

## The Black Pearl, and the Yellow Rose.

One day a Black Pearl and a Yellow Rose went walking. As they walked they passed by the many injustices of the world. They saw men and women in the bowels of homelessness, children without adequate food and shelter, people being moved around from their homes like checkers on a board to facilitate the whims of the rich.

As they walked, they talked of better days and better things to come, for both had been endowed with vision and love for humanity. They spoke to one another of the great things they would do, the many achievements they would accomplish, and the benefit that each would be to the world. And as they traveled, each admired the potential in the other.

So the Black Pearl turned to the Yellow Rose and asked: "How shall we accomplish these marvelous deeds?" The Yellow Rose replied: "Come, let us continue on our journey and work together. Although two apart can do many good things, two together can do many great things." So hand in hand, they continued on.

The day had been long, and although many plans had been made, the Black Pearl said to the Yellow Rose: "We must rest. For it is only with rest and replenishment can we succeed in our quest." The Yellow Rose said: "I agree. But a Black Pearl and a Yellow Rose cannot live by rest alone, we must invigorate, how shall we do that?"

The Black Pearl thought for a moment and said: "The day has been long, and soon it will give way to the night, but tomorrow is the hope of forever. We must celebrate the passing of one day, and rejoice in the promise of the future!" And the Yellow Rose said: "So shall it be."

So the Black Pearl and the Yellow Rose began to search for a place of respite, where they could celebrate, replenish, and rest. Once having found a place of level ground agreeable to both, the Yellow Rose began to construct a fire that would warm with security, and enlighten with its glow. The Black Pearl began to build a simple abode made of time tested timber with a covering of the things that make life grand.

As the Yellow Rose built his fire, he began to think. You do not really know the one who builds the fire of security and light; you only know the beauty of the petals and the sweet savor of sorrow overcome. You do not know that which is inherent of the beauty of the rose. You do not know the thorn.

And there it was, amidst the loveliness that had grown to be the rose, was the thorn. A thorn of anger that many years of pain and hurt had hardened to the rose.

So in a moment of desperation, the rose, having shared the savor of his sorrow, demanded of himself: I must share the wrath of my anger. And in an attempt to express that anger, which had developed over much agony and grief, he quenched the flame of the hope of tomorrow, forgot about the joy of the moment, and demanded recognition of the disappointment of the past. Once having destroyed the symbols of a new day, he demanded of himself that he share the disappointment in himself for allowing the pain of the past to overtake him, and laid the ashes of what could have been the light of the world, at the feet of the Black Pearl.

After having exposed the thorn, a thorn of which he was not proud, but did grow out of the same stem that produced the bud, he retired to a place within his own mind that he knew well. A place cold and alone, one that had been strengthened by the shrill winds of the necessity to overcome adversity.

But the need to retire is not a need only known to the Yellow Rose, for the Black Pearl also felt this need and felt her own thorn of anger. So she retired to a place in her own mind of disappointment, futility, and familiarity of it can never be, such things as love do not exist.

But even though the Black Pearl's and the Yellow Rose's plans to celebrate had been diminished, the new day refused to play their game. He insisted on rising and presenting himself as an overwhelming testimony to what faith in life can achieve. So he rose in a brilliant spectacular of strong bright light, soft soothing pastels, and a fresh cool clear air to enlighten all that would see.

So, although having retired to cold separate places in their own minds, the Yellow Rose and the Black Pearl could not deny the catalyst of the new day. For even though around their hearts was an unfortunate, but undeniable, crust that had been created by resentment of the past; there was within those crusts, two hearts that beat full of the hope of vision, the love for humanity, and the warmth of their love for one another. So with that hope, love, and warmth they succeed in melting down those crusts and opening their eyes to the prospects that the new day brought.

Along with those prospects, came the realization that their dreams could not be achieved by themselves alone. They had to admit to themselves, that although they were strong, independent, and able to weather the storm, nature dictates that one must have another to truly succeed.

So they arose from their own minds, crossed the level ground on which they had built their camp, and looked one another in the eye. And in those eyes, each saw a light, a light brighter than the brightest white. A light that could only be rivaled by the light of a new day. There was a love for the world and all its inhabitants, a compassion for the small and down trodden, an empathy for those who could not carry the burden of their own weight, and a grand tenderness that they had found in the love and concern they felt for one another.

The Yellow Rose then said to the Black Pearl; 'Many beautiful things can come out of adversity and trial' and she looked at him tenderly, and they smiled, he gave her a peck on the lip, they turned and began to walk arm in arm, together forward, towards the horizon of better things.

THE BEGINNING