

“The Star Child”

A Short Story by Dr. Stewart Bitkoff

Day- I

The people suffered. Long had it been a time of fear and darkness. All of the old ways had been tested and each failed. Greed consumed the lawmakers and Masters of Business. Their decisions turned against them and the once great structures of finance and service lay in the ashes of burnt dreams.

After the collapse of government and halls of finance, the Generals took control and worked toward order. Gradually, goods and services were restored. However, this system too was filled with graft and long delays. Even under the Generals, the rich got richer and the people worked long hours to feed their family.

After the graft, little was left for the people. Their hearts cried out for deliverance and freedom from the struggle of their daily lives and empty promises. Over time, the Masters of Religion had taken to hiding in the shadows. Also, fearful the people would turn against them, blaming them for the chaos and destruction. Had not the old prophecy come to pass? Was not the world in disarray and darkness? All could see greed and fear consumed the land. People from one sector turned against the people of another. Nightly, mother's cried as their children lay in their beds with swollen, empty bellies.

Lost in despair, most had forgotten the second part of the prophecy. From the ashes, The Deliverer would appear. On an inner level, the people's hearts called out for justice and redemption. Where was the One who would lead them from the darkness into the Light?

From the people's heart, the Deliverer was reborn. The people's suffering called forth her arrival. This was the time. This was the place.

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As the moonlight glistened across the sand and the stars lit the night, the Star Child walked toward the town square. Each evening, the young people gathered to talk, play and socialize. Here the young ones had a few minutes of enjoyment away from the drudgery of their lives and the world their parents created. Dreams for tomorrow could be shared between friends and enthusiasm met with the thrill of expectation. In the hearts of the young, lay the foundation

for the New World. Instinctively, the young knew there was both a collective and individual destiny. Greed made people forget we were our brother's keeper and filled each with fear about their personal tomorrow.

Slowly, the Star Child inhaled the cool evening air and listened to the crickets singing to the evening. It had been a long time since she walked on this planet. There were many worlds and much work to be done. Here, The Great Cycle was completing and the Star Child was the final spoke in the wheel. Hope was to replace despair and renewal to replace decay. This was the beginning. This was the rebirth.

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Before entering the town square, the Star Child paused and gazed upward at the evening sky. As she said a silent prayer, she smiled at the thousands of shining stars decorating the ebony ceiling. These points of light called to the light within. Darkness and Light were brothers; part of the greater whole of the universe. Each person was part of this. Each particle within was part of the fabric of Darkness and Light. Each was comprised of the very substance of the stars and once this was perceived, the corrective was added. In time, this corrective led to right action.

During the course of each life, there were opportunities to remember and reach higher. Joining the stars as a brother. Each person was part of this universal fabric and yearned to travel upward to fulfill their destiny.

In this world, the pull was in two directions. One toward the earth and one toward the heavens. When the balance was destroyed and the earthly blocked the spiritual, the Star Child was sent. The people's pain and suffering called her forth. She was the universal bringer of Light. She was the beacon for the stormy night and came to restore the balance.

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As the young talked and laughed, deep inside many understood much was missing. Yes, it was fun to be with friends. Laughter and song were necessary, but how was their inner emptiness and pain to be eased? Something told these young, life was more than working, playing and struggling for food. Instinctively, many felt that to join the takers and give in to the

world of greed was no solution to the alternative of not having enough. Were these the only choices?

And the inner voice continued to whisper: “What of the heart and the longing of the soul to reach higher?”

Because this was a Dark Age, some young had taken to striking out against authority and those who disagreed with them. In their view, pain begot pain. For them, the solution resided in being strong and beating the takers at their game. These young roved in packs, using violence as a way to fill their lives. Covering their pain with anger and destruction, they took what they wanted and contributed to the darkness of the times.

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Born of the people’s need, the Star Child appeared as one of them. Coming to heal the pain of those most injured, she walked as a young teenage girl. With silver blond hair, skin of light olive, eyes of ocean blue, just under five feet of height, she walked effortlessly across the sand, emanating with peace and stillness. Calling first to the young, gradually, her message would reach out to everyone. All were in need of healing, but none more than these. Their futures consumed by the sickness of greed and fear that filled the land.

And when she walked into that gathering of young people and took her place among them, at first, none recognized who she was. Gradually, as the Light danced about her and reached out into the darkness, touching the hearts of those gathered, they began to realize she was the answer to their hopes. Here, was the beacon for the dark night and the exemplar to follow.

Partake of that wondrous teaching. Even in this day, the Star Child’s words call to the child who is free and loving in you. Rise up as an aware soul. Make your place in the evening sky and embrace this opportunity to join the stars as kin.

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“O children of the darkness, I have come to lead you home. I am the fruit of your suffering and the ointment for your tired soul.”

“Long have you cried and long have you searched. Yet, the solution to your problem is inside of you. I have come to display it to you and help you embrace your own higher destiny.”

“In many ways, with your thoughts you create your own world and have been taught to think and act only in certain ways. Daily, these ways must be pushed aside for a time and you must learn again to perceive your own Inner Light and stillness. For this light, is the light of the heavens and connects you to all things. You have forgotten, you are a star, which began in a distant galaxy and one day must return home. While in this world, you must put time aside to remember and honor your spiritual heritage. This remembrance is the balancing factor and, in this age, has been lost and forgotten.”

“Because of the pull toward the earth and the need for material expression, it is natural to be tied to the world. Yet, you are also a child of the heavens and must learn to awaken and use your spiritual capacity. Then the balance between the earth and stars will be restored.”

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The youngest of those gathered began to speak. “Who are you? Why do you speak to us in this way? Why should we believe anything you say? You are just a child like us.”

The Star Child smiled, slowly looked at all who were gathered and replied. “Can’t you feel it? It is the pull of the stars... My words travel on the energy of the universe and while words are necessary to convince you, feel the energy. Embrace this energy. It is your home and is the Source who sent me here.”

“I am the child of your longing. On a cold night, I am the brother to keep you warm and the sister with whom to whisper your secrets. In each, there is emptiness, a hunger that waits to be filled by the Light of Eternity. In this age, many have sought to fill this hunger with all kinds of material things. They have sought the things of the earth to quiet the universal desire for things of the spirit. Greed has blinded them to their own higher nature and they fumble around in the dark like a blindfolded fool.”

“Listen to my words and think about them. Perceive the energy and love that support the words. Question what I say. Deep inside, you will recognize the call of Truth. This call reaches out and heals the emptiness and loneliness inside you. It embraces the part that wants to make sense out of the pain and suffering in the world. To know and to believe. This is something you must decide for yourself. I have come to present this opportunity and offer a solution. Only you can decide to accept or reject it.”

Then another questioned, “Where did you come from? You call yourself the child of our longing. What exactly does that mean? What you say is in the form of riddles. The words sound grand but their meaning is vague?”

“I have come from a place far away. So far away that it may be said, it is beyond the stars. I am a traveler who has been sent here to bring the corrective. The balance has been disturbed and I have come to restore that which has been lost. In this age, people have forgotten they are both children of the earth and children of the stars. Both parts of their nature must be honored and developed. The pain and suffering of this time has called me forth. Like a magnet, I have been pulled into this realm to offer hope and a way to restore the balance.”

“You too are children of spirit and must learn to soar upward claiming your place in the evening sky. Tell your friends I have come. Invite them here to question and listen. Each evening I will be here so all of you will learn anew to perceive you’re higher nature. Listen to my words, evaluate them, travel on their energy and go deep within. This energy calls to the part of you that is a star child and will live on forever. Until this energy is awakened in each of you this world will be a dark place, filled with fear and greed.”

“The corrective for the dark night is Light. I am the bringer of this Light and serve another who is its Origin. Tell your friends, hope has been awakened and has come to balance the darkness of the long night.”

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Again the youngest questioned, “Who are you? I still don’t understand who you are?”

And with a smile on her face, the Star Child said, “Look into my eyes. I will show you who I am?”

Slowly, as the crowd looked into the Star Child’s eyes, her eyes began to sparkle and grow brighter. And as the young ones gazed deeper, the two orbs of brilliance began to expand becoming two blue, green oceans that were ablaze with a brilliant sunrise. And as this energy, emanating from her eyes grew stronger gradually all they could see was brilliance and light. Then the darkness of the evening sky was consumed by light. Many had to shield their eyes and turn away.

Suddenly, the light disappeared and the Star Child was gone.

At first blinded by the brilliance, the young ones fumbled about unable to see. Then as their sight returned, each silently walked home, and their hearts were filled with joy and hope.

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Day- II

It was the second night and more young people had come to question and learn from the Star Child. Among the young, word quickly spread of the messenger of Light and the town square was filled. Many had come hoping to be part of something greater than themselves. Others came to learn, and others came because they had nothing else to do.

As the anticipation and excitement grew, some of those gathered began to wonder if the Star Child would keep her word and appear a second time. The appointed hour was growing near and there was no sign of her walking across the sands. On the previous evening, this was the direction of her approach and expectantly eyes focused toward the western sands.

As the clock in the town square struck 7 pm, the Star Child appeared. Miraculously, she materialized from amongst the crowd. One moment there were groups of young people softly talking to each other, then a flash of light, which startled everyone and gradually she took form seemingly from the very air itself. Tiny particles of glimmering light rushed together and, in a moment, she was reborn.

Startled. The crowd was quiet and fixed their eyes upon her, wondering what next might happen. Amidst the wonder of this moment, some of the younger children began to grow nervous; sensing the fear, the Star Child addressed the crowd.

“O children of the dark night do not be fearful. I am one of you and have come to restore hope. I have been sent by One who loves you more than you can ever know. This is the hour when all your questions will have answers and all your fears will be replaced by love. Let the questioning begin.”

Then a young girl, no more than four years old, who was standing next to where the Star Child appeared, called out, “I am frightened. The people in our village do not travel about as you. My brother and his friends say you are a witch or a magician. I am frightened. Please do not hurt me.”

Gently, the Star Child gazed at the young one, smiled and whispered, "I would not hurt you, you are my sister and the reason that I have come." Taking in this reply, tentatively, the young girl put aside her fear and returned the smile.

Looking-up and turning toward the larger crowd, the Star Child commanded, "Now, bring to me your questions."

With a challenge in his voice, a tall teenager shouted from the middle of the crowd. "You say that you are one of us. Yet, how can that be? None of us travel about like you or have the powers that you appear to have. Why should we trust you?"

With a smile on her face, the Star Child replied, "Sometimes, you have to trust your heart. You must listen to your heart's whisper and believe that events will turn out for the best. It is good that you question. Your mind wonders, how can this girl, if she is indeed a girl, be like one of us? She looks like us, but she is clearly different with a strength and awareness that we do not have."

"Know that we are the same. We have the same Source. The One who Created this world and universe. Our Source has sent me here to help. Also, I am what you will become. I am that spark which is deep inside you and lives on; taking you through the many worlds. I am the accumulated energy of many hearts burning for freedom."

Again, the same teenage boy called, "Even if we were to accept what you say, why have you come to us? In this world of takers, we are nothing."

"Because the Source has a message for you. The Source says- this world is more than it appears. Remember, the race does not always go to the strongest or bravest. Sometimes, it goes to the one who hears the higher call and cannot be shaken. The Source says-if you will take one step toward me, I will take ten toward you. This is the hour of change, but before the change can be enacted, you must be prepared."

Then, the young girl called out, "Please, tell us more about the One who sent you, and if love be his way, why has our world fallen into darkness?"

"Because in order for there to be light; there must be darkness. What good is the sunrise without the ebony covering of the night sky? Both these opposites exist so you may travel beyond them. I am here to show you what supports this world of form. By connecting with this under lying reality, each of you will reach higher, remember and take the next step in your personal evolution."

Another youth, who was quickly reaching manhood, called out, “Enough with words. All of the adults in our world use words to make promises that have become empty. We need something more than words and promises. What do you have to say to that?”

“Tonight I will give you experience and show you what you each will become. By focusing inward, I will display to you, your own inner potential and you will consciously connect with the creative energy that is your Origin. But first, each of you must promise something. Will you promise me?”

“And what might that be?” shouted back the crowd.

“That you must talk about this and share this experience with everyone you know. Each of you must tell your parents, friends, and classmates. Tonight when you go back to your homes, you must use your computers and telephones and ask these people to speak with everyone they know about it. Can you do this?”

Growing excited, the crowd of young people called back, “Yes. We will do this.”

“Good,” called the Star Child. “Now, I want you all to sit down; if you are already seated, then, stay where you are.” Slowly, as the great crowd found a place to sit, the Star Child waited.

“Next, I want you all to take a deep breath and hold onto the air with your lungs; breath in through you nose and embrace the evening air. Feel its coolness and smell its sweetness. You are part of this wondrous beauty. Now, hold you breathe and exhale very slowly through your nose. Feel the air as it leaves your lungs returning to the greater world. Now, let us repeat this breathing exercise.”

Together, the great crowd repeated the timeless motion of going out and returning. In this way, gradually, they grew calmer and more familiar with following the Star Child’s soothing voice. As she spoke, her voice was a gentle whisper that even the most distant participant could hear; a soft melody, like peaceful water caressing the children, running across the night air.

“Next, I want you to close your eyes and focus inward. Do not be afraid. While I am here no one can harm you. Trust me. Close your eyes. Focus inward and picture a ball of white light. See this orb, in your mind’s eye, pulsating with clear, white, peaceful energy. This light calls to you and is part of you.”

“If your mind strays, and another thought enters, do not fight it; simply return to your ball of white light. This is a thought form you are creating in your mind’s eye; it is yours and is part

of you. Now, as the light pulsates with its peaceful energy pattern, feel this energy as it flows through your body and awareness. Slowly, you and this light must join and become one . . .”

And as the Star Child’s voice led the children along the ancient and universal path of spiritual awakening, she took the Light from the ether and focused it upon all the individual orbs that were aglow in each child’s heart. Then, because of the Star Child’s intervention, as each individual light grew brighter and stronger, it split apart. One portion stayed within the child, as each child remained seated in the town square, and another portion journeyed upward into the night’s sky. Finding its own place in the heavens, each child was now a star to illumine the darkness and shared its light across the heavens.

In that timeless moment, that part of each child that remained behind and was seated below, offered up their innermost hope in the form of a prayer. Miraculously, each prayer was answered, in the form of a personal dream, showing each child what still was possible with their lives.

Later, as the crowd broke-up and dispersed, each child was aglow with the hope of a brighter tomorrow. As they walked toward their homes, filled with renewed energy, children spoke to each other about what they experienced. Fantastically, while each had the same experience of being a star in the evening sky; no two shared the same dream, or personal wish for the future. Each life varied, full of possibility and the opportunity to create something personal.

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As the children promised, that evening, when they got home they shared their experiences with everyone who would listen. Phone calls, text messages and e-mails were sent out all across the world. Such was the thrill and the excitement of that hour. In a hundred homes, incredulously, parents listened to little ones relating stories about becoming a shining star and describing in detail their personal, bright future that lay ahead. It had been years, since so much hope had entered into so many homes.

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Day- III

And the next day, when the children went to school, all were a buzz about the night before and what the Star Child had brought. Quickly, the NEWS picked-up on this story and features were being aired on television and radio stations. Also, scores of meetings were held in halls of government, among the Generals and Masters of Religion. Debates raged how these events might alter their control of the people, and some planned so this would not happen.

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It was time. Again, the Star Child materialized on the sands that bordered the town and felt their coolness underfoot as she walked effortlessly toward the square. Even at this distance, she could hear the noise and felt the many people, adults and children, who were waiting. Their combined energy was stronger than the previous evenings, with greater variability and shades of darkness. This was all part of the Plan and the inevitable outcome so that the Teaching might again manifest. She was but a vehicle and joyfully embraced her role.

Understanding there were too many people to pass through to reach the center of the square, she willed herself there. In an instant, she was standing beside the fountain, enjoying the cool spray of the water upon her skin and dress. Night had come to the surrounding countryside, but here in the middle of this great crowd of people, the lights from the TV cameras and their large companion spotlights made it seem like day. Much like an actress who enters upon a stage, she waited for the crowd to acknowledge her presence. Then, a young boy called, "Look. She has come. We told you, she was real."

In an instant, the cameras and their lights turned and further illuminated where she stood. Then, a young female reporter quickly moved forward and offered a microphone into which the Star Child could speak. The Star Child looked at the reporter and shook her head, indicating that this would not be necessary. With anticipation, every head turned and waited. On this night, they wondered, what wondrous teaching would be revealed?

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On the roof of the tallest building that bordered the town square, General Gates gave his crack sniper team final instructions. These two rifles were the very best and had never failed in each of their many missions. This night, they were teamed together so there would be no doubt as to outcome. Earlier in the day, it was decided unanimously in a joint meeting between the Generals and the Masters of Religion, there would be no more gatherings and fantastic stories to ignite and impassion the young. Hope and optimism were to be replaced with order and control; several well placed bullets to the head would ensure this.

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“In my journey to this world, this time, I brought my message to the young children. It is they, who are the hope for the future and most receptive to this teaching’s form. This time, I showed you the Source. This creative, life giving energy of which you all have a piece in your heart and will help lead you back home ...”

Suddenly, there was a twin explosion. “Crack! Crack!” Simultaneously, the snipers had released their bullets and before anyone could turn in the direction of that terrible sound, the Star Child disappeared. As the bullets raced to where she was standing, the Star Child was gone. In her place, a great balled figure of pulsating Light. The luminescence of this great 10 foot high ball of Blue White Light dwarfed the brightness output of the many TV Cameras and spotlights. Somehow, as the bullets passed into this lighted orb, they were absorbed and the ball grew even stronger.

Then, as the crowd realized someone had just tried to shoot and kill the Star Child, the great ball of Light began to ascend from the ground and slowly rise into the night sky. And as this Light grew brighter, it rested and hovered just above the town square. As final message, these were the words spoken, in her kind, gentle voice.

*“On the night when you are low and filled with despair,
look to the evening sky for I will be the brightest star there.”*

And as many tears began to fall, like a racing comet, the Star Child rose and filled the night sky with a long trail of Light, returning to her place, as the brightest star amidst the milky way galaxy.

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In the years that followed, the hundreds of children that initially experienced the Star Child's message, grew into adulthood and gradually took their rightful place as leaders in the larger world about them. And as the older generation passed away, these children of hope and change sang the praises of the Star Child by making their world a brighter place.

And in this land, it has remained a custom, that upon seeing the first star of the evening, each child sings the traditional song and makes a wish for their future.

For more, see: www.thedeeganproject.com

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