

The Story of the Dewdrop

Legacy of Marc Fourcade

Revised Translation by Charles Gibbs

High up in the sky floated a thick cloud-like celestial womb pregnant with possibility.

In a moment of creation, two drops, let's call them Quest and Seeker, formed as they fell from the oneness.

Because they were formed together, they were particularly fond of each other. As they drifted high above beautiful landscapes and oceans, nothing pleased them more than to share their impressions with each other.

They saw below them a mountain peak of majestic beauty, shining red-gold in the reflected light of the rising sun.

At once, they felt an intense desire to go down to the mountain, down to Earth.

"Let's rain, right now," said Quest. *'Great idea'* replied Seeker. And, so, they fell.

Enjoying their journey through the cool air, they noticed as they tumbled that they were turning into snow crystals. How beautiful they were! Delicate laceworks, sparkling like diamonds.

The first rays of the sun turned them into drops again. And that was just as well because the crystal form could hardly contain their sparkling enthusiasm. It seemed the journey had only just begun when they slid onto blades of grass.

Then off, onto the ground, where they began flowing down the mountain slope.

Fascinated by this new experience, they worked to flow slowly and began to notice what was around them. Their attention was awakened by a curious little flower...the rare Edelweiss, which, by the way, looked like a snow crystal.

Since there was so much to see, Quest suggested: *"Let's each go our own way exploring the mountain. We can reconnect at the bottom and share our experiences"*.

"A good idea", Seeker replied, *"I'll go that way. North, I think."*

"Fine", said Quest, *"I'll go this way. East, I think."*

Enthralled by the subtle fragrance, Quest immediately approached Edelweiss, cautiously.

"How good of you to come!", said Edelweiss. *"I have been waiting for you."*

Quest seemed perplexed. How could this flower have been waiting for them?

As Edelweiss noticed Quest's confusion, they explained further: *"Look, how quickly the sun rises. To survive at this altitude, I need coolness. If you give me some of your coolness, I give you some of my perfume."*

It seemed like a fine exchange as Quest was so happy to take some of the subtle perfume with them on their journey and was glad to share some of their coolness. The exchange went smoothly, and Quest continued cheerfully on the way, enjoying the exquisite aroma of Edelweiss's perfume.

Moments later, Quest's attention was drawn to a beautiful blue flower, brilliantly radiant above the snow that here and there remained on the mountainside.

"What's your name?" Quest asked?

"Gentian," replied the flower.

"What a radiant blue color you have!" Quest said in admiration. "I may not grow as high as Edelweiss, but you will not find a more beautiful blue color on this mountain" Gentian replied, then continued, "Anyway, I have been waiting for you!"

"Really?" Quest asked.

"All Gentians need wetness and you are wet... Look, the sun is climbing. If I don't get some refreshment, I will wilt". "Feel free to take some of my wetness," offered Quest, moving closer to Gentian.

"I'll gladly give you some of my beautiful blue in return," the grateful Gentian offered. And so they traded.

Happy with Edelweiss's perfume and Gentian's blue hue, Quest burst into song:

"The world needs me! Me! A small drop in eternity ... look! the whole wonderful world is reflecting in me!"

"I am happy, happy, happy", replied the mountain's echo.

"Do you also need me?"; Quest asked Echo?

Before Echo could answer, a multicolored bird landed in front of Quest and replied, "Of course I need you!"

"But how beautifully you sing! Though I'm a little thirsty, rather than drinking you, I would love to kiss you!", Bird sang.

A kiss ... that was something new... "I've never been kissed," Quest replied. "Yes, please."

Bird hopped closer, bent down gently, and gave Quest a kiss, taking a teensy sip at the same time. "Thanks for your coolness." Bird said.

"You're welcome," Quest replied, feeling strangely warm and loved.

"How can I keep the memory of your kiss?" Quest asked. Without hesitation, Bird plucked out its softest down feather and gave it to Quest.

With Edelweiss's subtle perfume, Gentian's soft blue hue and the beautiful bird's love-filled down feather, Quest continued the journey down the mountain.

Still savoring the warm glow of love, Quest arrived at the bank of a babbling mountain stream and saw that it was impossible to reach the other side without being carried away in the swirl of rapidly flowing swirl of drops.

Noticing Quest's challenge, an ever-watchful stone in the middle of the stream called out. "Jump on me!" Stone invited.

What a kind offer!" Quest replied. *"I was afraid I would be washed away and lose myself forever."*

With Stone's help, Quest reached the other side of the turbulent river. *"Since you're surrounded by water, I don't really have anything to offer you, but my thanks. Still, I wonder, may I take a reminder of your kindness with me?"* Without hesitation, Stone relinquished a glistening flake, which Quest gratefully received.

Even though the flake weighed a bit, Quest's spirit remained light and determined to hold onto the flake. *"So what if I go a little slower"*, Quest reflected, happy with the collection of treasures. And so Quest continued on down the mountain.

In each of the encounters on the way, Quest shared a bit of its cool moisture, in return for a gift that held a lovely memory.

A squirrel presented a tuft of red fur. A tree that offered shade while Quest rested offered a small leaf.

A road Quest walked on, offered a tiny piece of splendid green moss.

Quest didn't notice their growing collection of treasures and memories weighed them down a little and made them a little fearful. Quest was not so supple and carefree anymore. So, farther down the mountain, as the path became bumpy and littered with thorny bushes, Quest plucked a thorn. *"You never know when someone might try to steal my treasures!"* Quest thought. *"With this thorn I can defend myself and my treasures."*

So, without noticing, Quest became more and more weighed down by memories and baggage. Quest had lost their sense of freedom and wonder and was no longer able to remember the joy of starting the journey at the top of the mountain. The sparkling nature once so welcomed had become a burden.

Edelweiss's scent, Gentian's color, and the feeling of love from Bird's kiss were by now buried beneath so many other memories and so much baggage. Specks of dirt picked up along the way had turned Quest murky, giving them a sallow gray color. The light of the sun could no longer get in. And it was not uncommon for Quest to be pricked by the thorn that was originally meant for protection.

The day grew hotter and the journey down the mountain became more and more difficult. Quest had altered the path down the mountain searching for shade when a shadow passed over. Looking up in surprise and gratitude, Quest saw that the shadow was cast by another drop. *"Who are you?"*, Quest asked.

"Don't you recognize me?", the drop asked? *"I'm Seeker. We came down together from our cloud."*

"Oh," said a stunned Quest, *"Is this really you? I hardly recognize you!"*

"Have you taken a look at yourself lately?" Seeker responded in an irritated voice. *"I barely recognized you because you look so drab and bloated."*

"You mean I look as bad as you do now?" Quest asked, deflated. Then they suggested, *"Let's find a shady spot where we can share experiences."*

Settling into a shady glen just off the path, they began to talk about their journeys. At first, they listened patiently to each other, but soon they began interrupting each other, each believing their own experiences were superior, while secretly fearing that they weren't, and that they looked as bad as the other.

Soon both felt disrespected, rejected, petulant, and they began to move away from each other. Each was unable to see or admit that, in essence, their experiences were the same. Each felt misunderstood, rejected, depressed. In each other's presence, they experienced not only discomfort but even distaste. Their differences seemed to grow bigger and bigger, and the distance between them grew. Finally, they turned away from each other.

Once again alone, each was increasingly desperate for new sensations to help them avoid the same painful realization: They were no longer clear, vivid, vibrant, life-giving drops of water. Instead, they were sluggish and oversaturated, weighed down with so much baggage, inside and out.

In truth, *both* had changed dramatically. As attractive, transparent and sparkling as they had once been, they were now heavy and dark, alienated from their original state. Each saw this in the other but could not see or accept it in themselves.

Still, each could neither fully quiet nor accept a still, small inner voice asking: "*Weren't you once cheerful and welcomed warmly by others who said, 'I have been waiting for you. I need you!'*? And now, if you're honest with yourselves, aren't you increasingly dissatisfied and greedy, ready to defend, by force, what you've acquired along the way; whilst no one greets you anymore?"

Angry and confused, Quest watched Seeker disappear from sight, then selected a different path down the mountain and set out.

Soon Quest noticed a drop of oil hanging from the leaf of a sunflower.

Impressed by its glowing golden beauty, by its smooth, soft lines and fluid movement, Quest requested, almost begging, "*Please give me a little of your beauty.*"

Oil responded bluntly. "*You, mud, dare ask me for some of my precious 'essence'? Tell me, why would I give you anything?*"

Stunned, Quest fumbled for some words "*I wanted to restore myself with some of your beauty,*". Oil flared in outrage. "*Are you so stupid that you do not know that water and oil cannot be mixed? 'Your kind' are nothing compared to 'my kind'.*"

Without me industry is unable to run at full speed, no armies, no missiles. Without me, nothing moves smoothly. The world needs me!"

"*And you, what value do you have? You stink. Get out of my way!*" Oil continued, then slid down the leaf and out of sight.

Stunned once again, Quest felt defeated, as if the journey down the mountain had been worse than worthless. As if the life-giving essence they had exchanged with others on the journey had never existed. Looking around, Quest realized they were now stuck in a pool of mud, and they were part of that mud.

All the giving and taking had turned Quest into a glob of mud, unhappy and exhausted, surrounded by other unhappy, empty and exhausted, globs of mud. Nothing was attractive

anymore. The world and life once so enlivening seemed to have lost their beauty and wonder. Quest lay there as the light faded from the sky and the night grew as dark as the despair rising within.

In the darkness before dawn, quest awakened with heavy feelings of alienation, yet the burbling stream also awakened the lightness of hope.

Seeming both nearby and impossibly distant, a point of light shone brighter and brighter.

Wondering what this bright light was doing in the middle of a pool of mud, Quest rose slightly searching for the source, then struggled toward the brightening light.

Drawing near, Quest saw that the brightness was the reflection of moonlight from a flower they had never seen before. It was a lotus flower, anchored in the mud, yet floating on a film of water.

On one of its leaves, lay a radiant dewdrop, reflecting the whole universe!

"Who are you?", Quest asked hesitantly, in a barely audible voice.

"I am Dewdrop," came the welcoming answer that washed over Quest with soft waves of peace that invited belonging, even as they evoked a deep sense of homesickness.

With a deep, sorrowful longing, Quest murmured, "*How beautiful and full of light you are!*"

"*All dewdrops are beautiful and full of light,*" Dewdrop smiled. "*And who are you?*"

For a moment that seemed like an eternity, Quest realized they no longer knew who they were. In Dewdrop's reassuring silence, Quest let themselves remember what they had had, and what they had lost. What they hadn't been able to admit to themselves, or to Seeker.

Strangely, Quest felt safe, with nothing left to defend or to lose. They heard the still, small voice and opened to its truth.

"*I am a drop of mud,*" Quest responded with a hint of embarrassment, but also a hint of acceptance. Dewdrop remained silent on the leaf of the lotus flower, listening without moving.

"*I have been through so much,*" Quest continued wearily. "*I have given so much, taken so much, loved so much, feared so much, lost so much. What has become of me?*"

"*I understand what you have been through,*" Dewdrop replied, "*because once I was like you. Once you were like me.*"

"*That can't be right,*" Quest protested, "*Look at me, a glob of mud. How can I be compared to you?*"

"*Oh, what I say is right,*" Dewdrop replied kindly and clearly. "*Remember the start of your long journey when you came out of the cloud. You were as radiant and bright as I am now. You began your journey, filled with energy and wonder, and sparkling with zest for life and love. Everyone was happy to meet you.*"

"*Then, on your journey you acquired a collection of memories and baggage,*" Dewdrop continued. "*You have become oversaturated. You came to confuse the baggage you carry, with the essence of who you really are. You think you are nothing but mud, only because you have forgotten who you really are. You have forgotten how it feels to be who you really are!*"

Dewdrop said these words with a love and compassion that eased Quest's aching heart.

Dewdrop continued, *"The pure drop of water you were before you became mud, is still your essence. It can never be lost, only hidden. Whenever you choose, you can begin the next part of your journey. A journey to once again be the radiant, bright, vivid, transparent drop that you really are. All you have to do is remember and choose to reclaim your true self. "*

As Quest listened in silence, Dewdrop continued, *"I overheard your conversation with Oil Drop. Why would you want to look like them when you can be your true self, capable of more than you can imagine?"*

"Without drops of water like us, there is no life on earth. Without us, plants, flowers and crops wither. We, you, make life possible for so many wonderful beings.

!!! Do you even realize how special you are? You can split the hardest rock. You create rivers, oceans.

Even in your state of mud, you are the fertile soil for the lotus on which I lie. You create so many kinds of beauty. You are able to split light into a colorful rainbow.

Earth and their whole community of life need you!"

Pausing for a moment, Dewdrop looked at Quest and asked softly, *"What do you think? Do you want to become that bright, radiant, life-giving drop once again? If you choose, you can return to your true nature."*

Dewdrop spoke with such gentle certainty that Quest felt hope trembling in their heart. *"What is your secret?"* Quest asked.

"There is no secret," Dewdrop replied, *"but you have a choice to make and there's not much time left. Only a few hours remain before the sun rises. Sun will do some of the work, but you must do your own work to be ready.*

"Three things are important:

- 1. You must choose to let go... to give back to nature what you took from nature.*
- 2. You must not waste time engaging in new complications. It is time to go home, to let go...to become light and free again...*
- 3. And most of all, you must remember who you truly are: a brilliant, pure drop of the water of life...the more you let go...the more you allow the source of life and light to take you back home. Trembling with fear and hope, Quest said: "I believe I'm ready."*

"Good," Dewdrop responded. *"Now, begin by letting go of that thorn that hurts you now and then."*

"No, no!", Droplet protested in spite of themselves. *"Not the thorn. I need it to protect myself. Without it I will be defenseless."*

"Where you're going you won't need protection," Dewdrop said kindly and firmly. *"Let it go!"...*

Reluctantly, Quest let go of the thorn.

"Very good!", Dewdrop encouraged. *"And now that flake of stone."*

"But that connects me to earth. It's my anchor," Quest objected.

"It only weighs you down," Dewdrop countered. *"If you want to return to your true self, to your true home, you have to become light. Anything that pulls you down is the opposite of what you need. Let it go!"*

Dropping the flake of stone, Quest immediately felt lighter.

"And now the tuft of red squirrel fur," Dewdrop continued with a wink. *"I had such beautiful plans for it,"* Quest began. "I wanted..."

"You wanted," Dewdrop interrupted. *"Yes, you wanted. It's your choice what you want the most. If you want to stay here, that squirrel fur might come in handy. But if you want to go home, you have to let go of everything that keeps you down here."*

Quest released the tuft of squirrel fur. And then, one by one, they let go of everything they had accumulated on their journey. Memories, presents, tools. There were difficult moments where they hesitated, but their desire to become light and radiant again was stronger.

"And now the down feather," Dewdrop continued. *"Not the feather,"* Quest sobbed between tears. *"It reminds me of the love I once felt so strongly. "*

"The experience of love is inside you," Dewdrop said reassuringly. *"Letting go of the feather doesn't mean you will lose the experience of love."*

As the soft down floated away, Quest felt the feeling of love warming their heart.

As Quest became more and more transparent with each item they released, the soft moonlight penetrated and helped them remember their original nature. Quest became lighter and lighter. Light enough to climb onto the lotus flower!

"Well done," Dewdrop affirmed, *"but you're not quite complete. Go inside to find what still needs to be released."*

Closing their eyes, Quest remembered Seeker and how poorly they had treated each other when they were last together. Without any judgment, Dewdrop said, *"You have to let go of that, too."* And Quest did.

"There is still more," Dewdrop said. *"It's subtle. Go inside find it. There's not much time left. The sun is about to rise. If you want to be carried back home by her warmth, you must be completely empty."*

Quest turned inwards and found Edelweiss's subtle perfume and Gentian's vibrant blue.

"Give them back to nature," Dewdrop advised. *"You can't take anything that belongs to the earth home with you."*

With a smile of gratitude, Quest released Edelweiss and Gentian.

Lying in the heart of the lotus flower, having let go everything that belonged to nature, Quest experienced the overflowing joy of their original nature. Vibrant, radiant, bright, pure, full of

light and life; reflecting all the wonders of nature. Now next to Dewdrop - guide, teacher, friend - Quest saw that they reflected each other's beauty. Unique as they were, the difference between them was small.

As the sun rose higher and higher above the horizon, the two translucent drops came fully alive under its warming rays. They were filled with an intense sense of freedom, love and life. As the sun climbed still farther, they were permeated by its warmth and brightness. As they shone with its radiant light, they knew they were brilliant expressions of the sun.

"It's time to go home," Sun seemed to invite them. Then, being lifted in the warmth of its glow, the two drops began to dissolve into light.

Before they were fully gone, they glanced back toward Earth and noticed that countless other drops were following them. Some, like Quest, had been pulled out of the mud. Others, like Dewdrop, enjoyed this special ride fully realizing the uniqueness of what was happening. They all rose together.

They recognized each other and knew where they truly belonged. Absorbed in the light, the warm love of the sun, they felt connected to everything, to everyone. Having let go of everything, they realized they carried inside the essence of everything they had loved.

They were lifted higher and higher up into the sky. Back to the oneness inside the cloud of possibility that, once again, would carry them away with the wind. Inside that tomb-womb, they rest in unknowing until the time was fulfilled and, once again, they would feel the desire to rain ...

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Marc Fourcade wrote this story originally and gave it as a legacy to 'Silence@Work.

Charles Gibbs revised and enriched it into the version used in the web- application.