

Rosa Crucis

Text and photographs by Dona Holleman

Printed in Italy by Tipografia Giuntina, Firenze, February 1986, copyright 1986,

No portion may be distributed without written permission of the author.

All rights reserved for all countries, including the USA



I was walking on an unknown road, alone, tired and thirsty, when I came upon a strange tree in the shape of an old cross. Rose bushes grew at its feet and their tender shoots had entwined themselves around its trunk. The bright red roses contrasted gaily with the brown wood and were reflected in the small pool underneath it, where clear water sprang up from the ground. I knelt down to drink from the pool, but while I was bending over it, watching the reflection of the cross in the water, I thought I saw a face amongst the roses, a long, thin face with eyes that seemed to smile and weep at the same time. Quickly I looked up from the reflection, but the cross was empty. Only the roses swayed gently in the evening breeze -

He was sitting in the grass at the foot of a hill, his face hidden in his hands. When I came to him he looked up, and I saw that his cheeks were wet with tears. Picking a little white rose which bloomed at his feet, I dried his cheeks with its petals. Two of them fell on the backs of my hands. I tried to brush them off, but could not. Under my bemused gaze they slowly turned red and began to bleed?



It was snowing when I merlin. He was sitting on tree, and his black feathers were speckled with snow flakes. Concerned cold I tried to catch him, me. I followed him over many countries and over down on an old tree who-

like a cross. I looked up to where he sat. He had stopped singing and was pecking at something in the dry wood. It finally came out and dropped into my open palms. It was an old, rusty nail. I looked up again to see the place from which it had been pulled. A fountain of clear water had burst out of the hole where the nail had been, and a spray of drops fell on my upturned face. Above the sound of the water I heard the merlin sing again -

heard the song of the the branch of an olive thers were speckled with that he would die of the but he flew away, calling hills and dales, through the Sea. At last he settled se branches were spread

We were all busy with our chores when the cry rang out: „He has come“. I dropped my work and hastened with the others to the place where they had seen him. They had all brought gifts to give, perfume and flowers and many, many gems. I looked at my gift which I had bought for him - one small red rose. In the heat and confusion it had withered and died. When it was my turn to offer



him my gift, I wept with shame as I gave him the faded rose. Taking it from me and holding it between his long hands he gently blew on it. Through my tears I saw the little rose turn bright red again and suddenly the air was filled with perfume. One by one the petals started to fall, and went on falling and falling until the ground where we stood was strewn with red rose petals. And still the petals kept falling.

I was riding alone by night in the dark forest, hunting the white stag. The full moon was hidden in towering clouds, and a storm threatened. At last we came to a clearing in the woods, and there he halted, turning to face me with his proud head raised. As I lifted my bow and arrow the storm broke loose, and blinding lightning struck in between his antlers. Naked he stood upon the grass with his hands raised high above his head, and forked lightning leapt from his fingers to the clouds. The earth heaved and shuddered like the waves of a tormented sea and the skies groaned in the night. Pale shone his skin in the light of the thunder flames as I watched him, my bow forgotten in my hand. And then a crashing bolt struck me to the ground. When I had struggled to my feet again the woods were empty, and the full moon rode high and serene in the deep blue skies.



I was walking amongst the hills when I heard the flute. Following the sound which was so clear and sweet I came at last to a large rock. A young man was sitting on it, barefoot and wrapped in just a rough cloth. In his slender hands he held a reed flute and was playing on it, while his long hair blew about his face. When I approached him he looked up and fixed his large blue eyes on me, until I felt my senses reeling. Dizzily I sat down on the ground and leaned my back against the rock. Taking the flute from his lips he held it in front of my blurred eyes and as I tried to focus on it the flute turned into a dove. Spreading its white wings it perched for a moment on his hands and then flew away towards the setting sun. When I looked back at the rock it was empty. Only a small white feather clung to its side -



I was standing at the edge of the Sea on a misty night when I saw the ship. White it was and white were its sails as it broke the mist. A maiden sat on the deck, young and fair, and the light of the stars was in her face. Her raven black hair had fallen forwards, covering her arms which were cradling something. As the ship passed by she looked up. A sudden gust of wind blew her hair back and I saw what she was holding in her arms. It was a sword. Its hilt was studded with many gems, and the light of its blade pierced the clouds. While I watched the sword turned into a babe. As the maiden bent over it her hair fell forward again and hid the baby from my view. Slowly the ship passed and disappeared in the mist. A single strand of long black hair floated on the waves and landed at my feet?

When I walked through the fields I thought I saw him walking ahead of me. His long hair was blown over his shoulders by the breeze, and he wore a garland of flowers in his hair ? though it might have been a garland of thorns, I could not see very well from that distance. I ran after him, calling his name, but each time I thought I would catch up with him I did not see him any more. Only there was a fragrance in the air where he had passed, and once I found a foot print on the grass, The birds seemed to sing more joyously along the route where I thought I had seen him going, and the leaves of the trees danced lighter in the wind. But I found that the faster I ran the more he eluded me. Finally I sank down amongst the flowers in the field, panting from the chase. When I looked up I saw him coming towards me through the trees. The last rays of the setting sun touched the garland on his hair and suddenly, from the thorns, sprang forth fresh shoots which burst into bloom, framing his face in a circlet of pink and red roses -



It was evening when I saw him standing on the beach, at the edge of the water. Tall and straight he stood, and seagulls flew around his head. Slowly he stooped down and, cupping his long hands, caught one of the waves as it broke on the sand. When he lifted his hands high above his head, the rays of the sun were caught in the water, and it seemed to me that his hands were like unto a chalice filled with liquid light. Slowly, out of the chalice, rose a single white flower. It grew and grew, until it seemed to fill the sky. The light of its petals made my eyes blink. When I opened them again the flower had become a city, fair and white in the sky. Its buildings were made of mother-of-pearl, and pearls hung in clusters from the trees. Its streets were paved with gems of all shades and hues, and in its courtyards fountains sprayed drops of beryl stone. The last rays of the sun lit the city up with a light which was wellnigh unbearable, and again my eyes blinked. When I opened them again the sun had sunk behind the Sea. The beach was empty. Only a small white flower lay at the edge of the water -

It was morning when I heard her steps. She came with the long stride of the young, carrying a baby in her arms. Proudly erect she walked, and her eyes were bright and keen as the stars on a frosty night. When she had passed, I remained, wrapped in solitude. It was evening when I heard her coming back. She



came with slow and halting steps, carrying the body of a young man in her arms. When she came to where I sat she stumbled and fell. Gently I raised her and her burden up, and as I did so her tears fell on the ground at my feet. When she had gone I looked down. From the barren soil had sprung up a carpet of daisies, young and gay, with the dew still fresh on their snow white petals.



Storm clouds gather on the horizon. The thick, black shapes become huge castles in the sky, and then they fall apart again. The last rays of the setting sun burst suddenly out of a huge cloud formation, and it seems to me, but I am not sure of it, that I see his silhouette standing in the skies. His arms are raised and his hair is blowing about his face. Maybe it is just a tree on the mountain rim which I mistake for him.

The day is coming to an end and twilight sets in. The sound of distant thunder vibrates in the sky, and I think I see a flash of lightning. Or is it the white of his robes lit up by the last rays of the sun? As darkness falls the last thing I see is this figure in the sky, dim and forlorn, hands pointing up to the faint, but steadily increasing light of the Eve star -



I was walking under the starry skies on a frosty night when I saw his eyes.

The Pleiades sisters were riding high in the sky and below towards the east rose the Swordsman of the night. From behind his shining belt appeared a face, long and thin, with large and haunting eyes. Their light outshone the light of Sirius as they lit up the darkness of the night. Slowly the eyes looked around the Universe and at last pierced my heart. I

felt a pain as I have never felt before and looked down at my breast. A sword had pierced my breast bone up to its star studded hilt and blood flowed copiously from the wound. I looked up again at the eyes among the stars. Large tears had welled up in them and fell down to earth like drops of beryl stone. Where they fell, rose bushes sprang up from the ground and their perfume filled the night

