

Believe...Be Love

By Theresa Ann Stuesser

The article you are about to read is less a set of directives and more a new set for the mind -- that is, a new mindset. In fact, it is also less about *us* raising the new children and more about *them* raising *us*. I firmly believe the children are coming in at this time to raise our collective vibration and consciousness from a place of fear and doubt back to one of love and belief -- love of all that is, and belief that this *raising* is entirely possible. They want to assure us that to *believe* is to be *love*.

This message about believing is a true tale of releasing old paradigms and embracing the new. My hope is that you will walk away moved, and perhaps even changed in a way that guides you to more fully live from your heart -- while also honoring the children, and your own inner child, as well.

As the children call you to read on, *be love*, and also be open to the trip you are about to take. My husband, Brian, and I have found the journey we call life to be most joyful when we are completely open to the possibilities that life itself offers, even when its offerings seem to lie just beyond belief. Know that life comes fully equipped with *blessed suspension* -- but only if you're open to experiencing it, and only if you are *being* love in the process. Believe, be love, and be full of joy, for that is how we can best serve the children, and in the process, ourselves.

Theresa Ann Stuesser
Ashland, Oregon, fall of 2002

Over 100 cities in more than 60 countries participated in this year's worldwide celebration of peace known as *Earthdance*. The motto of this festival, which plays host to the world's largest synchronized dance vigil, is "Give Peace a Dance." We were fortunate to have an *Earthdance 2002* festival in our hometown this year, complete with a large grassy area that served as the dance floor. Our family's first experience with this festival was very special as our dear friend, James Twyman, was leading a cyber prayer

vigil from Baghdad, Iraq that coincided with the energy of this worldwide event. At 4 p.m. in Ashland, Oregon, hundreds of us gathered in a large circle, hand-in-hand, to connect to one another in prayer. As we collectively sent love and peace around the globe, Shanti, our infant daughter, crawled to the open center of the circle, as if an unseen *someone* or *something* was beckoning her to come forward. Curious, and in mother-like fashion, I followed behind.

Here, once inside the circle, I was immediately “taken back” to the festival Brian and I had coordinated two weeks prior, *The First Annual Festival of the Angels: the Year of the Child*. The idea of organizing a festival for children came to me, out of the blue, while meditating in a steamy tub of water one night. Our daughter, quite uncharacteristically, had gone to bed before the sun did, so I decided to treat myself to a candle-lit bath. Strange as it may seem, as I took a few deep breaths and closed my eyes in the tub, it felt as if a handful of children were connecting with me as if mind-to-mind -- sharing their ideas for what seemed to be a festival-like event. I actually saw the children’s faces, as well as specific activities and a floor plan layout. After my bath, I too, went off to dreamland, with this new thought of a children’s festival dancing curiously in my head.

The following morning, Brian noticed an email had come in overnight from James, whom we had recently met in Ashland. Brian shared that it was a special message suggesting that people could meditate in hot water in order to better connect with the highly-aware children. Considering the experience of the night before, this synchronicity sparked my interest and seemed rather profound, to say the least!

Intuitively, I knew that the goal of the festival was to anchor the energy of love from the children in and around Ashland. I didn’t really stop to ask, “Why our city, and why us?” The feelings of gratitude and interest outweighed my logical mind’s desire to worry about such minor details. I knew, deep in my soul, that it was bigger than the two of us -- even bigger, perhaps, than our local community. I mentally told the universe and “the children” that if it was to be, to just bring on the players and the materials and we would make sure it, whatever *it* was, happened.

Much of the inspiration and specific details of the festival came over the next several weeks as I was playing with our daughter, Shanti Grace. I mean this in a very literal way. It was as if a “bringing in” of Spirit (in-spiration, if you will) occurred when

I was really present for her -- like our connection served as a conduit for a *loving life force* that was more than happy to guide us to something that was beyond ourselves.

Many came and delighted themselves in feelings of enchantment and community connection at the two-day festival. We began the festivities with a baby blessing as a focus in order to utilize the pure, new energy that these little beings radiate. Although the festival centered on children, many adults said *they* were the ones who were transformed! It was as if everyone, regardless of their age, allowed themselves to be a child as they stepped upon the large concrete platform beneath the pavilion that staged the event. Activities included things such as improvisational dance and storytelling; sound exploration; friend and film producer, Stephen Simon, speaking about the theme of amazing children in spiritual-natured films; a parade, and much more.

The festival was brought to an energizing closure as James (or Jimmy, as we have come to know him) sang songs of love and peace before a dancing crowd. During the festival, the love of the children was deeply felt and then intentionally sent spinning around the globe like a giant web. What an amazing experience those two days had been, I joyfully recalled. With that thought, I was suddenly brought back to the present by Shanti's laughter and the feeling of peace emanating from the *Earthdance* circle that surrounded us both.

As *Earthdance 2002* was drawing to a close -- with the final band of the night performing a quick sound check -- I felt the strong impulse to head toward the gate, as it was getting quite late. I found myself at first gently suggesting then directing us to head home. Sitting in the back seat next to Shanti during the car ride home, I felt an *energy* -- like strong inspiration -- come to me that I can only explain as a download of information. As I felt myself open somehow, I received a message that, at the time, I could not put into words. It had a complexity to it, yet it seemed so simple when I listened with my heart. I knew it was a message of love. Could the experience of participating in the worldwide *Prayer for Peace* have triggered this opening in me? I wondered to myself.

Questions rapidly popped into my head after that, one after another: Is this urgent message of love coming from the highly-aware children? Where in the world is this coming from? Am I making this all up in my head? It felt so real, and much more than just my imagination. Perhaps it's coming from Shanti -- who was sound asleep in her car

seat -- I reasoned. Perhaps it was “the kids” who were responsible for bringing us all together in the first place! Our daughter shifted and giggled softly in her sleep. Hmmm...

The possibilities were, and still are, quite mind-boggling! I felt these little bits of information I was receiving -- even though I was unable to interpret them at the time -- were coming for a reason I was not yet able to comprehend. I mentally sent out the question, “Wait, hold on. Before I get any more ... what in the world am I supposed to do with all this?” With that release, an answer popped into my mind: *It is to be expressed through some kind of creative project, a “medium” of sorts.* At first, I thought it was to be a painting, or perhaps a sculpture ... maybe even a written manuscript. Somehow, I knew that this information had to come through a medium that held the potential of expressing what I believed to be profound communication of transformational proportions, even if it was meant only for my benefit! As if the message needed the right channel to broadcast its loving frequency, it was begging for my attention. I couldn’t shut it off (not that I really wanted to!).

Though it took me quite some time to recognize it, I now know part of the message I received that night is found within these very words. Yes, the “medium” is, in part, this article -- but, it is also me. And, it is you, as well, for you who find yourself at this point have surely attracted it to yourself. In fact, I believe it is all of us. We are all vehicles, instruments in a sense ... instruments of love, instruments of belief.

Consider if you will, just for a moment, the following possibility: What if, by reading this article, an intuitive “switch” is activated, or several small switches perhaps, somewhere deep inside our being. What if this “re-circuiting,” or tuning if you will, allows us to be more clearly attuned to all that surrounds us, thereby creating an opening -- an opening that causes either a gradual or instant awakening of our minds and our hearts. Maybe, just maybe, it will help us to see what’s real ... what’s true ... and what’s possible within ourselves, our lives, and our world.

What if this change clears our mind chatter and the distractions around us, so that we may more clearly see, hear, sense, and know? What if it dissolves feelings of judgment and anger and transforms them into feelings of compassion and joy? Can something like that be possible? The implications are far-reaching, no? Furthermore, what if the kids in our presence are busily guiding us to construct a grid of love around

the earth that will make it all possible? Is this beyond belief? Imagine if everyone believed that peace was not only a possibility, but was a reality waiting to be realized! What a different world this could be indeed!

Somehow, it makes sense to me that the children would serve as a bridge to this consciousness. Could the communication within this article -- like a code with an unlocking ability -- act as a conduit to reconnect us to an ancient knowing lying dormant within us all? Could this ancient “technology” be based in love and belief? So simple!

The message continued to flow to me as we arrived home from *Earthdance*. I found myself *running* into the house to get pen and paper. I breathed calmly and deeply, allowing the communication to continue its flow. Scraps of paper were all around our living room as I wrote and wrote. It felt like a mystery to me -- like trying to find a hidden treasure by putting the clues together. I scribbled geometric shapes, intriguing images, numbers, and phrases. Then, I heard a “voice” urging me to tune into the television. We hardly ever have the TV on, but Brian had just flipped it on to catch the late night news as we walked into the house, unaware of what I was up to.

Instantly, a commercial that I had never seen before came on with the slogan: “See the world in a whole new way.” As our daughter slept in her portable car seat next to me, I copied that specific phrase and then continued to scribble while lying in front of the TV. My hand became quite relaxed even though I was writing very quickly. For some reason -- automatically and without thinking -- I drew a tail (like on the letter “y”) on the bottom of the “w” in the word “way.” I felt, or somehow *knew*, that there was a message in this. I read the phrase again and again. I just couldn’t figure out the “w.” It was as if the “y” sound went with the “w” -- yuh-wwway. Yway. Then, finally, it hit me...I got it. My body trembled as I said under my breath, “See the World in a Whole New Yahweh.” Truth bumps covered my body, and do to this day whenever I go into recall! Ah, blessed suspension, indeed, but there seemed to be more.

A mystery -- was it a mystery, or imagination, I wondered? Yes ... instantly I heard, or “got,” or ... something, “*We need to treat every child as though she is holy -- a golden child; as if she is the baby Jesus -- Yahweh! In fact, we are all Holy children. We must only remember and believe (be-love) that this is so. From this place, the whole world will be healed. It must begin, now!*” I instantly recognized this common thread and knew that it would be present throughout the communication I was receiving.

What next, I wondered? I jumped to my feet, closed my eyes, and immediately felt the impulse to pray and reconnect with the grid of love and peace we had just sent around the world as participants of *Earthdance*. As a couple, Brian and I have hosted many prayer and meditation circles in the past, and truly believe in the power of prayer, intention, and positive thoughts ... yet, in that moment, I felt the reality of divine intervention on a much deeper level than I had ever experienced before.

After a few brief moments of reflection, I opened my eyes and found myself staring out our sliding glass patio door. Tears poured down my cheeks as I rubbed my eyes over and over. Right there, in front of me, through many layers -- smudges from Shanti's little hands on the glass door, the glare in the glass itself, the silhouette of branches from a tree in the backyard, and a light in the distance which appeared to be coming from deep within the mountains less than a mile away -- was an image of Jesus...Yahweh! What I saw looked strikingly similar to the Shroud of Turin! More bumps!

I checked on our daughter who was still sleeping soundly, taking note of how unusual it was for her to slumber so long between feedings. I started to believe that she was actually working with us somehow. Perhaps she was sending the ideas, or simply providing the necessary space to allow all of this to "come in" and be processed. I had heard of this kind of thing happening, but admittedly, was a bit skeptical. In that moment, I felt as if I were seeing a big picture of the situation from above. However, it still felt like there was so much space between the pieces of the puzzle that was keeping me from putting it all together. I offered up to the universe that if we were supposed to do some sort of work together to assist the children, to please let it come and I would do my best to listen. I continued to journal small downloads as they came, unaware that an answer was manifesting so quickly.

A few short weeks later, we were having dinner with Jimmy and another dear friend, Mishi. The conversation turned to Mishi and her relationship with our daughter, Shanti. "Aunt Mishi" had gotten to know her quite well, as she stayed with our family for a couple weeks while transitioning between habitudes. During her stay with us, Mishi gave Shanti an interesting nickname -- "Little Wizard" -- shortly after watching the Harry Potter movie. The moniker seemed very appropriate for such an inquisitive little being with wise old eyes, eyes that Aunt Mishi called "planet eyes." Mishi would often hand

her a magic marker and say something like, “Okay, Little Wizzzzard, wave your wand as you look at me through those big blue orbs!” It seemed to match her personality to a “T”.

During dinner, our conversation continued to dance around the topic of amazing children, as Shanti waved excitedly to a friend that the four of us did not see. It was at that time that Jimmy mentioned a new book that he was working on. It was a book about raising “psychic” children. We talked about kids doing things with their minds, like bending spoons and moving small objects, sending messages with their minds, and the like. This was an interesting topic to us, as we had been wondering about some of the communication our own Little Wizard seemed to be giving us. Then, Jimmy threw out the idea of us writing an article for the book -- which happens to be a version of the article that you are reading. Immediately, we felt in our hearts that the shoe fit, as if it were somehow meant to be. We were not experiencing the bending of utensils by our infant, but we were experiencing an amazing expansion of our minds that she seemed to be facilitating, or at least playing a role in.

On the ride home after dinner, I couldn’t help but wonder: Is this all coincidence, or is it truly the spirit, or guidance, of the children? I asked Brian if he thought these children were communicating in some way with one another, and then sending messages out to the world around them. “It’s all pretty trippy, but I’m open to the possibilities. Fasten your seat belt, sweetie!” my husband blurted from the front seat.

The more we thought about the idea of openly sharing our experiences, the more the mind chatter came in -- fear, doubt, and even skepticism. Our Catholic backgrounds didn’t really lend themselves to these kinds of ideas. “Can you imagine what my friends and family in Richfield (the town where Brian was raised) would think about me referring to my daughter, or even myself, as highly-aware, not to mention psychic?” Brian chuckled as we bounced up the stairs leading to our front door upon returning home. He put the sleeping Little Wizard in her crib and zipped up her purple jammies. He continued to laugh out loud as he grabbed the dictionary -- it’s never far away, as we often research words that appear to have different meanings depending on who is using them!

Webster’s Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary gives the following meaning for the word “psychic”: *from the Greek psychikos meaning ‘of the soul’; 1: of or relating to the psyche; 2: lying outside the sphere of physical science or knowledge: immaterial,*

moral, or spiritual in origin or force; 3: sensitive to nonphysical or supernatural forces or influences.

Ah, yes ... once again, the shoe did indeed fit!

Days later, while I played with Shanti before her afternoon nap, I tossed around some ideas for the article Jimmy asked us to write. We danced together while listening to some music tapes that her Grandma Pat had recently given her. The song, "I'm a Little Tea Pot," came on. I wondered about the intent or the meaning behind the song. I had heard it dozens of times before, yet now I was wondering if it contained a hidden message of sorts or if it was just a silly song? I looked forward to the day our daughter could talk, in order to hear her words of wisdom about questions such as this. Our little girl soon grew tired from all the singing and dancing, and she directed herself to my lap to nurse. I closed my eyes and the song began playing over and over in my head:

"I'm a little teapot; yes, it's true,
Here's an example of what I can do.
I can turn my handle into a spout,
Tip me over and pour me out."

Just as quickly as it began, the song stopped. Then, in my head, I heard: *This song is about being a vessel. In a sense, we are all really just jars of clay, molded into something special by our maker. When we allow ourselves to be opened, then filled, and even emptied from time to time, we are more available for service.*

It was as if the most innocent, most graceful voice was speaking to me. Just then, I realized that I might actually be "seeing" the song through the eyes of a child. Perhaps the children were making this possible -- or, was it my own inner child? At that very moment, our little one stretched her body out wide, gave me a smile, and went back to her snack. Just another quirky coincidence?

I felt expanded in the space that I knew to be my mind, yet I was fully connected with my heart. It was as if my mind was stretching in order to allow a bigger picture to reveal itself ... a picture that felt like love. I felt as though someone was calling me to *be* a vessel -- to help get a message delivered. I reached a point where it seemed like I was

sharing that space with another. I gently blinked my eyes, shook my head and, upon looking down, noticed that our daughter had fallen asleep in my lap.

Could she really be sending some of these thoughts, I wondered? I realized that I often seem to get these profound ideas when she is sleeping or in deep playtime, not directly interacting with me on a physical level. It seemed very similar to experiences I encountered when she was in the womb.

This made me think about the vessel I had been during pregnancy. As Shanti slept, I noticed her journal propped up on a shelf next to me. It's filled with stories and reflections from before and after birth that would hopefully someday give her insight into her early stages of life. This gave me an idea! I surmised that maybe we could entertain the idea of pre-birth and early infant communication in the article Jimmy had asked us to write!

Coincidentally -- or not -- Jimmy phoned later that very day and I told him that some things had been "coming" for the article, and that we felt very drawn to the project. He said that he felt similarly, and wanted to share an idea that had come to him. "What do you think about addressing the possibility of communication between us as adults and the essence or soul of the incoming children before birth?" he questioned.

"Yes, and even prior to conception!" I exclaimed, and shared with him that the idea had come to me only hours before he called. He had literally taken the words right out of my mouth!

Several weeks passed, during which time the "article" came through. Brian and I were later able to share it while directing a weekend camp for "highly-aware" children as a component of a similarly-themed conference that Jimmy organized in Kona, Hawaii. Surrounded by some amazing children, especially while on a boat ride intended to connect us with the dolphins and whales, we learned that the children were our teachers.

Life with our Little Wizard has fostered in us a mindfulness of interacting with her whole being, her total self -- even that part of her that is beyond the physical. I share the following journal entries -- which are also true accounts -- in order to paint a picture of possibilities that we believe exist for communing with children on a soul level -- not

only as infants, but before birth, and even prior to conception. Whether our daughter was and/or is helping in spirit by amplifying our own intuition, directly intervening as an angel of sorts, or simply indirectly giving us inspiration by the energy of her natural presence, we truly don't need to know. We simply need to believe, and to be love.

Part of the beauty that exists in the experience of life is not knowing, and also being okay with the unknown. However, we can't help but think there *has* to be something to all of this. My intent in sharing our personal experience is to open your mind and heart to the possibilities of the miracles that the kids seem to be bringing to our world. Brian likes to remind people that it's okay if they don't completely resonate with ideas like this; he says that all that is required of us at this point is that we stay open to the *possibilities*, for it is in this openness that we are most profoundly affected.

I often use angel cards as a source of personal inspiration during meditation and personal reflection. In my current practice as an Intuitive Consultant and Life Coach, I often use angel cards when doing sessions for clients. Though it appears that the universal law of "like attracts like" most often prevails when pulling cards for others, I find that it is common to doubt the messages when I pull cards for myself. In a journal entry about ten months prior to the birth of our Shanti Grace -- with no conscious idea that a pregnancy was coming -- I wrote the following entry in my journal:

March 22, 2001 Journal Entry

Dear God, Highest Self, Universe and the Angels,

What insights would you have me know now that my latest creative project has been completed?

The cards I pulled were: **Miracles**, **Children** and **Intention**. What I *heard* was: *The miracles are already here! You just can't see the big picture yet. Just listen and you will know. This is a time for nurturing. Focus on creating. Is this a time for working on artistic endeavors, or does this speak to a desire for having children?*

I didn't take the message too seriously. Perhaps the *Children* card means I should focus on my inner child, I thought. I decided to release the idea to God and the universe. If it were meant as a direct message for me, it would most assuredly come back.

One morning, a week later, I repeatedly "saw" myself working at an outside table, under a huge shade tree at a local tea and coffee house down the street from our home. I couldn't get that vision out of my head, so I decided to follow intuition. I packed my things and was ready to head out to the door when a client called. Suzanne wanted to meet right away and suggested the teahouse ... *that* teahouse! What a strange synchronicity, I thought to myself. Before leaving the house, I felt compelled to see if the angels had an additional message for me.

March 29, 2001 Journal Entry

(Still prior to conception)

Dear Guardian Angels,

*What would you have me know as I open to intuition
and the blessings that follow this day?*

I pulled the *Nature, Answered Prayer* and *New Love* cards. The message came through loud and clear: *Get outside today. The fresh air of nature and a change of environment will help you to breathe in new ideas. Your prayers are answered. Just be. A feeling of a new chapter or new creation is in the air. Be aware of what the universe is placing before you.*

With that, I offered the following prayer:

Dear God and the Universe,

*Thank you for the opportunity to assist Suzanne. I
know that it is in giving that we truly receive. I will be open to*

the wisdom you may be sending through my experience with her. I also ask for guidance dealing with the abdominal cramps I've felt over the last few months. Louise Hay's book, Heal Your Body, relates this with fear and stopping the process of life. I affirm that I trust the process of life. I know that I am safe in your hands.

Amen.

When I arrived at the tea shop, I felt the impulse to pull additional cards for myself in order to continue the flow of information through journaling.

Is there anything else I should keep in mind?

I pulled the **Creativity** card. *Keep the focus of abundant energy flowing through your being*, I sensed. I wanted a more specific message, so I continued on.

Is there more that I should know about the Answered Prayer card I pulled earlier?

Shuffling the cards over and over again, I pulled the **Children, Intentions** and **New Beginnings** cards. I immediately felt what some call a “block.” My body and mind became rigid as my soul spoke a truth. “No,” I said under my breath. “Really? Kids? Now? No...”

If I were doing a reading for a client, my intuition would tell me that on some level, the person desired to have a child. I wondered if this was my imagination. I heard a voice inside my head: *Are you running away from something? Nurture! Explore patterns you may have in this area.*

I found myself staring off into space. I brought my gaze into focus and saw several children playing nearby, which was unusual for this time of day, as it was right in the middle of a school day. Hmmm ... another sign sent to provide a breadcrumb for the navigation of my journey? I smiled. Then, I overheard a woman a few tables away say to her friend, “Did your sister have her baby yet?”

Overhearing someone saying something that sounds like it could be a coincidental clue for you is one from of clairaudience, or clear hearing. Could it be that the universe just spoke through someone else for me to hear? I wondered. I decided to continue, as the synchronicities were piling up.

What else should I know?

Intentions, Body Care, Spiritual Growth, and Divine Timing came next. In my heart, I instantly knew what this meant, but could hardly believe the words were coming so clearly. *You have fears to face dealing with having children and your own inner child. Do not run away from the fear. You need to deal with this for your own health and well-being. This is all a part of your growth on your path. Trust. Let go and let God. This is all Divine Timing.*

While processing this information, I felt the irresistible urge to “have” a child. When I saw the **Divine Timing** card, I felt a strong sensation, similar to the feeling that you get when you reconnect with someone whom you have not seen in a long time. With my logical mind protesting, I thought: Could it be that one of the angels talking to me was actually a soul that was ready to come in through us? Or, was my mind simply playing tricks on me?

I decided I had had enough offbeat personal messages for one day, so while I waited for Suzanne, I started reading a book I brought along. I only had time to read a few pages, but they were very telling. The primary focus dealt with the idea of people showing up in your life as mirrors to the self. It also suggested that whenever you help someone or give council on a particular situation, what you share often relates in some way to what you are going through yourself.

I wondered what questions Suzanne would have for her session. I looked up to find Suzanne walking toward me. Immediately, she said, “Oh, I’m so glad you could meet with me at the last minute. I have something on my mind that I can’t seem to shake. I was told that I can’t have children, but I really want them. I was hoping that you could give me your intuitive read on the situation.” I took a deep breath, hugged her, and smiled brightly!

The process of the universe (or our incoming child?) sending me clues continued the following week while we were visiting our dear friends, Alex and Simone, for dinner. “Oh, Thereeza,” chirped Simone in her native South African tongue, “I have something for you.” We laid down our kitchen towels as she handed me a small envelope. “It spoke to me when I was in the checkout line at the grocery store, and I just knew you were to have it. I don’t know why!” she added after a brief pause and a giggle.

I handed the envelope to Brian, begging him to open it. I was definitely feeding off of Simone’s giddiness, even though I still had no clue what was unfolding before us. Inside the envelope was a small greeting card. The card, by Anne Geddes, was blank on the inside ... the message for us was the image on the front cover. Grinning at us was a picture of a naked baby girl, lying amongst dozens of beautiful pink roses. Her smile was so cheeky that she could barely open her eyes. Simone had no idea of my experiences in the tea house a week earlier!

Like layers of an onion, I spent the next couple weeks going deeper and deeper within myself. I peeled and peeled, and I was finally faced with the realization that there were issues hiding at my core that had a stronger hold on me than I was aware of. I was allowing fear to overpower me, just like the pungent, yet slightly sweet aroma of an onion is apt to do. The idea of a certain incoming soul interacting with me still glimmered -- a companion, dancing with me through the process.

Knowing that facing fears is such a profound conduit for growth, I decided to face mine, head on. Once again, I had no idea the ride I was in for!

I decided to have a full moon ceremony to release the fears that kept creeping into my mind. I wrote the following message on a piece of paper that I would later lovingly burn in ceremony:

I release any fears dealing with my birth mother search, having my own children, the fear of dying giving birth, fear of motherhood, etc. I invite the guidance and comfort of God, the angels, (and a certain potential soul if you are out there).

I burned my prayer paper in our backyard fireplace while in the company of a small group of friends. I focused my mind on women giving birth at that time all over the planet; my own parents; my birthparents; those finding challenges conceiving; and the list went on. In the middle of the night, hours after our full moon ceremony, I was awakened from a deep sleep. I felt a presence that seemed to be hovering over our bed. I did not see her face outside of my mind's eye, but I believed her to be the Blessed Mother Mary. She said nothing, but I felt an embrace as she gave me some kind of message. Then she turned as if she was welcoming another presence. As I type this, I remember it like it was yesterday. I felt a sense of child-like faith and love emanating from this energy.

Was this energy some kind of guardian angel? Was it the energy of our future child? I felt that they were somehow giving me what I needed, energetically, in order to release my fears as I felt an invisible bubble coming from them and surrounding me. The bubble remained from that moment on, weaving itself in and out of my consciousness.

On Easter morning, one week after my full moon prayer, Brian and I traveled to Sedona, Arizona for an Easter meal with friends. Our celebration included a healing time for each one of us. A friend guided each one of us through an individualized meditation as we took turns focusing intentions on one another.

When it was my turn, I offered a message to any potential incoming soul, expressing the question of my readiness (while Brian shared the focus in his mind, as well). Instantly, I got a vision of a single dolphin in my mind, jumping out of the water again and again. During Brian's meditation, he saw a bookcase containing a book with a blank cover. He held the book to his chest to discern the title of the book. He said aloud, "Christo." After the meditation, Brian told me that he felt as if we would have child some day and something about the child would deal with Christo. Crazy as it sounds, a dear friend then shared that whenever we got around to having a child, we might want to be mindful in approaching the experience as if we were Mary and Joseph bringing in this child.

It is only now, in writing this, that I understand that message with any degree of clarity. It is the same message that came the night of *Earthdance*. It is a message to all

parents and caregivers. We are to minister to the children as if they are divine beings; and in this, they shall minister to us the same way.

Shortly before we left the Easter gathering, we sat in a circle chanting, “Shanti, Shanti, Shanti Om,” which is a phrase that invokes the creating of inner peace in the Sanskrit language. With Brian sitting directly behind me, our bodies touching, holding hands, I felt the vibration of the sound resonate in my tummy as we chanted in unison. I imagined singing and chanting these very words during childbirth someday.

Several days later, I realized that I was a couple days “late” with my cycle this time around. I wondered if my body was playing tricks on me, so I decided to pray in order to get a “read” on the situation. Feeling in tune with Mother Nature, I grabbed my deck of Animal Medicine cards along with my journal.

April 16, 2001 Journal Entry

“What should I know about being late with my cycle?”

I pulled the **Dolphin** card. (Remember, this is a true story!) I gasped as I remembered the vision I had of a jumping dolphin on Easter. *Listen to your body rhythms and the creation within you, I heard. A new phase in your life is emerging. Something dealing with the earth’s children is ahead. In addition to children, this relates to your life path more than you know at this time.* Then I pulled the **Snake** card. *It is a time for pro-creation and transformation. This is much bigger than you can imagine.* I could hardly believe my eyes and my ears!

We had been pondering the idea of selling our house, along with most of our bulky possessions, and traveling abroad for several months to just “be” and reflect. One thing we were to reflect on while away would be having a child. After pulling the **Dolphin** card, and after discussion with Brian, I decided to get the “For Sale by Owner” sign the next day. I went to the store and spent quite a bit of time trying to find the sign I had in mind. Funny, they didn’t seem to have what I was envisioning. I hastily grabbed

one anyway, and walked toward the cashier. About halfway to the checkout, I was stopped in my tracks. An image flashed in my head. I saw myself at the checkout counter with a pregnancy test in hand. To my surprise, I grabbed a test kit (the kind that had two tests for security!) and headed for the check out.

While driving home, I still sensed the bubble around me -- the one that came in the middle of the night on Easter -- and it felt as strong as ever. I began having a conversation with it in my mind. "Okay. I got a test. Is that what you wanted me to do?" Just saying that gave me a secret sense of joy. We wanted to be conscious parents, and were waiting until the right time; we were waiting to be guided. But, I certainly didn't imagine that time being quite so soon.

Upon returning home, I slowly read the box and remembered back to the wonderful evening a few weeks prior when we spent the night under jasmine and honeysuckle blossoms from our garden that I had woven into the canopy of our bed. I felt that conception -- when we were truly ready -- would be a moment of that kind of mindfulness. Finally taking my blinders off, I thought: Could we have conceived *that* night? I was only a couple of days late, which was not really all that uncommon. With a child-like grin, I ripped open the kit and ran to the bathroom. Suddenly, what I was most fearful of gave me a sense of great joy.

Waiting for the required ten minutes seemed like an eternity. Images of the last few weeks' episodes were flashing in my head: the full moon ceremony ... the Easter meditations ... the card readings ... the bubble. The reality of it all was mind-boggling. One thing that I did know as I stood there waiting for the results was that I *wanted* to be pregnant. In a weird way, I felt like the bubble I was feeling was the soul of our future child. It felt like a movie; a real-life movie! I bent down to peak at the tester's result window. I closed my eyes and smiled. Wow. This could be a book, I thought. I called Brian at work and told him to come home for lunch. The rest of the day is a blessed blur.

April 18, 2001 Journal Entry

I am immediately pulling cards after getting consecutive "positive" results on BOTH my home pregnancy tests!

I shuffle and reshuffle the cards, connecting to a place deep within myself. *Snake* (again!): *A time of pro-creation, transformation.* *Dolphin* (again!). Reminding me: *Listen to the rhythms of creation within you.* Last, while asking for additional guidance, I got **Courage:** *Think, say, and do what you believe.*

That night, after learning that we were pregnant, Brian was reading a book before bed. It just so happened that the section he was reading was about dolphins actually *assisting* in the human birthing process! It was an idea that was new to us; hard to believe to say the least! The idea of dolphins as midwives awakened us to find out what it was that we did believe, so we could think, say, and do it!

The next few months we found ourselves learning everything we could take in about the experience of natural birth. We felt that newborn babies were fully sentient beings, aware of everything going on around them during the birthing process. We wondered if practices such as ultrasound, anesthetics, and bright lighting had an effect on the physical, mental, emotional or spiritual DNA of a newly developing human being. Did it matter if the umbilical cord was cut before it stopped pulsating? What about being greeted in this new world by beings wearing masks and then being separated from the one with whom we were in such close union for nine months? What was this gentle, natural birth we were hearing of? We decided to let our hearts lead our discernment.

“Wow. There is an actual doctor in Russia who has done over 20,000 water births, honey!” my husband gleefully shouted from the den.

“Were they all with dolphins?” I queried from the kitchen. Intrigued, I decided to join him. I walked into the office and found printed sheets of paper scattered across the desk.

“No, not all, but get this!” Brian said excitedly. “This Web site says that a woman was giving birth in the Black Sea and a small group of dolphins came up to her. They pushed the doctor and bystanders away, and apparently did something with their sonar up and down her body. The mother had no pain during the birth. The child was found later to have an unusually high IQ.”

I organized our research into a binder, as we were seriously interested in the idea of a water birth. When we went to bed that evening, I put my hand on my tummy, and sent a mental thought to the little one growing inside. “If you would like to come into this world in the water, please let us know. We are listening.”

A couple of weeks later, our friends, Kay and Tom surprised us with a phone call from the airport. Due to a flight change, they would have a layover in Phoenix, where we were living at the time. They wanted to visit and drop off a gift that they recently picked up while in Hawaii. Sitting on our loveseat, we opened the small package. Kay and Tom looked on, eagerly awaiting our response. After unwrapping the last piece of tissue paper, Brian held up a beautiful, crystal figurine of ... a dolphin mother and her baby! “We” swam with the dolphins on our trip. For some reason, we kept thinking of you two when we were with them!” Kay explained. “We were in a gift shop after spending the morning with the dolphins, and this piece just called to us. You are supposed to have it!”

Amazing! We took this as confirmation that our baby would be born in the water. Our friends were not surprised to hear that we were just reading about dolphins as midwives, communicating with human mothers and their babies. Kay snickered, jabbing her elbow into Tom in Kay-like fashion, and said, “Guess those dolphins knew exactly what they were doing when they prompted us to bring that little trinket for these two! Cooool!”

The idea of communing with our unborn child in an energetic manner was introduced to us during our first trimester of pregnancy. We had also read that the soul actually merges with the physical body at some time during this term of pregnancy. As a way of welcoming the soul’s merge, we had a ceremony when we were three months along. We envisioned the light of love going from our hearts to the womb. From the womb, we sent this light out into the universe, intended for the incoming soul, inviting it into our family, and also welcoming further communication.

Two weeks later, we settled in at our kitchen table for a little date with a deck of cards. It had been a long day full of baby errands and work in the nursery. We finally sat down at around 9 p.m. to play a game of cards. In the middle of our first hand, I felt an

extremely powerful presence. I wondered if it could be the baby's soul. Brian immediately felt the presence, too. It was so strong that he got truth bumps over his whole body. This was not unusual for Brian, but it was the first time I saw him with them on his face. It was such a profound new feeling that I automatically resorted to fear and grabbed my rosary from our bedroom. It was a very special rosary given to Shanti, in utero, from Tracie, one of her godmothers. Remembering it was from Medjugorje, I called to the Blessed Mother for protection. (I laugh as I look back upon this sense of fear now!)

As if on cue, our pug dog started barking and running around in circles the way he does when someone comes in that he has a special connection with; he was obviously excited, but not at all scared. Brian calmly noted the way the dog was behaving and tried to reassure me that there was nothing to be afraid of.

I told Brian that I felt at least two different energies. I wondered if one could be the incoming soul, and the other my birth great-grandmother (I was once told by an Intuitive elder that my great-grandmother, from birth, was one of my guardian angels. She told me that she saw an image of her having dark hair worn up in a bun.). Before going to bed, I prayed and said that I was open to working together, if there was something we could help each other with, and if it was for the good of all.

Later that morning, as Brian was putting some finishing touches on his paint job in the baby's room, the phone rang. A woman on the line wasted no words explaining that she was a volunteer for a national reunion agency. She had just spoken to my mother, as I had her listed as a contact person on a Web site dedicated to reunions. I immediately knew what was happening. I cried out loud, "Oh, my God!" Tears of gratitude rolled down my face. The woman shared that my mom was the most understanding and loving adoptive parent she had ever spoken to during a pre-reunion call.

"Yes," I said, "my mom is an *angel*! My mother told me that she believed in her heart that a reunion would take place before our baby was born so that the circle would be complete -- like the child would be helping to orchestrate it all, behind the scenes. Having had the opportunity to experience the feeling of what it was like not to be able to have biological children of her own, I knew the healing would be for all of us, if a reunion came to pass before the birth.

The woman on the other line said, “It’s wonderful that you call your mom an angel. Can I ask you a question? Do you *really* believe in angels?”

I laughed as I cried and said, “I sure do, beyond a doubt!”

“It’s so good to hear you say that!” she said. “I do, too!”

I heard my birthmother Carol’s voice for the first time on the phone about an hour later. She said that she had gotten the idea the night before (can you guess the approximate time?) of entering her own name into a specific search engine on the Internet, as she felt the presence of her deceased grandmother guiding her. I asked her if the grandmother she was referring to happened to have dark hair that she wore in a bun. Carol exclaimed, “Yes! How did you know that?”

I was wondering if that little soul of ours could be helping to orchestrate this while still in spirit, as I heard Carol say, “Have you recently had a child or are you currently with child? I had a feeling one of these had to be true, because I feel a child-like energy around you, even though we haven’t yet met.”

I was already in a state of shock when Carol continued by saying, “Theresa, I hope you don’t think I’m crazy, but there’s a weird question I’ve been waiting for years to ask you.” Without pausing she asked, “Are you psychic? I mean, do you communicate with angels or do things with your mind, or anything? It probably sounds really weird, but I’ve been called psychic before, and I was wondering if you were aware of having a similar gift, too?” I raised my eyebrows in amazement. I was shocked!

After this initial phone call, Brian and I hugged as we plopped down on the couch. We shared our bewilderment at the chain of events that seemed to be unfolding. In the wonder of it all, we couldn’t help but feel the involvement of a special little angel whose room we had just finished decorating as a symbol of welcoming. Life is good!

December arrived, and our child’s birth was only a few weeks away! I decided to grab a blanket and take a nap on the floor of her bedroom to further connect with her. When I awoke, I felt very drawn to watch *A Christmas Box*, a video that came to us years ago as a special gift from my parents. The intensity of this gift was taken to a new level as we watched it this night. There is a special part in the storyline where one of the

characters realizes the very first gift of Christmas. The character explains, "...for God so loved the world that he gave His only Son." As he explained this, we got chills down our spines, and two things happened. The first was that Brian noticed the time on the clock. The numbers on the clock, 7:29, were the very same numbers that make up the month and day in our anniversary date. When we see this number, we take it as a sign that we are being blessed with a synchronicity that deals with our purpose together. The second thing that happened was that I could feel the baby dancing inside me as if it were happy or excited, somehow affirming our knowings!

"I wonder if, somehow, our work together may have something to do with the gift of a child," Brian said, choking back tears.

I answered him, "And isn't it just too weird that all of these messages are coming as we are awaiting the birth of our own child?"

"Do you think we'll be helping children ... or maybe families who are expecting children?" Having an extensive background in education, I have always felt an affinity to life-long learning, and to helping children (and people of all ages), to believe in themselves, feel their wholeness, and express their highest potential.

Just then, I noticed the tape counter on the VCR. It read 411 -- another sign! As people sometimes use the code number 411 to speak of someone's location, we recognize this number as being communication that we are to be involved in a center or "place" to do work involving children of all ages -- even the ones in the adult bodies. In this case, we believed the "411" was a signal to heighten our awareness to potential opportunities for us to support others in this way! More details such as next steps and "places" to express this work continue to develop in our lives with each new day.

Our daughter was born during the week of Christmas in a freestanding birth center with the assistance of our midwife, Lylaine, who was completely "open" to the new children coming in at this time. Most of the labor occurred in the familiarity of our own home, and when the actual birth was close at hand, I phoned Lylaine to see if she thought it was time to go to the birth center. She firmly, but lovingly explained, "Theresa, you will need to go within. Use your intuition to really connect with the baby.

The baby will tell you when it is time.” Soon after, the energy that I called “the bubble” grew in intensity, and I knew it was time.

We got to the birth center in perfect time to slip into the water and assist our daughter in her birth. Our little dolphin was birthed with candlelight and a recording of dolphin sounds as we chanted *Shanti, Shanti, Shanti Om*. The three of us were at home, tucked into our own bed, four hours later.

It was customary for a nurse to do a home visit within 24 hours of the birth. One of the nurses called to explain that the birth center was overloaded by an abundance of babies wanting to come in during the holy season. She was having a hard time getting to all of her home visits, and was wondering how we were doing. The nurse shared that she heard about our pregnancy and birth experience, and figured we were doing fine since it seemed that we already knew how to communicate with our new family member. We explained that it was really our daughter doing the great job during her transition, and that we were just doing our best to listen. We didn’t feel the need for a visit.

We continued to foster a gentle transition to life outside the womb for our daughter. Soft sound effects played throughout our dimly lit house: recordings of ocean waves, dolphin sounds, soft native flute, and the human heartbeat. We gave our daughter gentle massage and maintained skin-to-skin contact between mom, dad, and baby on a regular basis. We held the intention of connecting to her beyond her physical body, seeing her as bigger than she appeared, and letting her know this.

We gave our daughter her first real bath during the beginning of her second week of life when my parents were in town to visit. It was so special to me that they not only bought her baby bathtub, but that they were present to witness the event. It just happened to be the week that the Catholic Church celebrated the Baptism of Jesus. As we drew the bath water, Brian had an idea: Why don’t we have a baptism ceremony for her during her first bath? He lit a large bundle of sweet sage and allowed the smoke to gently dance as it cleansed the room. We filled her tub with warm water and placed it on our bed. We lit candles and incense, and each took a turn sharing a special message.

Grandpa Bob, a deacon in the Catholic faith community, spoke of the child coming into the world being filled with light, “May you continue to hold Christ’s light in your heart.” Grandma Pat offered, “You will be my teacher.” She continued by sharing, “The child will lead us,” and then she guided Brian to place anointing oils over our

daughter's heart. As our ceremony was drawing to a close, the birth center called. The midwife on the line said, "We've all been hearing about you down at the birth center and the way you communicate with your daughter. We were wondering if you'd be interested in teaching a class to expectant parents." We chuckled and said, "Sure, but our daughter will probably be the one teaching the class."

I took some time off from working with clients to really be present for our little one. When our daughter was a few months old, a woman came to me seeking guidance. I felt that the time might be right to work with clients again, and I decided to let this session serve as an indicator. The young woman told me that she wanted to know if she would find her soulmate. I instantly received an impression, though it had nothing to do with a soulmate. I asked the woman, "Does the name Isaiah mean anything to you?"

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she looked as though a heavy weight had been taken off her shoulders. She explained that she had lost a baby before birth, and that she had named the baby to help her with the grieving process. The name she chose was Isaiah! No one knew about the name, and she took this as a sign that there really was a form of existence before birth. She shared that this gave her much comfort and renewed faith. The woman asked me to continue with her session as she still wanted guidance regarding her soulmate. I glanced down at my daughter who was playing with a velvet bag that contained angel cards that I hadn't used in some time. I took this to mean that the time might be right to begin using them again. I shuffled this deck of cards and through teary eyes pulled *Child*, *Guardian Angel*, and *Soulmate*. We both felt that she had a special little child, an angel if you will, illuminating her path.

Since the conception of our daughter, we have had so many profound experiences like this one that seem to involve the children. They have become an integral component in our lives. As a result, we are approaching everyday life in a way that can best be described as "beyond the physical." We believe that support, connection, and communication exist in ways that we are only beginning to comprehend. And we feel love at the base of it all. And, a sense of belief!

This reminds me of something my brother, Mark, once told me. Though in his early thirties at the time, he explained quite passionately that he felt as though he were really still a child at heart, almost as if he were a child stuck in an adult body, complete with manufactured responsibilities. He said, “When we were kids, we were *real*.” It makes me wonder what our world would be like if we were all as in tune with our inner child as my brother Mark -- always honoring the imagination and limitless belief of our child self.

I can't help but feel that the real message from the children is that each and every day can be *real*. Every day can be filled with love, joy, and peace -- but only if we choose. As I type, I can hear a verse from a song playing in my mind, *Blessed be the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God...* Is it possible that the kids are showing us how to create a shift in our way of life right now? Are they showing us how to truly see, hear, feel, and know what is real?

I believe that deep within each one of us lays a universal truth: We all exist beyond our physical bodies. I further believe that we all have an inner potential and higher awareness that can be accessed. We can all communicate in a way that is real by using our hearts to transcend our often-limiting minds. The heart is the most accurate channel for all of the senses!

As I opened to a conclusion for this article, our daughter climbed up into my lap. She began grabbing at a stone on my necklace which reminded me of something that happened just a week prior. We were attending a going away party for some friends, and while there, our daughter sat mesmerized by an amethyst crystal pendant that a woman attending the party wore around her neck. The woman took off the amethyst nugget and dangled it in front of our daughter, who put her hand out and delicately pinched the air in several places, within about two inches of the gemstone. I was confused by her actions as I had witnessed her manipulate very small objects with precision over the past several months. Detail was a specialty of hers!

Another partygoer said, “Oh, look ... she must see the energy around the crystal and is confused because her fingers are going right through it.” This possibility had not even occurred to me. I quickly followed our daughter's lead, and communicated to her (nonverbally) that I understood what she was doing, by putting my fingers near the piece of amethyst without actually touching it. I stopped in the area that she stopped, and made

eye contact with her while keeping my fingers in place. Then, I slowly extended my fingers further as I gently grabbed the gemstone. She looked at me curiously, and then did the same thing with her own fingers. Upon touching the amethyst, she crawled into my lap, gave me solid, knowing eye contact, followed by a gentle kiss of affirmation. She smiled *big*, and let out her signature laugh (we actually call it a clicking) that sounds very much like a dolphin's sound.

With that, the Little Wizard seemed to be sharing a message: Things aren't always as they seem. When we see through the eyes of a child, we allow ourselves to perceive and receive what the experience of life truly has to offer. There may be workings of the universe that we do not fully understand, realities that are right on the edge of belief, and possibilities that we can experience only if we so choose. Our hearts know what is real. Our hearts and souls can lead us to the potential that lies within each one of us, within humankind, and within our world. We can tap into this energy, this loving force, anytime we hear a child's laughter or stand hand-in-hand in circle intending world peace. This is not something we need to learn; rather, something we need only to remember -- whether we choose to remember by taking a huge leap of faith, baby steps, or crawling -- we need only to choose. *Believe ... be love.*

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