
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 02:09:45 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 6/12/2007 3:07 PM

Sunday, September 2, 12:30 p.m., US Pacific time, somewhere over the Pacific (Monday, September 3, 7:30 a.m., Tracy Island)

The jet droned on, flying straight as an arrow toward its destination in the south Pacific. The quiet in the cockpit was uncomfortable. Kyrano looked ahead, occasionally glancing at the instruments. Lisa sat in the co-pilot's seat, her hands in her lap.

At last, something had to be said, or done.

"I'm sorry about that, Tuan. I should have known better," Lisa said with a sigh.

Kyrano glanced down and sighed as well. "I cannot fault you. I should have known you would want to be married in your church, among your friends. But... I did not think your priest... preacher... whatever he is called, would be so rude."

"But I should have known," Lisa responded. "My denomination can be very... anal, when it comes to extending grace to people who don't believe as they do."

"As they do? Or as you do?" Kyrano's question was swift and pointed.

Lisa sounded exasperated. "Tuan, as long as I have been going to church, it's been a place to worship. A touchstone, a community, if you will. Yes, I believe a lot of what my faith espouses. But I'm also open to other people and the way they believe. I don't think that their way... our way... is the only way to reach heaven or the only way to please God." She swallowed and shook her head. "I didn't want the differences in our faiths to come between us. I didn't think it would. The children are all grown and have chosen their own paths. And communal worship is... difficult, to say the least, when living on the island." She reached out to put a hand on his arm. "Will this come between us?"

"I... I do not know." Kyrano paused for a long moment, then finally looked at Lisa. "I do not think so."

Lisa sat back with a relieved sigh, then Kyrano spoke again. "However, I do think it will affect the form of our marriage ceremony. I cannot, in good conscience, marry in your church."

"After our interview with the pastor, neither can I," Lisa told him. "He was insufferably rude and used the Bible to justify his rudeness." She shook her head. "Maybe we should have stopped in Nevada and eloped in Las Vegas or Reno."

Kyrano chuckled. "Then we would have had to face the wrath of the family, and I do not think we would have gotten off lightly."

"No, we wouldn't have," Lisa said, smiling slightly.

The tension in the air had eased, and the pair was quiet for a while. Lisa regarded her beau for a long moment, then asked, "Tuan?"

"Yes, dear one?"

"What do you believe? About God and such?"

Kyrano fell silent as he gathered his thoughts. At last, he said, "I do believe there are beings that are greater than we humans. Whether there is one good being supreme above them all, I cannot tell. But I know there are evil ones; I have seen the temple where they were worshiped and... I know my half-brother draws some of his power from them."

"He worships... demons?" Lisa asked, trying to understand.

"I suppose you could call them such," Kyrano replied. "The powers he wields have been passed down through my family, though for some reason I do not understand, they were not manifest in my father. Either that, or his talents were very weak, and he was easily controlled. As I was, once." He shrugged a little. "I cannot say for certain that his worship of these... demons, as you call them, is what makes him so strong. But they represent power, and that is truly what he has always worshiped."

He straightened in his seat, adjusting himself for comfort. "Beyond that, I do believe in karma, and in being one with nature as much as possible. Most of my people are Muslim by faith; I am not, and by choice. I have read the writings of many wise men: Confucius, Buddha, Gandhi, even the wise men of the West; for there are many there as well. I have taken from them what I feel I need to live a peaceable life, doing harm to none unless defending my own life and those I hold dear." He made a sour face. "Indeed, this preacher of yours is the first man in many, many years to anger me to this extent."

"Again, I'm sorry I pushed you to see him, Tuan." Lisa looked down at her hands again.

Kyrano shook his head. "You did not push, my dear. I went with you freely because it was important to you. Is that not what a husband does for his wife? And you have done nothing to be forgiven of." He sighed again. "It will take time for me to feel forgiving toward him, I am afraid."

"I know. That'll take me some time, too."

There was a knock on the door to the pilot's cabin. "Yes, Cherie?" Lisa called.

Cherie stuck her head into the cockpit. "Grammy, can I have a Coke? I'm getting thirsty."

"Yes, I think you can have something to drink. I'm getting rather parched myself. Tuan? Something for you?"

"Cold water would be welcome, Lisa."

Lisa took off her headphones, and slipped out of the co-pilot's seat. "I'll be right back."

As the door closed, Kyrano smiled as he heard Cherie telling her grandmother, "I can hardly wait to get home and show Mom and Dad the stuff I got at Disneyland!"
