

The Three Coins

By David R Ellinger

THE ENCHANTED FOREST

An ancient Celtic book opens

An enchanted forest glen

Magical spells within given fairy tales

Golden coins waiting to be found

The Three Golden Coins

Jesse was his name, a Druid from Ancient Ireland from a time long forgotten and long ago. On the edge of a sacred spring of an enchanted forest, his head suddenly fell down into his lap within a sacred trance. Visions started to unfold of a foreign man from a distant land as colored pictures revealed within his inner mind.

Storm clouds were building over a sacred hill. A man's hands were being nailed to a wooden cross. Blood started pouring from his hands, as his brother James and Mother Mary kneeled in pray below him. Intense lighting started to light up the darken sky, and etched across it. A sacred cosmic energy was building deep inside of him. A simple man of peace that was created from God's spirit was now hanging on a tree dying. A spear was pushed into his side, as his body suddenly went limp while his eternal spirit exploded releasing into nature the spiritual energy of Man and God as a true oneness of perfection and glory.

Jesse frighten by his vision awoke from his trance by the sacred spring. His heart beat was still pounding faster then he had ever felt before. It was now getting late and the evening stars were starting to appear above the forest. A light breeze was blowing through the willow trees that surrounded him and were giving him shelter for the night. Suddenly, a wounded deer with an arrow in its side came out into the clearing limping and then collapsing onto the green grass. Jesse walked silently up to the deer and lifted up the deer and took it to the edge of the spring.

He gently talked to the deer and told it that he was going to take the arrow out very carefully and to stay very still and to be brave that every thing was going to be alright. The deer became very calm and Jesse took one deep breath and then took the arrow out of the deer's side. He then mixed some herbs with the water from the sacred spring into a paste and applied it to the open wound. He could tell that the deer spirit was not very strong and that he needed to work quickly. When he was completed and in silence, he then prayed that the spirit of the deer be strengthen and may it become stronger to live the rest of the years that it has been given. It was now late, and Jesse built a small fire and put a blanket down to sleep upon the grass by the sacred spring.

The deer laid its head on to Jesse's lap and they both fell together into a deep sleep. While Jesse was asleep, a wonderful dream came to him. The dream was that of the deer transforming into a beautiful Elf Princess. The Elf Princess stood before him in a beautiful white dress and golden crown. "Jesse, do not be afraid", she said. I am the Elf Princess of the forest and on this very night, you have saved my life. For without you, I would have fallen and not returned. I am eternal grateful to you Jesse, and in return, I would like to give you three magical golden coins. May you forever be blessed on your journey home.

Jesse slept the rest of the night. Beautiful blue butterflies were brushing up against his face to wake him up in the morning dawn. The deer was gone, and in its place next to him on his blanket where the deer was were three magical coins. He took out his leather pouch from his crimson robe, and carefully put each one into it.

Jesse then performed his morning prayer to give thanksgiving to the new day and to the morning sun that was replacing the shadows from the night before.

Elf Princess

The Beauty of a magical soul

Princess of the fairies and elves

A gown of lily white and sapphire blue

A crown of gold on long braided hair

Three coins given by a sacred spring

It was time for Jesse to start his journey back to the village. Jesse has been gone for long periods of time before. This was not unusual for him spending extended periods in the forest. He took out a water vessel and filled it with water from the spring. He then ate a small piece of bread and some berries for a quick small morning meal before he left the sacred spring.

Jesse stood up with his oak walking stick that he had carved himself as a youth. He had etched an image of the hawk on it. Jesse considered the hawk his totem. The hawk has the ability to fly between two worlds that of the earth and of the sky, and soar effortlessly into the clouds and beyond.

It was a beautiful morning the sky was clear blue with a light breeze that was blowing through the leaves of the forest. While Jesse was looking at the sky, a hawk appeared with its wings fully extended like a beautiful angel circling above. This was a good omen to start the day with, Jesse thought to himself. Yesterday was surely a very interesting day, he thought to himself as he started to walk.

He had never had a vision like the one he had yesterday, nor an encounter with the deer that turned into an elf princess. But unbeknown to him, his journey was just beginning to unfold.

Jesse crossed a stone bridge and was listening to the stream underneath. The leaves from the previous fall season were still floating down the small current of water underneath. It reminded him that like nature, we all change within our given time. Youth and beauty never stays and slowly fades away replaced with wisdom, patience, and kindness for each other.

Jesse was getting older. He use to run through the forest like the wind, and now he took each step cautiously as it came. He stopped on his path and just listened quietly to the wind through the leaves of the trees. For Jesse, this was the true symphony of God.

The forest opened up into an apple orchard. It was the beginning of April, and was to early for the apple blossoms to be blooming yet. Beltane was still three weeks away, when Jesse would light the fires of rebirth that would start the May fest festival for the village.

Jesse then smelled an aroma. A beautiful perfume scent started to wrap around Jesse's entire body. He stopped walking and looked to see where the scent was coming from. He then noticed a beautiful apple tree in the middle of the orchard that was fully in bloom.

Jesse felt like he was being pulled as he walked into the orchard and up to the apple tree. Out of the apple tree came a beautiful tree spirit wearing a pink flowing gown. She had beautiful blond hair that fell to her waist with white apple blossoms. The tree spirit sat next to the tree and then spoke directly to Jesse; "Please come to me and rest your head on my lap for you are weary and tired of your journey" Jesse felt a seductive heat slowly entering his body. Intuitively, he knew a decision was being made for him, and that he could either continue his journey back to the village or stay with the tree spirit for the rest of his mortal life.

Jesse then spoke to the tree spirit as the intoxication of her scent was overwhelming him. "The beauty that you possess should not be held captive and trapped within this tree. It needs to be release and be let free." Before the tree spirit could respond, he took out one of his magical golden coins that the Elf princess had given him by the sacred spring. He then tossed it high into the highest branches of the tree itself commanding that with the price of this coin I buy your freedom for the rest of eternity.

Just as the coin touched the upper branches, there was a release of energy that went through the entire orchard. All of the trees were now in fully bloom and the tree spirit was released from her prison. Tears were flowing from her face. You are free to travel the world and share you beauty to those who need it the most.

She then took one of her most beautiful enchanted apple blossoms from her hair, and placed it in Jesse's hands. I give you this in remembrance of me. Bless you Jesse, Bless you Jesse, she said while holding his hands gentle together. Her body then started to sparkle like millions of tiny stars and then disappeared right before Jesse's eyes leaving the perfume scent that will always be remembered in the morning air.

Jesse took out his leather pouch that held the remaining two magical coins and carefully placed the enchanted blossom into it. He then said a soft prayer for the tree spirit.

Prayer of the Tree Spirit

Perfume scent of apple blossoms

Colors of Pink and white

Beautiful transformation
of winter gardens into spring time glory

The beauty and the grace
of flower petals

Jesse was now going deeper and deeper into the inner forest. The trees were getting taller and thicker. Hardwood trees were being replaced by evergreens. Jesse noticed that the light of the day was not as bright, shadows were getting longer, and he was now being shaded by the canopy of trees. The afternoon was fading away and he thought of how nice it will be home back in his thatched roof covered cottage.

Jesse noticed a glen of lavender that opened up to the left of his path. He stopped when he thought he heard the cry of a small child. This is strange that a child would be lost this far from the village. Out of the darkness of the inner forest flew a large black raven across Jesse's path. It was as if it was trying to tell Jesse which way to go into the glen.

The black raven landed on a hawthorn tree that was starting to bloom on the other side of the glen. The raven then made a calling sound as if to say that it was urgent for Jesse to follow. Jesse starting to run across the glen with his wooden staff in hand, and could hear the crying get louder and louder. He noticed a holy stone well next to the hawthorn tree. The crying stopped completely as he neared the well itself. Jesse carefully looked into the well and saw a small sheep that had fallen in the well. It had broken its leg. The sheep started to cry again because of the pain it was in. Jesse knew that the sheep needed help right away, and he needed to work fast if he was going to save its precious life.

He gathered up tree branches and took out his bow knife. He took two of the longest and strongest branches and cut grooves into the sides. He then took equal size smaller branches and placed them into the grooves, and wrapped vines around corners giving the ladder added strength.

As he came to the stone well again, he looked at the sheep and could tell it was losing strength. He was about to put the ladder into the well, when the Raven still sitting on the hawthorn tree started to speak to him.

“I know who you are, Jesse, the Druid, for our paths have crossed many times and lifetimes before. As you already know, there is a price that must be paid before you can enter into the holy well.”

“What price would that be my dear raven friend?” spoke Jesse.

“It is just a simple request”, replied the raven. “The price is one of your magical elf golden coins that are in your leather pouch.” Jesse thought about it and smiled to himself, and then the lamb started to cry again in the well echoing against the stones.

“Raven”, Jesse stated back. “I will give you a magical elf golden coin, but in return you must give me one of your black tail feathers in return” “Let it be so” replied the Raven. The raven took his beak and pulled one of his longest tail feathers out. Jesse reached out into his pocket and took out the second golden magical elf coin. While the tail feather was slowly floating to the ground, Jesse then threw the golden coin up into the air towards the raven. The raven immediately launched from the hawthorn tree branch that it was sitting on, and spread its majestic wings while catching the coin in midair. The raven then flew over the glen and disappearing into the inner depths of the forest. Jesse then walked to the hawthorn tree and took the raven’s feather underneath and carefully placed it into his leather pouch.

Jesse then gave a simple prayer to the holy well before he entered it.

Holy Well

Blessing offered, and Blessings given.

Allow me to enter and descend into thee

Be the inner womb of nature
and help me heal
the wounds of the fallen sheep below.

Jesse then took the wooden ladder that he built and placed it into the holy well. He slowly and carefully stepped down the ladder one step at a time. At the bottom of the well, the sheep laid motionless. Jesse took a piece of wool cloth and poured some water that he had taken from the sacred spring that very morning. He cleaned up the wound as good as he could and placed a splinter onto the sheep's broken leg. Lifting the sheep into his arms, he started to climb up the ladder. Jesse was soon out of the holy stone well, and he could tell that the given night was approaching.

There was a small clearing by the well next to the hawthorn tree that he decided to stay for the night. He created a small fire and laid the sheep on a soft blanket next to him. He then took some grain that he had with him and gave it to the sheep to eat. It had been a very long couple of days. Jesse's eyes grew tired and he went fast asleep. The small tiny sheep decided to use his leg as a soft pillow.

While he was asleep, a mist entered into the glen. It was now midnight and the stars were shining brightly above the trees. Jesse woke up and he saw that in the middle of the glen was standing a magical unicorn. A white unicorn with a golden horn was now standing in the glen of lavender looking at him. He could also see small wooden fairies that were all around the unicorn sprinkling moon dust on its beautiful coat. The wooden fairies then all suddenly disappeared back into the woods.

Out of the earth then came the ancient ones. Their faces were hidden except for hooded robes of white. They formed a circle around the unicorn. There was one that was taller than the others and he wore a green robe instead of white. They started to chant together in ancient tongues of long ago. The unicorn seemed to understand the meaning of the chanting and bowed down onto its front calves, while lowering its beautiful head. The unicorn then touched the earth with his golden horn and at that very moment the golden horn fell off of the unicorn's head transforming into a beautiful chalice.

The tall green hooded ancient one then approached the unicorn and touched its forehead with his staff, and immediately another golden horn reappeared. Intuitively, the word Merlin entered into Jesse's mind. He now knew the name of the individual that he was looking at.

Merlin carefully picked up the golden chalice and raised it to the midnight sky. A full moon had moved directly over the glen. Merlin was looking directly at Jesse now and spoke to him. "Jesse, the druid, your heart has been tested; you must go forward now and feed our sheep."

Merlin then placed the chalice back down on the ground. All of the ancient ones started returning back into the earth and the unicorn had already disappeared back into the forest as if it had never been in the glen at all. One thing did remain; it was the golden chalice of Merlin that was left behind.

The chalice was now glowing in the middle of the glen. Jesse picked up the sheep and walked to the chalice. Jesse lifted up the chalice and noticed that it contained a sweet liquid that smelled like cherry wine. He then made a prayer to the unicorn.

The Unicorn of the Celtic Moon

A Unicorn in White

Golden fairy dust of the Celtic moon

The holy chanting of sacred stones
of an unbroken circle of the Ancient ones.

A golden horn transformed into a holy chalice

Sacred water turned into sweet cherry wine.
below the raven's hawthorn tree.

After the prayer, He then took the chalice with the wine and fed the sheep. The sheep broken leg healed immediately. Jesse carefully placed the golden chalice into his traveling bag and went back to the small clearing where his fire was. The sheep followed him back and lay down on the blanket next to him. They both fell back into a very deep and peaceful sleep.

Gabriel still could not sleep and it was now way past midnight. The Gypsy camp of the travelers was quiet except for in the painted wooden wagon that Gabriel was in. Gabriel emerald eyes couldn't hold back the tears any longer, and were now showing the extreme pain she was in. Large purple and red sores were now over her entire body. Her raven dark black hair was now soaking in sweat. Her mother was very concerned for her young daughter and she gently put another wet cloth on to her forehead. Gabriel's mother was getting very concerned and wondered when James, her brother, was going to return. James left hours ago to find Jesse, the druid, and should have been back by now. She said a small prayer to herself.

The door to the painted wagon flew open and James came stumbling in. "James did you find Jesse?" asked the mother. James was completely out of breath. "He is nowhere to be found. I first went to his cottage near the village and look for him inside. He wasn't home and was completely empty. I put a note on his door just in case if he returns tonight. He will then know that he is needed right away by our dear Gabriel's bedside."

"I then went to the tavern inside the village and asked the bar maid if she knew where Jesse was. She said. "She hasn't seen him for a couple of days, but he maybe in the forest where he goes sometimes for days to meditate at a time."

"How is Gabriel, Mother? Is she feeling any better?" asked James.

"James I know that you are tired and the hour is getting late, but I fear we don't have much time left. You must go back out into the night and into the forest to find Jesse. You must go now or I fear that it will be too late".

James went to Gabriel beside and took her hand into his. He then gave her a kiss on her hand. Tears were falling from Gabriel's mother's eyes. "You must not fear the night, you must find Jesse."

James opened door of the gypsy painted wagon and felt the cold air once again against his face. James knew that the forest was massive and that Jesse could be almost anywhere.

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