

THE LOST BROTHER

AND

OTHER TALES

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STORIES FROM THE YOUTH WORK OF
THE SCHOOL OF THE GOLDEN ROSYCROSS
LECTORIUM ROSICRUCIANUM

Lectorium Rosicrucianum

Youth Work

Bakernessergracht 11

2011 JS Haarlem

The Netherlands

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Book design: Henk Flipsen for Rozekruis Pers

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Suitable for children from 5 to 9

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Foreword

These stories created and written by the Youth Work of the School of the Golden Rosycross are luminous symbols of the path human beings choose to walk to return to the original life field of humanity.

Some stories are based on age-old tales from different cultures and originate in various parts of the world, while others are created and written by young people in whom the spirit-spark-atom, the original divine light spark is active, or as the Rosicrucians express it: in whom the Rosebud has begun to flower. All are scintillating reminders of the life-experiences that ultimately culminate in a deep inner knowledge that there *is* another life field and that the path thereto *does* exist, yes, that the start to it lies deep in every human being's heart.

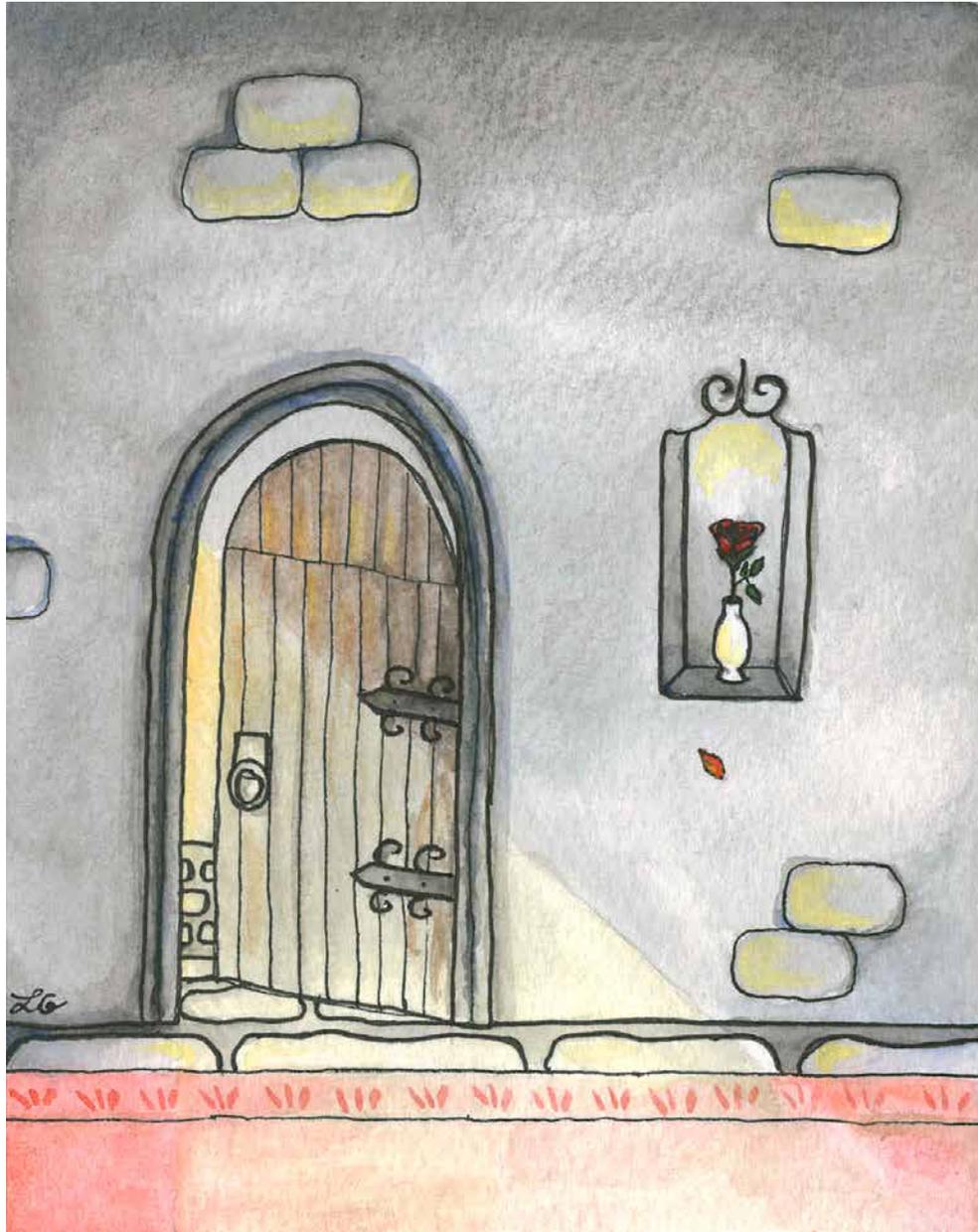
Children are young human beings whose open hearts are still receptive and thus touched by these stories, a deep longing for that other, original life field may be born. For such, these tales are rays of hope and joy.

In this volume we wish to share with all who are interested some of the treasure trove of these tales.

*'Each human child comes with a goal
Into its earthly presence.
But the child's longing of the heart
reveals this great goal's essence.'*

May the stories in this volume touch many hearts, young and old and remain a beacon always.

Youth Work
Lectorium Rosicrucianum



CHAPTER 1

THE LOST BROTHER

Resting from their trip through the forest with their horses that morning, Kieran and Felix were lying on the grass in the palace gardens. They had left well before sunrise that morning, both of them feeling that there was nothing quite as special as riding through the woods early in the morning before everyone else was up! They had ridden their horses for hours, taking the path along the brook, over the small bridge, past the woodcutter's log cabin towards the open fields on the other side of the forest. Here, while enjoying a packed breakfast, they had watched the sunrise.

On their way back home, the forest had slowly woken up; deer had been drinking from the stream and rabbits had popped up everywhere. In the palace too, everyone had woken up and was now busy with the chores. Beds were being aired, as were the rooms, and the ovens were heated. But Kieran and Felix didn't yet fancy the busy day before them and, as we just said, were lying in the grass watching the clouds.

Although they were very different, Kieran and Felix were best friends. Felix was quick, strong and sometimes a bit impatient. He was always looking for adventure. Kieran was calm and very patient. He could tell beautiful stories and Felix could listen to him for hours. They were always together Felix and Kieran, Kieran and Felix. Well, that is how everything used to be!

Over the years, Kieran and Felix slowly grew apart. Often Felix was away from home, travelling for weeks without sending word... These journeys were too tiring for Kieran who stayed home and waited for his friend's return. Then,

whenever Felix came home and told Kieran about his bold adventures, Kieran just smiled.

"What is the matter?" Felix asked one day, irritated, "Surely you are not jealous of me?" "I just miss how it used to be. We were always together, you and I. Don't you remember?"

"Of course, I remember, but that was when we young. Now I am older, I want to have adventures. I want to travel, do exciting things, you know...enjoy life," Felix answered. "And," he thought, a bit ashamed of himself, "*you* do not really fit into that..." But all this happened many years ago.

Felix has now grown into a tall, strong and bold young man. He is always busy! If he is not tending his horses or visiting his friends Brandon, Garrick and Casper, he is travelling.

And Kieran? Kieran has become weaker and weaker and never goes outside anymore. Felix visits him less and less. Then, one day, he no longer remembers Kieran!

It is now many years later...

"Prince Felix, would you like to joust?"

"But of course, you know me..." Felix laughs as his friends approach him. "Although..., I do not have that much time right now, for I have to go to an important meeting concerning my forthcoming crowning as King," he adds.

"Important, important..." mumbles Brandon, "Can't they hold off those meetings until Prince Felix is ready?"

"We're going to do a bit of jousting! That's also important. Here, catch, your sword," grumbles Garrick.

Sword-fighting is one of Felix's favourite sports and he follows his friends to the jousting field. A short time later the joust is in full swing. Prince Felix is one of the best players in the land, but his friends do not let him win so easily, so it is an exciting competition. Felix wins in the end, but only by one point!

"Sorry boys, but I have to leave right now," he says, panting from exertion and, still red in the face, he sprints towards the palace. He is supposed to attend an important meeting, remember!

A few weeks later the great day dawns.

In the palace and everywhere in the land people are celebrating because today Prince Felix will be crowned king!

Felix himself is looking through a gap in the curtains and sees thousands and thousands of people gathered in front of the palace. His friends Brandon, Garrick and Casper are at the very front, waving flags and shouting: "Come on, Felix! Come on!"

Felix has to laugh. For years he has looked forward to this moment, but now he is feeling a little nervous. Skipping from one foot to the other, he rehearses his speech.

"My subjects, today... No, I think I will call them 'fellow citizens,'" he mumbles. "Fellow citizens, today is a historic day. Yes, that sounds better." And so, Felix crosses the word 'subjects' out. Then there is a knock on the door...

"Prince Felix, are you ready?" Max, head of the royal household and master of ceremony, puts his head around the door. Felix is taken aback. Is it time already?

Max nods.

"Ok subjects, uh fellow citizen..., uh, sorry, I mean: almost Max, I'm almost ready." Max laughs. Felix, always so certain, is for once lost for words!

"I'm sure you'll be doing just fine," encourages Max, "you've prepared a great speech."

"Thank you, Max," says Felix, "OK then, let's get going."

When the palace doors open, a great cheering erupts.

"Prince Felix, our new King!" the people are calling out happily. As Felix steps forward onto the balcony the cheering increases. There is music and people are clapping.

"Our King! Our King!" they are chanting.

Looking at all those happily cheering people, Felix suddenly asks himself, "Am I really a King? What makes me King?"

But his thoughts are interrupted by a loud trumpet-sounding and everyone becomes quiet. All are looking up to the balcony where the crowning will now be taking place.

A servant approaches carrying a blue velvet cushion on which lies the crown.

The crown is made entirely of gold and studded with many sapphires. Prince Felix bows his head and is crowned King. Again, the people cheer and look expectantly to their new King. Max nods encouragingly. Of course, the speech! Felix clears his throat. "Fellow citizens, today is a historical day..." The speech goes smoothly and when it is all over thunderous applause follows. Now he is King, now he is finally King! Felix has looked forward to this moment for so long and yet he doesn't feel entirely joyful... "Am I really a true king?" The question keeps going through his head; it doesn't leave him. How strange! One morning Felix wakes up so early that the sun hasn't yet risen. He has been dreaming; like he often does these days. "Max, please cancel all meetings for today, I really do not feel well," Felix says. "Have you not slept well?" asks Max concerned, for he has noticed that King Felix hasn't been his usual self lately. "I've had another dream, like last time," answers Felix, "I dream again and again that I am young and am playing in the palace gardens with my best friend. We were always together, he and I. I can't remember his name anymore, but I do remember that he told me the most wonderful stories. Every night, I dream one of these stories. They are stories full of light and joy, about a country far from here, a land where no one quarrels and where there exists no pain." "That sounds like a lovely dream," Max says carefully, "strange you do not feel well then..." "Yes, they are lovely dreams," Felix sighs deeply, "but because of these dreams, I miss my friend! If only I could remember his name, then maybe I could go looking for him." Deep in thought, Felix looks out of the window. "You know what? I will go for a ride in the forest and get some fresh air, that does one some good!" "Yes," responds Max hopefully, "that's a good idea; surely you will feel better for it." Soon afterwards, Felix is riding through the palace gardens towards the

woods. As by chance, he follows the path along the brook, over the small bridge, past the woodcutter's cabin towards the open fields on the other side of the forest. Just as he reaches the open field, he sees the sun appear above the horizon.

He has seen that before. All of a sudden, he feels a stabbing pain in his heart. "Kieran", he whispers, "your name is Kieran! Now I remember!"

The next day, King Felix calls all his ministers together for a special meeting. "Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention? I wish to start a search throughout the country for my best friend. His name is Kieran. I lost contact with him and haven't seen him in years. It is very important and thus, no cost or effort must be spared. Do you understand?" The ministers nod and make notes. That same day the search begins. Lots of posters are printed and put up everywhere in the country. A reward is promised to the person who will offer a useful clue that leads to finding Kieran. Every day, King Felix asks his ministers to tell him about the state of affairs so far. At first, Felix is full of hope that

Kieran will soon be found, but as the days pass, the King becomes more and more doubtful. In the beginning, ideas come in almost every day, but Felix soon realises that the people with the ideas are after the reward and do not even know Kieran.

"Does he actually exist?" a disappointed Felix asks himself one day when he is wandering aimlessly through the palace, "Maybe I just imagined him?"

"His stories though, I couldn't have invented them, could I? Maybe I am not looking for Kieran in the right manner." Without realising it, Felix has come to a part of the palace where he hasn't been for quite some time. A door is ajar somewhere and he hears coughing. Who could that be? Felix knocks on the door and hears a friendly voice call, "Come in!"

A man is sitting on a bed. It is difficult to guess his age. He looks rather pale, but apart from that seems healthy enough.

"Who are you?" asks Felix, surprised that someone he doesn't know lives in his palace.

"Don't you recognise me?" asks the man, "It's me, Kieran."

“K-Kieran?” stammers Felix, “is that really you?”

Kieran laughs. “Of course, it’s really me!”

Felix hugs his friend tightly. For a moment he is lost for words. So many things happen inside him and all at once: shame that he had forgotten about his friend for so long; yet also the joy that he has finally found him again.

“I am sorry, really sorry! How could I ever have forgotten you? I am so sorry!”

Kieran nods. “It doesn’t matter,” he says, “I was certain that sooner or later you would come looking for me. We have always remained linked together, didn’t you know that?” Felix looks at Kieran, a question on his lips

“Not only were we best friends, but our bond is also much stronger,” Kieran says.

“What do you mean?” asks Felix. But then a memory comes back to him, which falls into place like the piece of a puzzle. Felix feels his eyes starting to sting with tears.

“You are my brother, my very dear brother,” Kieran says quietly. Felix nods, he knows it is true. That is why they used to live in the palace together and that is why he has missed Kieran as if he had lost part of himself.

“Would you like me to tell you a story?” asks Kieran. Again, Felix nods and so Kieran begins his story, just like he used to, about a King in a land without strife. It is a beautiful story and when it is finished Felix suddenly knows with certainty what he must do. He bows his head, takes off his crown and asks, “Kieran, Prince Kieran, will you be my King?”

