

HENRIQUE KOMATSU



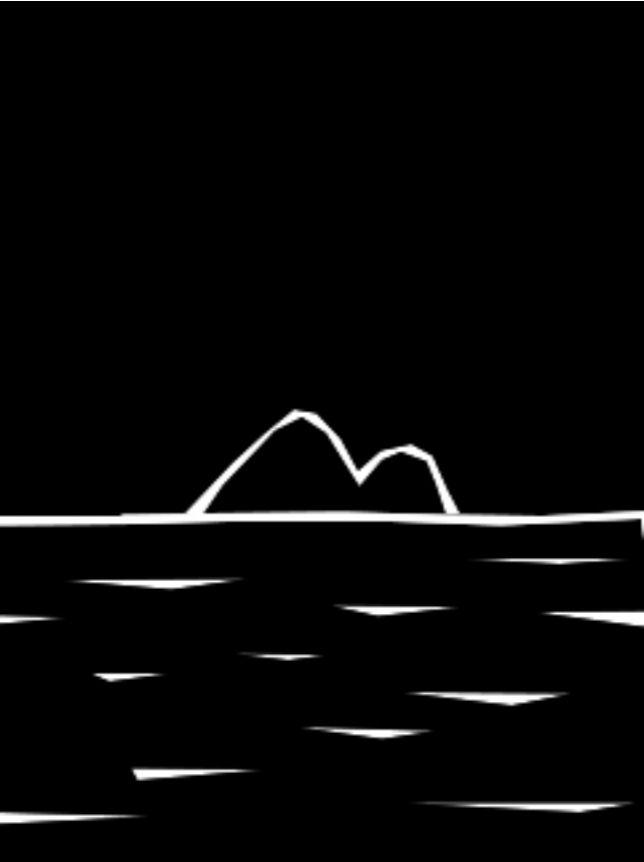
The
girl
who
saw God

To my nephew Pedro,
so he comes to doubt with honesty
and to believe with the eyes of the soul.

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In the Pacific Ocean there is an island composed by two mountains. It is as if someone had placed together two big handfuls of earth and stones in the heart of the sea. The bigger one is called *Sadness* and the smaller one *Joy*.

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Mythology tells us that many centuries ago *Joy* was larger and higher than *Sadness*, but, due to an earthquake, part of it fell in the sea, shaping the mountain the way we find it today.

No one knows if that is really the truth.



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The fact is that where those two geological accidents meet live a girl named Aletheia and her grandmother.

Aletheia and her grandma are like the mountains: two persons who are always together.

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Today the girl is shorter and smaller than her grandmother; but some day, nobody knows when, Aletheia will wake and she will be taller than her grandma. Aletheia is going to grow up and I think that when this day comes, they will still be together, just like the mountains of the island.

One day this girl asked:
“Grandma, who made the
world?”.

To what her
grandmother replied, “God”.

- “All of it?”.
- “Yes, all of it”.
- “By himself?”.
- “Yes”.



Aletheia left the room with that conversation on her mind. She was not convinced. She thought about this for a few days. In order to digest her thoughts she went for a walk through the island. Alone she thought. Aloud she thought and she began to share her thoughts with whatever crossed her way: leaves, trees, stones, ants, crickets,

etc. Had God created the world by himself?

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After long discussions with stones, trees, the river and frogs of the island, Aletheia went back to her grandma saying: “It is a lie. God did not make the world”.

The old lady was surprised: “And why do you think so, Aletheia?”.

- “Because God does not exist”, answered the girl.

- "No?".

- "No".

- "May I ask you how you figured that out?".

- "I looked all around and I do not see him anywhere. Ever".

- "Not even a clue?".

- "Nothing".

Her grandmother thought for a while and asked: "If you see Him, will you believe in Him?".

- “Yes”, answered Aletheia, for children always want to believe in beautiful things, as long as they make some sense.

- “Then tomorrow I shall take you to see God”.

Aletheia's face was enlightened.

- “Really?”.

- “Yes”.

- “Do you promise?”.

- “I promise”.

She imagined him with many arms and many hands and hundreds of fingers, operating alone the whole world. God probably had wings to fly. Maybe He had eyes on the nape of his neck and on the palms of his hands... to keep an eye on every single creation.

She wished to know how his voice was, because she wanted to make some

questions and expected
answers.

She left her
imagination wander until
she fell asleep.

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The next morning she woke up early and her grandmother asked: “Are you ready to see God?”.

- “Yes, I am!”.

- “Then move”, urged the grandmother, “for we must climb the mountain”.

- “Which one?” – inquired Aletheia, who was a little bit lazy and did not enjoy climbing mountains.

- “*Sadness*”.

- “Right the higher one? Why don't we climb *Joy?*”.

- “It is simple, because from the top of *Sadness* we can see the whole of *Joy*, but from the top of *Joy* we can only see one side of *Sadness*. Now let us go. God is waiting”.

Aletheia did not understand the explanation very well, but she followed

her grandmother and they both started the hiking.

Right after taking their first steps, her grandmother asked, “What color is *Joy*?”.

Aletheia stared at the mountain. It was early in the morning, the air was cold and the mountain was covered by dense white dew; besides, as the sun was still low, the shadow of *Sadness* swallowed the

entire *Joy*. So the girl answered:

- "It is white and gray".

Her grandmother agreed and they kept on climbing.



They walked for some time and the dew around slowly began to fade. *Joy* was still overshadowed by *Sadness* when Aletheia's grandmother asked: "What about now, what color is the mountain?".

In a glance, the girl saw that *Joy* was now blue:

- "It is blue".



Her grandmother agreed and the hiking restarted.

By this time Aletheia was already tired, “When are we going to see God?”.

- “When we get to the top. Be patient”, said the old woman.

Those were words blown in the wind. Kids are impatient by nature, because it takes time to

learn how to wait. The girl wanted to leave; only curiosity kept her moving.

Her grandmother continued walking. Despite her age, she seemed to display much more disposition and energy than her young granddaughter did. Isn't there a saying about this? "Will can remove mountains?". Not youth nor strength, but will.



Long was the walk until the sun leaked its rays from behind *Sadness* enlightening *Joy*. Once again her grandmother asked: “What is the color of *Joy*?”

The mountain, covered by the forest, was now green, completely green.

Aletheia was a little bored about those questions about colors, but answered

promptly; “Green, Grandma,
the mountain is green”.

Her grandmother
agreed and back they went
to their walking.



The day was getting warmer and the hikers decided to take a break and eat their lunch.

- “Grandma, what is God doing up there?”.

- “The same he does everywhere else”.

- “If he does the same thing everywhere, how come we have to climb *Sadness*?”.

- “So you can see better”.

- “And why do you keep asking me the color of *Joy?*”.

- “To train your eyes”.

Aletheia finally stopped asking and ate her food. She thought maybe God was colorful.

It was early in the afternoon when they went back to their climbing. Again,

the old woman asked:
“What color is *Joy*?”.

Now, with the sun in the center of the sky, the colors were vivid.

- “It is still green”, was the answer.

- “And how many shades of green can you see?”.

Aletheia stopped, paid close attention and distinguished, with daze, a

multitude of shades of green covering *Joy*. Light green, almost white, yellow green, orange green, blue green, green red, green green, dark green, almost black, bright green, brown green... There were so many shades her brain was confused.



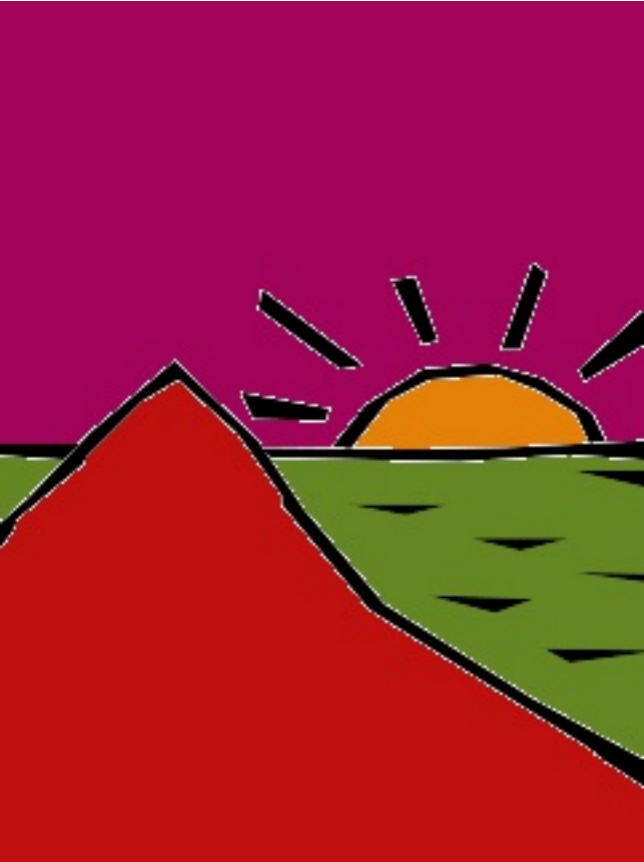
The girl had never noticed how the colors changed and how different they could get along the day.

The grandmother and the granddaughter only reached the top late in the afternoon. There, the old woman asked about the color of *Joy*.

It was almost dusk and Aletheia saw the mountain reddish.

Her grandma agreed.

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Then the girl, perceiving they were all alone on the top of *Sadness*, asked, “Where is God, Grandma?”.

- “Before I show you where He is, you must answer me another thing”.

- “What?”.

- “What is the true color of *Joy*?”.

- "I do not know", she said, "it depends on the time of the day".

- "Then what is the color of the day?".

Aletheia did not know the answer, for the day did not have a color, but it also bore all the colors..

- "God is like the color of the day", said her grandmother, "We cannot see it, but because of it we

see everything around us, because it is everywhere, showing everything”.

Aletheia understood: God was light. Not the sunlight, but the light of the soul and of the heart.

The night fell and while she looked at the clear sky, Aletheia saw God in each flickering star.

Her grandmother had kept her promise and she

now believed the world was made by God.

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The next morning they climbed down Sadness and they could see all the *Joy*.



THE END