

Fairy Tale – The Daughter of a Kingdom

Once upon a time, there lived a quiet, brooding king and a stern, controlling queen who snapped at everyone. The realm was a kingdom in that the subjects carried the king's last name, but it was the queen who really ruled.

The realm had a good deal of land, and the king was usually out of the palace, occupied in the daily duties of managing the land. Inside the palace, it was the queen who made the decisions and gave the commands. And commands they were – sharp, angry and abusive.

The prince and the two princesses soon learned that they could never do or say anything that would please the queen. The king avoided this during the day by being out of the palace, fulfilling his various land management duties. If the queen tried to confront the king in the evening, he avoided argument by retreating to his private chamber to read books, important papers, communicate with other land barons or communicators in the realm or sleep. When they were young, and the prince and the two princesses were not required for duties inside the palace or out working the land, they learned to retreat to their various private chambers and play at how they wanted life to be. To escape!

To most of the outside world, the royal family presented the picture of a well-off, well-behaved family that got along well. Within the royal family, it was expected and understood that all would participate in continuing this charade. This was guaranteed by many threats from the queen. The prince and the two princesses wanted to avoid these threats and the severe punishment that occurred if they did not comply with the royal decrees.

The prince was the first child born to the king and queen. The queen had a difficult pregnancy, and was sick most of the time. When the queen learned she was pregnant with the next child, she did not want it. But in those days, people rarely terminated pregnancies, so the queen carried the child to term. The queen's labor was even longer with this child, the first princess, than it had been with the prince. The princess was not well, and at the age of two weeks, she had to be returned to the hospital in the nearby town. She was away from the royal family and in the care of total strangers for a long time. The princess almost died.

The princess eventually returned home to continue the charade of life within the royal family. When they were young and not required for duties inside the palace or out working the land, the prince and princess would retreat to their private chambers or to the dungeon to play at how they wanted life to be. The prince and princess could never do or say anything to please the king and queen. They only had each other.

Then another princess came along. This time it was so bad that this princess had to be born by Caesarian Section. The queen decided that she had had enough of this childbearing business, and made sure during this operation that there would be no more children. The queen did this even though she had wanted more than three children when she married the king.

Did she want a lot of children because she loved them? No. The queen grew up as an only child in an abusive home. She didn't want her children to be only children, and this seemed commendable. But, as the queen later told the oldest princess, the children were born so that the king and queen would have people to care of them in their old age, not simply because they were loved and wanted.

The king and queen never sat down with the royal children and had long, loving discussions with them about how to perform their royal duties. They were never hugged, or kissed, or told they were loved.

Commands were issued. Perfection was expected, although it was never achieved. Loud, emotional, abusive tirades ensued when the queen was not pleased and obeyed.

When the royal children grew older, the king and queen would often go out to visit other kings and queens at their castles or go to public places with them. The prince would be left in charge of the realm and the two princesses. He ruled and commanded as he had seen the queen rule and command. He, too, had to be obeyed. Sometimes when they played together, the prince made the two princesses play a game called "strip poker". The older princess did not like having to take her clothes off for the prince, but she had to play along. The older princess's natural affinity for numbers and the bluffing that she had learned in portraying the charade of perfect royal family life soon made her a good poker player.

Then the prince had to revert to out-and-out royal command to get her to remove her clothes. He put his hands where they didn't belong, and he put his own bodily fluid on the outside of her. The older princess never knew if the prince did this to the younger princess. She suspected not. This kind of things wasn't talked about in those days anyway. The older princess was quiet and brooding, like her father. The prince and younger princess were more alike and more like their mother. They began to act as if they were better than the older princess was. The prince told the older princess that she would never be believed if these activities were revealed to the king and queen. The older princess knew this was probably true, so she never told.

One day the sport car racing came to the nearby town. The husband of the queen's cousin wanted to race. He knew the king to be an extremely good mechanic, so he asked the king to build and maintain his car for him. The king agreed. The cousin was good at racing. Soon he was racing at all the nearby tracks. The royal family and the queen's cousin and husband all traveled together to these places. Sometimes the older princess would be seated next to the cousin's husband in the large royal carriage. The hands of the queen's cousin would find their way inside the princess's clothing to touch places that should not be touched. By this time, the princess was so afraid of making a scene, so afraid of punishment, and so schooled in portraying that life in the royal family should be seen as perfect to the outside world, that he didn't tell at first.

But the princess had learned in school that things like this should be reported. So one day she somehow found the courage to approach the queen. The only thing that was ever done about it was this one line from the queen, "Well, we don't dare tell your father. He'd kill him." That was it. End of story. The princess supposed she should feel good about this potential reaction from the king, but she didn't. This was just one more thing for which she wasn't good enough. The princess felt that how the royal family might look to the outside world was more important than what had been happening to her.

As soon as the older princess was old enough to legally leave the castle and the royal family, she did. The princess had always wanted to love and help care for and nurture people, to give them what she never had. So, she went away to school to learn to become a nurse. Even then, something was missing. Each time the princess moved, she moved further away from the king and queen. That way they could not control the daily movements of her life as they had when she was growing up and living in the castle. However, something was still missing. The princess had always enjoyed numbers, so she tried accounting school next. But, something was still missing. The princess returned to her first love of nursing. But, something was still missing.

The king had a good friend when growing up. This fellow land baron also had a loud, brash, controlling wife. The land baron and his wife had four daughters. The oldest daughter and the oldest princess were also friends. One day the daughter began telling the princess about a wonderful Lord that she had just met. This Lord was the most wonderful, kind, accepting, and loving being in the whole world.

He loved and accepted people no matter what. People were good enough for Him. All He wanted to do was love them and save them.

This sounded wonderful. It sounded too good to be true. But the princess listened politely to the land baron's daughter. Nothing more at first. You see, the queen had told the princess, "Don't you listen to her. She's just trying to convert you." It would be a crime of astronomical proportions if the princess were to leave the "state religion." The decrees of the queen were still very much in force, even though the princess no longer lived in the castle.

One Sunday the princess was visiting the "state church" when two soldiers for this Lord came to speak to the people. This time something clicked with the princess. This sounded like what was missing from her life. Even though, she was hesitant. The decrees of the queen and the fear of royal reprisal were still very much in the princess's mind. The two soldiers for this Lord would be staying in the nearby town the following week. The princess made an appointment to speak to with the soldiers. The soldiers told the princess about this Lord, what He had done in their lives, and what He could do in hers. The princess could no longer deny the pull of this Lord on her heart. She gave her life to Him, to love Him, to live for Him, and to have His love, protection, and guidance in return.

In time, the princess slowly learned about this Lord and His ways. Sometimes she forgot. Sometimes she fell away. Over the years, she learned that she was not an abused, neglected, good-for-nothing child to Him. He always loved her and took her back. In time, she learned she truly was a daughter of the King, the King of all Kings.