

Adam makes a Pot for Evening Star

edited and arranged from The Lost Lagoon

© - Reg Down

All rights reserved. No part of this publication, in part or in whole may be reproduced, transmitted or utilized in any form, without the permission of the author, except for brief quotations in critical articles and reviews.

Tom Nutcracker felt lucky. He only had to clean out Chiron's stall for a week. His dad hadn't been too angry. In fact, Tom sensed he was secretly proud of his son's adventure.

After supper Farmer John gathered his children for their bedtime story. Lucy joined them too, as he always did. He didn't understand the stories, but he liked the sound of his master's voice. Farmer John placed *The Adam Tales* on his lap and opened it.

"Is this the last chapter of the book?" asked June Berry.

"Yes," said Farmer John. "It's called: *Adam makes a Pot for Evening Star*," and he began to read.

"Adam had a new body made of clay. He also had new eyes and saw the world as a human being. He looked with great wonder at many things: antelope and deer, wildebeest and tigers, even whales in the great ocean! He beheld the mountains, the rivers, the hills and plains as if they had never been seen before, and was amazed.

Adam also saw with spirit eyes, and always knew when his angel friends visited him. Often his closest friend came too. Adam thought she was the most beautiful being he had ever looked upon. And she was, indeed, beautiful. They spent many happy hours walking in the mountains or talking together beside the river. He told her of all the things he saw with his new eyes and what it was like to live on the earth, and she would bring news from all the other angels and stars.

But slowly, as the years went by, Adam's spirit eyes began to dim. His friend became harder to see, and even though he often dreamed of her, less and less was he able to meet her in the daytime. Gradually, the first man on earth found himself alone. He had never felt alone before—he did not even know how to name his feeling—but in his heart he knew, and it weighed heavily upon him.

Many times in the early evening Adam climbed a hill and looked for the evening star that shone so brightly in the East. He knew that his closest friend lived there and that they shared the same name. Then he felt her presence and for a little while was happy again. But the evening star was a wandering star and not always in the sky. Then Adam felt more alone than ever and began to despair.

One night he had a dream. In his dream Evening Star came to him, and said: 'I miss you too, dear friend. I would like to come to the earth and be with you. But you must make me a vessel of finest clay and put the best three animals you can find into the pot. Then I will jump into the pot just like you, and say the magic word.'

In the morning Adam awoke and journeyed back to the river he had visited many years before. So much time had passed that the river no longer flowed in its old bed, but the soft, silky clay on its banks was as fine as ever—even finer perhaps.

‘This is the best clay for my friend,’ he said to himself, and dug it up to make a pot. All day he labored and in the evening the pot was ready. He built a large fire, and the flames filled the night that had gathered around him. But, as he was putting the pot into the fire, Evening Star spoke from out of the flames:

‘You have made a beautiful pot, dear friend,’ she said, ‘but its shape is the same as yours. I am not you, and you are not me. You must make a different pot.’

So the next day Adam dug fresh clay and fashioned a new pot. This one was much finer, with graceful forms and shapes. All day he worked, and as he worked he thought of nothing other than his friend. Just as day ended he finished, and again he collected wood and built a large fire. As the flames danced in the darkness he picked up the pot and placed it gently inside. Then the evening star rose in the heavens and the moon shed her beautiful light over the landscape.

In the morning Adam took the pot out of the ashes. He brushed it off and looked at it carefully. It was a perfect pot for his friend, with never a flaw or wrinkle to be seen. ‘I shall not leave this pot by the riverbank,’ he thought to himself. ‘I never did find out who kept moving my pot and I do not want to take any chances.’ So he put the pot under his arm and went to look for the best animals for his friend.

Over valleys and hills he traveled till he came to a wide grass-land prairie. There he saw a mighty bull standing tall and proud. ‘That is a good animal for my Evening Star,’ he declared. ‘He is every bit as fine as the bull I chose.’

But Evening Star appeared over the bull, and said: ‘No, dear friend, this is not who I really am. You must search again.’

So off Adam went across the grassy plain, seeking and searching. At last he spotted a deer delicately eating the fresh grass. ‘That is a good animal for my friend,’ he said, and went towards it. But the deer flicked her tail at him and leapt away. Instantly Adam took off after her and all day long they ran across the plain. But in the evening she was still far ahead of him.

Adam was in despair. ‘What am I to do?’ he cried. ‘That is the best and finest animal for my friend.’

He stood still and thought for a while. Then, as the evening star rose in the sky, he began to sing. Softly and gently he sang until at last the deer turned towards him and listened. Slowly the deer approached as he sang softly all the while. She had never heard such a wonderful voice, so kind and gentle, and at last she let Adam reach out and stroke her. Then he said:

*‘Into the pot for Evening Star,
It won’t be long till she’s not far,’*

and the deer willingly leapt into the pot.

All day and all night Adam wandered till he came to a forest. There he met a fierce lion with proud head and majestic mane. ‘That beast is every bit as fine as the one that beats in my breast,’ he thought. But Evening Star appeared over the lion, and said: ‘Dear friend, that beast is fine indeed, but not for me. You must look again.’

This time Adam didn't have far to look, for just then a lioness appeared out of the brush. She was smooth and sleek and growled quietly ... or was she purring? ... Adam wasn't sure!

'That is the animal for my Evening Star,' he thought, and went towards the lioness. But she was wild; she hissed and spat at him and bared her claws. Quietly Adam began to sing; deep into the night Adam sang, and when the evening star was highest in the heavens the lioness turned, walked towards him and freely leapt into the pot.

Far Adam traveled, over rock and over scree, till he came to a mountain. He looked up at its craggy heights and saw golden eagles soaring and circling in the air over its summit. 'Those are fine birds indeed, so golden and bright,' he thought. 'They would be perfect for my friend.'

He climbed the steep sides of the mountain and scaled its cliffs until he came to the peak. As he stood on the highest rock one bird swooped low over his head and screeched loudly. He saw the fierce glint in its eye, its merciless talons and sharp beak, and knew in his heart that this was not the right bird for his friend. Evening Star was far more gentle, and her voice soft and kind.

So Adam kept wandering, looking carefully at all the birds and listening to their song. He saw bright parrots and shimmering hummingbirds that drank from flowers. He saw elegant swans flying in the air, and heard goldfinches and red-winged blackbirds singing in the sunlight. All were beautiful, but none were right for his friend.

Adam began to lose heart, but one evening he heard a gentle cooing coming from a nearby wood. He searched around and found a white dove sitting in an olive tree overhanging a clear, freshwater spring. Adam saw the light of his friend shining around the dove, and in the evening sky her bright star was rising.

Adam held the pot high in the air and the dove swooped down and landed on its rim. Adam sang:

*'Into the pot for Evening Star,
It won't be long till she's not far,'*

and into the pot the dove flew.

Then Adam filled the pot with living water from the spring, held it towards the bright evening star, and his dearest friend leapt inside. She called the magic word, and instantly the pot trembled. It quivered and shook and shifted shape in Adam's hands. Soon a woman's form appeared. She had silky skin and beautiful eyes that sparkled like stars. Her hands were wonderfully wrought too, with long, sensitive fingers and a gentle touch.

At last the first woman on earth was complete. Evening Star became Adam's earthly companion, and the first mother of all human beings. For long ages her proper name was remembered, but slowly it changed and shortened. Then the first woman became known as Eve."