

## The Heart of Man

His earliest childhood memory was that of being at the funeral of his Grandmother. He saw all of his Family and the People of the Village collectively mourning with tears and shouts of grief. To a 2 ½ year old child this was a very traumatic experience. He understood not what was actually happening. In reflection, he was sure this was the root of the emotional disposition he would over the years come to adopt as his Credo! The Heart of Man is weak!



J.M.W. Turner, 'The Great Day in Market Street, 1840', oil on canvas, 100 x 140 cm.

Marik was from a small Village in the heart of the Land. His peoples still observed the tradition of the Ancestors. There were ritual Religious Celebrations of the Seasons, Birth, Death, Harvest amongst many things. It seemed to him that every event in his village was tagged with some sort of Emotional Voice that expressed some thing from the Heart. Why, his people even had arranged Marriages, as well as all the things that went along with it, such as Chaperoned Courtship and the Consummation of the Marriage. The Village seemed to be of One Accord . . . .except Marik.



As Marik became older, he had begun to really develop his own ideas and ideals about what life was. He had begun to develop what he thought to be his own voice . . . that apart from the whole. When he turned 12, that was when he was involved in the Betrothal Ceremony to his soon to be Wife and Mate. This Ceremony of Marriage Coordinated with his induction into the Village Rite taking to be included into the Circle of Men. Again they too cried. This was beginning to become sickening to him. Marik was a tough outdoorsman who felt no need for such “pitiful” expressions of weakness. However, he was no too disappointed, for his betrothed, Shairn was quite the beauty. Finally the Gods have given him something he could relate to in his own way. Her beauty was very strong . . . just as he. Her beauty stood prominently amongst all the people of his Village and the Village across the way. Like the Tiger Lilly of the wood, her color was astoundingly bright and mesmerizing. Her skin appeared to be that of a New Born Babe. As Marik thought about these things, her countenance he became aware of such feelings that he could not understand. Not being able to do so he quickly gathered his perceived weakness’ of feeling and tucked it back into his “Fully Armoured Heart”.



**As life continued on, Marik found himself from time to time thinking of Shairn. Though he enjoyed the thoughts immensely, he saw them ultimately as a threat. However the innate curiosity of being an outdoors man seemed to trouble his Spiritual Waters. He was aware of certain values, yet before his betrothal he had not problem separating these weak sappy feelings from fact. Again he asked “what was happening to him?”. He was far too proud to consult another, especially a peer or adult. He dare not speak with a woman about these things, surely they would not understand. After all, all the men of the village were as he, he was sure of it . . . except that ritual crying they do to their Gods. Marik decided to investigate for him self.**



**One day Marik stealthily went to Shairn’s Family area of the Village. His objective was to observe her who was to become his Life – Mate. He wanted to investigate. Though Marik was an “Outside of the Box” thinker, he still was yet to understand himself. He wanted to investigate. He wanted to know why this emotional cloud always seemed to come around when his thoughts drifted to her.**



**The Seasons and the Years came and went, and Marik and Shairn were married. Without little instruction from any one, they managed naturally to consummate their marriage under the watchful eyes of the Village Elders and Family. Though he during the events of marriage he did experience many unknown feelings, he just chalked that up to the “Unknown” . . . how convenient! After a few months passed it came to be that his wife, Shairn was with child. This is when his problems began. There were feelings coming about his whole of being. Every time when he seemingly put himself in an emotional position to manage these feelings, some one would come along and congratulate him, bless him or want to celebrate him. He truly was becoming confused with the onslaught of his inner self . . .the things of his Heart which he thought he had long ago learned how to control. He felt a Pride of what was looming in his future. The Flesh of his Flesh was to be borne into the world, Though he had not done this all by himself, he could not help but feel some sort of elation about himself, for the Gods had favored him. . . . “What was he saying or thinking?”**



**The time drew near for the birth of the child. The Village's custom was that the Elder Women of the two families would Birth the Child while the men would patiently wait for the News. Marik did so as was to be expected, but he found himself very pensive. Once the child is borne, he would be summoned. The child would be given to the Mother who would them "Hand in Hand" with the Father would form some type of Ceremonial Union while the Rites of Passage would be recited by both Family Elders, Male and Female.**



**The Child was borne . . . . As Marik looked upon the Child he began to weep . . . He now fully understood in his own way, that truly this was the very “Heart of Man”. This is the reason the Elders cry. This is the Reason that we offer our Love and Reverence to the Gods. he had seen this so many times before at harvest. Though he was thankful, he saw it as a process, not a blessing. Surely this day he had been blessed. He then inwardly resolved that he would do all he can in life to make life itself more Bearable and Joyful with full Reverence to it’s bounty.**



**He does this to this day in Holy Communion for the Life of His Child and the Children yet to come.**



**Marik has become the Spokesperson of his Village about such things, for in the instant of Birth he had fully come to Understand and Embrace . . . “The Heart of Man”!**

**10 April 2009 : William S. Peters, Sr.**