

Star Light

Chris Cade

I didn't realize it, but as early as 3 years old I was already spiritually aware. Well, sort of. You see, I don't remember being psychic in any way, and I certainly don't remember reading books like *The Power of Now* or watching movies like *Peaceful Warrior*. I didn't feel some grand connection to the oneness of the Universe, and I certainly wasn't aware of any out of body experiences.

One thing I did grasp, though, was the power of the mind and spirit. I remember a recurring nightmare in which a bat would chase and scare the living daylight out of me! Every night. Over, and over, and over. When I told my Catholic mother of this, she told me I had the power to control my dreams. The ironic thing is, even after having all these terrifying dreams, I actually believed her.

Mind you, this was a bat with a wingspan as wide as my body was tall, and its body at least three times larger. It was especially frightening to a child my age. The dream came again, and again the bat chased me just like before... only this time I remembered my mother's words of wisdom. Before I knew it, I was riding this bat the same way that Atreyu from *"The Neverending Story"* rides Falcor. In that moment, I felt true freedom. A freedom that was revealed to me at the age of three through an introductory understanding of the power of intention.

I never had that nightmare again.

I did, however, gain the realization that I could influence my world. This came to be much clearer to me the following year when I turned 4. You see, my family would go to church every week. I didn't understand, and I certainly didn't like being there, but I had to go. I grasped the idea that there was a "God" who listened to our prayers and answered them, but frankly he just didn't interest me all that much.

What did interest me though, was another entity from above: the Universe. Nightly, I would gaze up in awe and childlike wonder at the constellations, the Moon, the Milky Way, and the shooting stars of the Perseids. I didn't realize it at the time, but I was looking at God through a child's eyes. I also didn't realize that would be my first experience in the true power of intention.

Every night I would pray. Not to God, as my two older brothers and I had been taught in church and by my mother, but rather, I would pray to the stars. I have no idea why I asked for what I did, but I was passionate and diligent about it. It didn't matter if we were at home or in the car, I would find the stars and pray for Siamese twin sisters.

Yes, you heard me right: Siamese.

Of course, at that age I didn't realize what Siamese meant. I just thought I was asking for two sisters at the same time. I can only imagine the combination of adoration and heartbreak my parents felt as they had already decided not to have any more children, yet watched their 4 year old son so intent on such a beautiful dream.

Months passed with no answer. It is said that prayer is talking to God, and meditation is listening for the answer, but at that age I knew none of that. For a young child, that could be quite distressing to ask over and over and receive no response. Not for me though, and for months and months I continued to pray to the stars for my Siamese twin sisters. I had an unending source of confidence and faith that the stars were listening.

And they were.

After several months, my parents informed me that I would have a Gemini sister to share the world with. As I look back on my life, I realize that at 4 years old I was taught the powerful lesson of intention and that the Universe is always listening, even if we can't hear its response. To this day, when I look up at the stars at night, I whisper inside myself:

Star light, star bright. First star I see tonight. Wish I may. Wish I might. Have this wish I wish tonight...

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