

Little Lighthouse by Linda Kantor

Somewhere at the furthest corner of the earth, where the sea and the rocks meet, and the waves dance all day, there lived a little lighthouse. This lighthouse extended light all over the rocks and the sea, for anybody who happened to pass by in their yacht, sailboat, dingy or boat. He loved knowing that the light he shone helped all the humans on the ocean to stay safe.

On lonely dark nights, when Lighthouse was steadily doing his job, he fantasized about a beautiful cruise ship that might come by someday offering him the most exotic and exciting delicacies and entertainment... and perhaps even someone special to meet, (oh, he dreamt of that often). In summer the largest cruise ship, the Queen Mary, would pass very close to the shore. Some people would even point in his direction and wave. He would try to shine his light even brighter in response to them and as he did so, he could see all the passengers, dining, dancing, swimming, talking, and laughing. On the darkest of nights, he wondered if the humans knew how he was still up, making sure everyone was safe, and he would sound his deepest horn across the bay. He wished they would understand that this was his way of waving to them, and that they could wave back. He would look up into the sky and sigh at the moon, which looked so beautiful, and yet so far away.

All the other creatures knew and loved the lighthouse and visited him daily. When the sea and the rocks chased each other, the dolphins would come by and do some high fives by jumping up and flipping their tails five times on each side. The whales would send their deep resonant sounds through the waves to say hello. The starfish would come close and bask in his warm light at night, and the electric eels found that the lighthouse soothed their nervous systems. The octopi dared each other to wrap their intricate arms around the sides of the lighthouse which of course was impossible, but it was the closest he ever got to a hug. Seagulls would visit, shouting to each other as they flew above him, dropping molluscs straight onto the lighthouse's head to crack them open and eat them, (which would at times dazzle him a little). On windy days, the bees would take shelter on the warm windowpanes and share their daily buzz. The windswept trees nearby called to him with their waving branches.

Despite all that attention and interest, the truth was that Little Lighthouse felt lonely. He longed for a companion who understood him. Sometimes he sang to himself by the light of the moon.

Oh, so lonely, so lonely.

I feel so far away.

So lonely, so lonely

I have so much to say.

There is nobody to hear me

Except for the birds and bees
I don't know how to change this
So, I'm singing to the trees.

And though I have a blessed life
I know this much is true
I'm lonely and I'm looking for,
A love that is so true.

One dark night, when he really was longing so deeply that his heart ached, he sang this song from the depth of his heart. His singing became louder and louder and soon it became louder than the waves crashing on the rocks. After a while, so fervent was his singing that his song bounced all the way to the moon and back. As the moon heard this, the most amazing thing happened. She smiled and blinked, and then, heavens, he could have sworn he saw the moon wave at him. And then he heard the voice.

"Hi little lighthouse, what's up?"

"Who is that?" he said, looking around with his shining light.

"It's me," the voice said. "Miss Moon – and I've been watching you for a while."

"You have?"

"Yes, you have the most beautiful light, and as for your voice, wow it is so powerful," she said, fluttering her long eyelashes.

"Well, thank you," he said. "I must say that you are delightful too! I love how your light changes every day and how each night you shine upon the sea in a different way."

"Yes," she said, "that's just the way I am, different every day. Sometimes my light is full, and sometimes it is dim. But no matter what the weather I am always beaming light."

"Why," said the lighthouse, "I'm the same. Sometimes I cast my light over the ocean, and it looks so bright, and on days when it's foggy and stormy, my light is a little dimmer, but it is still there."

"Yes," said the moon. "One might say that we have the most important quality, the light from within us, that we share with those around us, to illuminate their way."

"It's true," said the Lighthouse, suddenly feeling brighter. "We have both been here a long time, in our different ways, and we will always have each other. Seeing your light reminds me that I am not alone." He felt his spirit lifting because now he knew that by singing his true song he had found a kindred spirit. They would never have to speak much, but they could both beam their light in their unique way, and after all, wasn't that most the important thing to do?

And so, if you decide one day to go to that lighthouse, especially on the full moon (call me and I will send you the map), you will hear him singing by the light of the moon.

Oh, to be a lighthouse smiling to the moon
There is no greater happiness
Then singing her this tune
The light within is always here
No matter how we feel
The light within is always here
We promise you it's real

On nights when you feel lonely, and things seem dark, remember to look up at the sky and wave. And if you look for long enough, you might just catch the moon winking at you. At first, you might not believe it, but it does it again and again. It has seen the lighthouse inside of you. All at once you are not alone and you can smile right back, remembering all the ways in which the light of love and kindness shines through you.

The Green Point Lighthouse, Cape Town is an operational lighthouse on the South African coast, first lit on 12 April 1824. It was the first solid lighthouse structure on the South African coast and the oldest operational lighthouse in South Africa. The lighthouse was commissioned by the acting Governor of the Cape Colony Sir Rufane Shaw Donkin and designed by German architect Herman Shutte who was originally a sculptor. The building commenced in 1821 and was completed in 1823. The building of the lighthouse took 3 years as the official governor of the Cape, Lord Charles Somerset had not been consulted and he halted the project. It started operating in 1824 and cost approximately 6 420 pounds sterling to build. When the lighthouse was first lit, it burned Argand lamps fuelled by sperm whale oil. The light from these lanterns could be seen far away. The lighthouse was expanded to its present height in 1865. In 1922, the range of the lighthouse was extended to 22 nautical miles when 3rd order dioptric flashing lights were installed. Its present characteristic is a white light flashing every 10 seconds. In 1926, a foghorn was installed in the lighthouse despite a letter of complaint sent to the Mayor of Cape Town in 1923 by the Green Point residents.

The lighthouse was expanded to its current state in 1865 and certified a Provincial heritage site on 12 January 1973.

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**Written by Linda Kantor in 2024**

### **A word about me:**

Linda is a psychologist and meditation teacher based in Cape Town; She loves to write stories from the heart for young and old.

**Posted on the CHOL Share Your Stories Site in April 2024**