

The Chosen One

Publisher Sebastiano Vottari

The Chosen One

And here was Althaus, the chosen one who was a blessing in his own grace and a grace in his own blessing. When he passed from one village to another, he left behind a memory like a dawn gone by. And one day in Emmanuelle's village, he said, "I wish the happiness of my heart could enter every heart, so much so that we would become one heart." That same day, he scattered seeds in the fields, and said, "I wish I could send you out into the world like these seeds, and see you again at harvest time, when your hearts will be full of fruit." And don't say, "When it's cold, I wish for warmth," or, when it's hot, I wish for cold; rather, say, "We have been graced with winter when you stand before your hearth," and say, "We have been graced with summer when the sweat drips from your brows in the fields." And when it rains, say, "Grant us its blessings, and protect us from its evils." That same day, an old woman approached him and said, "O chosen one, what can you tell me about life?" She replied, "This life of yours is nothing more than a seed that must germinate, a cloud that must rain its rain, a night preparing for the rising of the sun at dawn." Then a priest came and said, "Speak to us of God," she replied, "God is your creed, but He who has neither beginning nor end is more than a God. Know yourself and you will know God, but you are not given to know who rules over your God, who keeps your God in balance." Then a healer came and said, "Speak to us of illnesses," she replied, "Illnesses arise when your ego ceases to have a strong God, neglects Him, and borrows the God of others. In that case, illness is your cure, even if you suffer from it. Because it is the price you pay for access to paradise." A father came and said, "Master, speak to us about family." He

replied, "Family is the hearth that can be touched without burning, like rainwater that fertilizes the earth without wetting, like a storm that brings tranquility, and like heat that does not cause sweat. You see, family is the soil of this life, and life is merely a seed that must sprout from the soil." A priest approached and said, "O Chosen One, you have spoken to us of God, now speak to us of the mystery of death." The Chosen One smiled, his face caressed by the sun, and said, "Death is nothing more than a sprouted seed, a blossoming flower, or the rising of the sun at dawn for some, for others a seed that must sprout." A judge stepped forward and said, "Speak to us about injustice." He replied, "Injustices arise from base speech, so be careful what you say in your meetings." A money changer said, "Speak to us about money and gambling." He replied, "Many low conversations revolve around money, so let's not talk about money. Instead, let those who have it use it wisely; those who don't have it don't desire it and will be happy. Gambling is stealing money from people while giving them false pleasure." A woman said, "Speak to us women." He replied, "Woman is man's field; let man go to his field, and the fruit of his sowing will bring him nothing but happiness." A philosopher approached and said, "Speak to us about thought." He replied, "Well, thought is a fire that is always burning. Be careful to guide the fire carefully so it doesn't burn the entire forest." The philosopher asked again, "Teach us how to guide this fire." He replied, "On this point I have nothing to teach you that you don't already practice. Are we not gathered here as one heart?" A seer approached and said, "Prophet, tell us about destiny." He replied, "Destiny is hanging around your neck." When it falls to the ground, your destiny is fulfilled. A newly engaged man asked him: Speak to us of love. The chosen one bent down and traced

a line on the ground with his finger, then stood up and said: Love is you when you put on wings to fly to unknown places, it is you when you ride through a storm, it is you when you walk through flames. In the small village of Emmanuelle, it was midday, and a light rain began to fall from the sky. The chosen one dismissed the crowd for later, and thought to himself: I hope I know if anyone in this crowd has understood.

The village chief invited him to lunch at his house, and when they entered the house, Althaus the chosen one said: The abundance of your tables comes from your God in perfect balance, when you don't like a food, don't comment, but leave it.

You see, I like to think of your hearts as beehives, which send their bees flying to the flowers when you approach the food with desire.

Then a simple-hearted child asked him: "Master, where do you get these words from?" He replied from past memories, from the depths of my heart, and above all from your love for me. Sitting at the table, the host thanks the Eternal for the food, and the chosen one said: "Your prayers are your God when he is strong; the stronger your God is, the more your dreams come true."

After eating, the chosen one took his leave and returned to the village square in front of the temple. Immediately, the people gathered around him like a colorful mosaic. Then one person, remembering the light midday rain, asked him: "Master, tell us about the rain, the sun, the moon, and the stars." The chosen one replied: "Rain is heaven's blessing for the dead earth; when you need it, it comes, and the earth becomes alive and green. The sun is your heart searching for light; your heart searches for it, and it finds you every day. The moon is your beloved, whom you

don't yet know; she shows many faces and sometimes hides. The stars are your homes in the sky, adorned for every seed that sprouts, every flower that blooms, and every sun that rises."

A beggar approached and said: O chosen one, tell us about poverty, he replied: Poverty is a cloak for wealth. Is it not true that the rich maintain their God in balance by feeding the poor?

Then a man who had recently been released from prison approached him and asked him: Master, tell us about crime. The chosen one replied: Crime is a bad path, but also a necessity. Without crime, there is no criminal who has the responsibility of a mouth to feed. By feeding that mouth, the criminal keeps his God in balance; otherwise, imprisonment or a bad agony awaits him.

An exorcist came forward and asked him: Speak to us of demons, he replied: Demons come with luxury and comfort, then you begin to fantasize, the thought escapes you like a fire and the fire destroys the forest.

At this point the chosen one asked for a glass of water, after which someone said to him: Speak to us about eating and drinking, he replied: Eating and drinking is a necessity for the poor and an entertainment for the rich, they have different effects, just as wise words have different effects on those who listen to them, they nourish the souls of the poor, and increase the arrogance of many rich people.

A woodcutter who was working in the mountains came forward and said to him: Speak to us of the mountains, he replied: They are of various colors green, red or black and are like nails driven in, so that the earth does not shake, therefore they are a great blessing, but man seldom appreciates blessings.

A mother came forward and asked, " Tell us about our children." He replied, "They are the joy of your eyes when they are born, then when they grow up, they are your fear of not seeing them married. Then, when they are married, the birth of your grandchildren is the joy of your hearts." A fisherman came forward and said, "Tell us about the sea." He replied, "The sea contains your desires when you want fish, your dreams when you want to sail, and your love when you want to swim. The sea is also a joy to your hearts when you just want to admire its immensity."

Then came one who was known to be a dreamer of dreams and said: Speak to us of dreams, and he replied: Your dreams are a foot in the afterlife when you dream, and they are a window with a veil onto the future, in your dreams the soul takes flight and wanders to unknown destinations, beyond time and space, the future is shown to you through a filter that distorts your vision.

After these words, Althaus remained motionless and tense for a moment. The crowd grew worried until the prophet spoke again, saying: "The time for my departure is approaching. I have had a vision: the caravan with which I came to you some time ago is only a few hours away from us." Then someone in the crowd approached and said: "Speak to us of the dwellings." He replied: "The houses where your bodies dwell are your past desires fulfilled; your bodies are the homes of your souls. Keep your bodies clean so that your soul may shine." Then a man renowned for his kindness came forward and said: "O prophet, speak to us of the heart." He replied: "The heart is the Lord within you; Thoughts come from it, and therefore actions follow. The heart must not be filled with just one thing, but must contain the right amount of everything. A heart filled with passion causes the

body to burn, a heart filled with sadness leads to depression, a heart filled with joy leads to madness, so keep every element of the heart at the right level. Then, towards the entrance to the city, noises could be heard: it was the caravan that had arrived to tear the chosen one from the crowd, as death tears a young man from life. The chosen one prepared to greet the crowd, saying: Today we were one heart, now I must go, another village awaits me, other lost hearts await me to unite with mine, but do not worry. You have heard my words, do not forget them, tell them to your children, and they to their children. And let each of you be in the right place, just as the sun always rises from the east, and as the snow is always on the mountaintops, and as the bee is in the flowers, I pray you always be in the right place. Do not let the demon of luxury and the tyranny of comfort make you fantasize and deviate your thoughts, otherwise its fire will burn not only the forest but the city as well. With this, the crowd dispersed. As the chosen one headed toward the caravan, a man mingled with the crowd stepped forward. He was the king of the kingdom, and he said to him: Prophet, listen to me before you leave. I give you my entire kingdom in exchange for your wisdom. Althaus. The chosen one replied: I see that someone has understood. You have discovered the true treasure. I have no higher wisdom to give you. You have earned my respect, and I tell you that you can keep your kingdom as well.