

Sunday

SUN



My Mom was excited for me to try her French toast because she had made it differently this morning. But when I walked into the kitchen, I had only one thing on my mind and French toast wasn't it.

“Do you have something to tell me?” I asked, standing in front of her with my hands on my hips. “Maybe about a trip you've taken or some far, far away place that you've been?” I was strong willed and I knew I had inherited that from her.

“I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't traveled in a while and have no plans in the immediate future,” she said as she flipped the French toast.

“Mom, you have nothing to tell me, not even maybe about a visit to Master Mergin?” I asked.

“Who's Master Mergin?” my Dad asked, looking up from the newspaper.

“Oh, no one dear, just an old friend,” my Mom said but when my Dad went back to reading, she winked at me and smiled.

Ah ha! Apparently strong will was not the only thing I had inherited from her! Obviously the title Space Traveler was too! I knew she couldn't have made up that stuff about Saturn's Ring of Change. Feeling slightly victorious, I sat down to eat.

“What's up for everyone today?” my Dad asked finally setting his paper down.



THE DAILY HARVEST

Cooperative scores big
Students
Water shortage
forces us to look
more closely at
the rain.

Family with 80 animals wins \$100 million lottery

Students
press us to look
more closely at
the rain.

“I have more homework to do. I have a presentation to do tomorrow,” I answered.

“Really,” Dad asked, “About what?”

“Space and what we learn from it,” I replied between bites.

“Well, you should talk to your Mother about that. She knows tons about space. Sometimes I think she might even be an alien!” Dad joked.

I almost spit out my French toast ... an alien! Could she be? She was incredibly smart and did know an awful lot about stuff no one else seemed to know about. But if she were an alien, what would that make my Grandma? More importantly, what would that make me! I looked at her more closely, trying to see some resemblance between her and the beings I had met. I thought about it a little but came back to the fact that she must be a space traveler, like me.

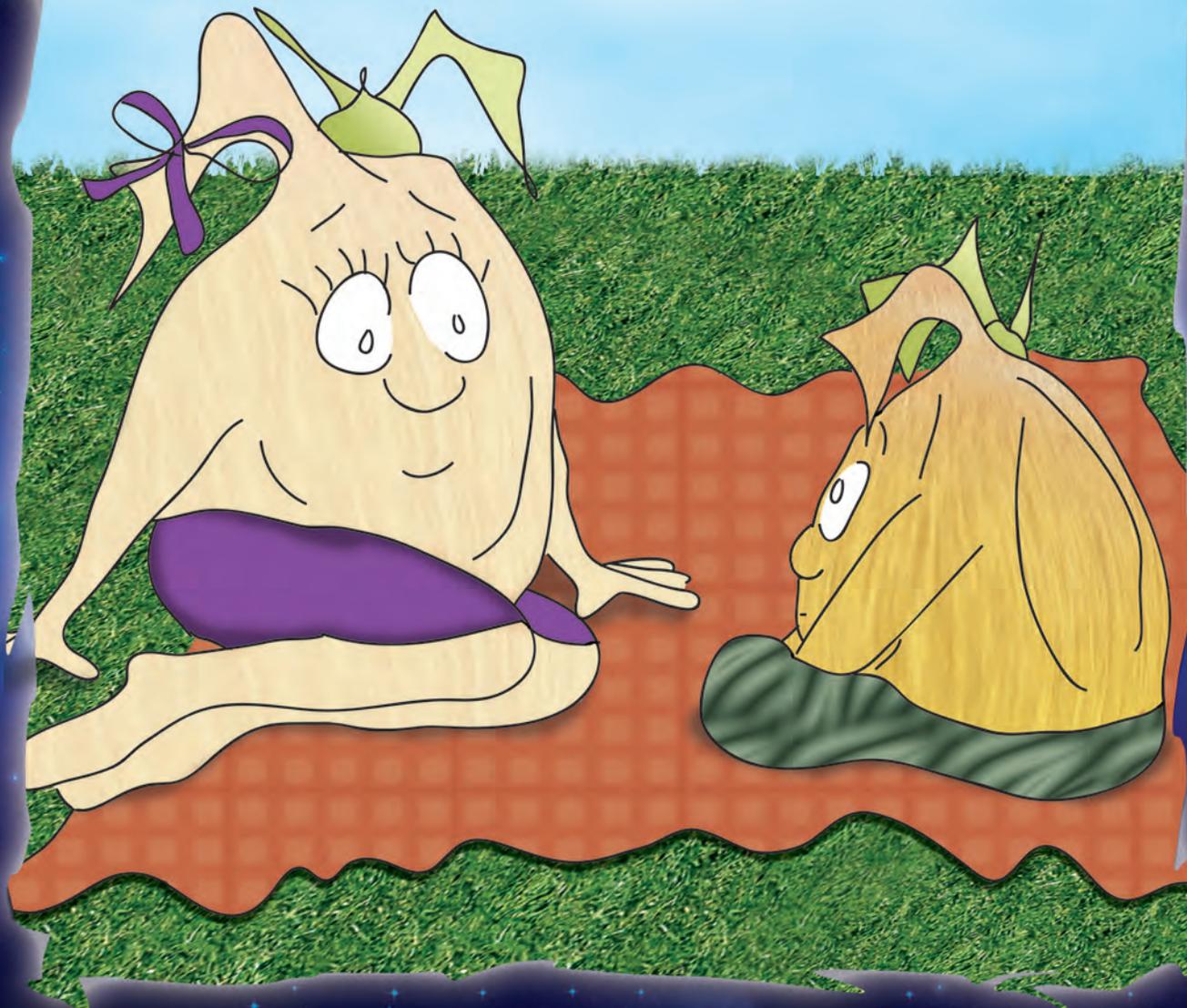
When we finished breakfast, my Dad went to the Onionhood to visit my Uncle which left me and my Mom alone. Now she would have to tell me.

“Spill it.” I cornered her in the laundry room. “I know where you’ve been!”

“Do you?” she replied coyly. Looking me straight in the eye, she knew I would not give up. So finally she said, “Okay. Come on.”

She led me out to the yard where she had set a blanket down on the lawn.

“Sit down here and soak up some sun,” she said pointing up towards the sky. “Now I’ll tell you anything you want to know.”



I lay down and let the sun warm my onion peels. Finally, I asked the big question.

“Are you an alien?”

“No,” she said.

“Is Grandma?” I asked.

“No. Well, maybe,” she replied. I sat straight up.

“Really?” I asked. My eyes were huge.

“No, just kidding!” she laughed.

“Okay, so if no one in the family is an alien, how do you know so much about space stuff?” I asked seriously.

“Well, I never said no one in the family ... your father’s Aunt Caila might very well be an alien. But I’m still gathering proof,” she said trying to hold back her laugh.

“MOM! Seriously!” I yelled.

“Okay. Like you, I was a space traveler. It started a long time ago when I was just a little younger than you. I would sneak out at night and lay under the stars. It was the most wondrous thing I had ever seen. It was illuminating and

I truly felt that there was something so much bigger than our world out there. I knew it was filled with wonder and beyond what I could imagine. So incredible was the view, that one night, it lulled me straight to sleep.”

“Wow, when Grandma found out she must have been so mad!” I said, in disbelief that my Mom would ever do something like that.

“I wanted to know the world beyond ours. I could not wait one more day to feel that ‘space feeling’ again.”

“What happened?” I asked.

“Well, when I fell asleep, I thought I had a dream that I had traveled to the Sun. It was warm and everything there seemed to be so vital and alive. When my parents realized I was gone, many hours had passed. They sent a search party to the garden’s surface. They were worried that something had harmed me. When they found me, I was rushed to the vegetabologist but he couldn’t find anything wrong. My Mother said it was a miracle that I was fine. I knew being fine was not the miracle, the real miracle was where I had been. When I suspected you were a space traveler, I’ll admit I was so happy for you and maybe a little jealous too,” she said. Her voice had a longing for a time gone by.

“Jealous? Why?” I asked.

“Because you have one more planet to study before your presentation tomorrow. Don’t you?”



“Yes.” I replied. “I still have to visit the Sun.” I paused for a moment and came up with a brilliant idea. “Mom, if you are a space traveler too, maybe we could go to the Sun together. That would be so cool!”

“I would love nothing more. But the Sun is a place reserved for the youth, for the future leaders. It is the planet of creativity and new gardens. I have tried to revisit the Sun but I’m no longer allowed. The Sun taught me what I needed to understand.”

“Wow.”

“So instead of going with you, I’ll lie down too and wait here while you go. This way a little piece of me will go with you. Okay?”

“Okay.” So we both got comfortable and started to count down.

26, 25, 24.....

15, 14, 13... “Mom?” I sat up mid-count, my eyes wide open with a hint a fear behind them.

“Yes, dear.”

“When you go to the Sun, does it burn?”

“No, love. Would I send you anywhere that would do you harm?”

“No, of course not.” I said settling back down, resuming my counting.

3, 2, 1...

blast off!

Heading towards the sun was interesting. I know my Mom had said nothing would harm me but it felt weird to hurl myself towards a giant ball of fire. And not just any fire, the biggest ball of fire in the Solar System. The very one that ensures that all things have a chance to grow.

I took one more look at my fear and let it go with a huge “charge” like scream. “Chouteton wa Chouteton!” I yelled. No clue why or what it meant but it seemed to fit.

Entering the Sun, I noticed that my outsides did not feel hot at all. It was my insides I could feel glowing and it felt wonderful.

Where I landed did not really make much sense to me. The surface was a combination of purple and yellow.

“You are in the center of the flame. We have been waiting for you,” a voice said out of nowhere.

**CHOUTETON
WA CHOUTETON!**



“Where are you?” I asked.

“All around you,” the voice replied.

Wow, I now understood why my Mom would want to come back here. There was this amazing feeling like I had never felt before. Nothing was separated, you could feel yourself as part of everything.

“Do you know why you are here?” the voice asked.

“I’m assuming to learn,” I answered.

“Yes, you are here to learn to teach,” the voice said.

Learn to teach? I’m only 8 ... what could I possibly be able to teach, I thought.

“Ahh, the youth are the best teachers. They create without hesitating because they are still connected to the power of Wonder,” the voice said, clearly able to hear my thoughts.

“What’s the power of Wonder?” I asked.

“So zestful you are, much like your Mother was,” the voice said.

I smiled at the idea of my Mom sitting here and then I asked: “What do I call you?”

“I am called Master Antol.”

“Hi Master Antol, I’m Onionhead. Very nice to meet you ... uhh wherever

you are. So back to the power of Wonder ... now what is that?"

He laughed again, a deep hearty chuckle. "What I love about the youth is that curiosity allows for no time to be wasted. There are three layers to get to Wonder. Once you have gone through them all, wonder-filled things get created."

"What are the three layers?" I asked, praying I would remember all of this.

"Not to worry, you will," he said.

I was going to have to get used to this idea that Master Antol could hear everything I thought and felt.

"The first layer is Light. Everything begins with a spark of light - whether that be an idea, a seed, a wish, or even a relationship."

I understood - because of my family roots, I knew how important light is for us to grow.

"A garden is a very good example to follow. Gardens can be so beautiful ... we need to make the world a new garden, don't you think?" he asked.

I thought to myself ... a new garden ... well yeah, that would be cool! Imagine how different people would be if they approached everything like a garden. I did not have time to give my enthusiastic answer before he went on.

"The second layer is Love. Love is like the rain, water from the heavens. No

Laws

Love

Liberty



garden can grow without rain, so love is the most important layer for something to blossom. Without love, there can be nothing of beauty.” I knew about that from Venus but I did not say anything.

“The last layer is Laws. Laws are like the soil that the garden is planted in. Laws create a foundation of discipline that drives everything forward. Light and Love cannot survive without Laws. If we do not have Laws, Light can fade away and Love can be destroyed.”

Wow, this clearly was no small task. This wasn’t what color shoes should you put on? Or what should you eat for lunch? This was understanding how everything moves. This was understanding the power behind how we all could grow. This was about taking responsibility for everything we do.

“Onionhead, you have come here so that we might ask something important of you,” Master Antol said.

“Sure, anything,” I replied but I really was a little worried.

“Go back and tell your friends and family about the power of Wonder and the layers of Light, Love and Laws.”

“I will. I promise.” I felt this was easy because I already knew I wanted to do that anyway.



Just as the words left my mouth, it felt like a window inside of me opened. I could feel a breeze where I once felt all this warmth. I was not ready to leave. I had so many other questions to ask before I grew up.

But when I opened my eyes, I was back with my Mom. She had a tear in her eye and so did I.

“You now have heard about the layers,” she said. “Go write your report and tell the others what you have learned.”

I hugged her tightly and ran up to my room. I wrote ...

Lesson from the Sun

Remember - wonder comes from Light, Love and Laws. One cannot work without the other. I ‘wonder’ why no one thought of that before!

