Evangel was not sure how to respond but words came falling from her mouth nonetheless.

"The King would not be pleased with what I have witnessed. You are driving these people to madness with the pearls that you are giving them. I am inclined to report this to the King."

After Evangel made her point she looked down, expecting to see the woman's kind eyes but instead, she found that the lady in white was gone. Sadness rushed through her.

"Don't be silly. She must be reported," said Evangel to no one but herself. As the messenger thought about how to write up the report she realized she did not know the woman's name.

She went to the bartender and asked him who the woman was and pushed for her name. The bartender smiled, looking at his pearl.



"Honestly, I'm not sure what her name is but for some reason I think it might be, Humility."

"Well I must know her name for certain in order to write my report," insisted Evangel.

"Ask the musicians," encouraged the bartender. "They talk with her often and have even written great songs with her."

Evangel went over to the three musicians and asked them for the woman's name. They all seemed just as stumped as to the bartender, looking at one another as if the other knew something the other did not.

"I always thought her name was Generativity," said the vocalist.

"I assumed her name was Emotional Intelligence," remarked the pianist.

"Her name could have been Differentiation," proposed the drummer.

"But it's quite possible we are all correct but from a different perspective," they added.

Evangel was growing frustrated with them all. "How could you possibly talk to the same woman and receive the same pearls and NOT know her name," she demanded.

"Her name didn't seem all that important," answered the vocalist.

"The way she made us feel and even reflect gave us the ability to create the most moving songs," explained the pianist.

"And she did not give us the same pearls. All of our pearls are inscribed differently," pressed the drummer as they held their pearl up to Evangel's confused face. She looked closely and realized the pearl was inscribed with the word Differentiation. She then asked to see the pearl of the Vocalist and the Pianist and just as she suspected they were inscribed too. One with the word Generativity and the other with the words Emotional Intelligence.

Not sure what to do the messenger went to her room to rest. Just as she was falling asleep she heard a noise outside her door. It was laughter. The same laughter she heard from the woman. Excited by the

chance that she might see her again she jumped up and opened the door. And there was the lady in white rushing to a door at the end of the hall.

"Wait," cried Evangel, chasing after her.

But the woman ignored her, quickly opening the door and shutting it behind her, not even glancing at the messenger. Evangel stood outside the door feeling the rush of sadness again. "I have most certainly offended her with my talk of the King's decree."

The messenger felt a burden of regret. If only she had asked the lady in white for her name before spouting off about the King's decree. The decree began to seem crueler and crueler the more she regretted it. She wanted, more than anything, to see the woman's kind eyes again. She looked down at her feet feeling foolish. That's when she saw the small box, similar to the box the lady in white gave the villagers. Opening it, she expected to find a pearl but instead found a key with the words "Moral Imagination" engraved on it.

She looked up at the door wondering if the key would open it. She further noticed the words "Authentic Spirituality" written on the door. Excited she used the key and turned the knob. The door began to open.

She continued seeking.

~The End~