

My Name is NOBODY



Gonny de Graaff

David H. Rankin

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ABOUT THE AUTHORS :

Gonny de Graaff

As a first-time author, I am delighted to introduce myself as a passionate advocate for personal growth. I have unquestioning faith in the transformative power of A Course in Miracles. My journey as a writer began with the earnest desire to simplify and illuminate the teachings of ACIM, making it accessible to readers of all ages seeking spiritual understanding, healing and growth.

Soon my next ebook in this series will be published its is called 'My name is One'

David H. Rankin

Author of the recently published 'The Ghost Train,' and the spring 2024 publication of 'The Echo of Monsters,' earlier works include 'The Things I Wish they'd told me as I was growing up.'

My function is to give away what I have been given in service to the resurrected Mind of Jesus Christ, which is what we are together.

My fervent wish is to point you to the Divine Truth of who you are and having allowed this awesome experience, put an end to the birth-relationship-death cycle we mistakenly call life.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Gonny de Graaff with the help of AI.

THANK YOU !

We present our joint collaboration with our book which if accepted, will change your mind

Welcome for feedback please write to : gonnydeg1954@icloud.com

Introduction

'My Name is Nobody', a journey without distance to the remembrance of Love and Peace.

'My Name is Nobody' is a book that whispers the enchanting tales of a boy named Nobody. Through every chapter, you'll venture into his captivating world, his special name, getting lost in the woods, learning about birds, the teachings of his parents and grandad in the Light of A Course in Miracles (ACIM), and uncovering the profound idea of Oneness.

Nobody isn't just a boy; he's a storyteller, and the stories he shares are all keys that unlock hidden wonders, stories that stir the imagination, and lessons that connect us to something greater. Written with the voice of a child, these stories call also to the child within us all, beckoning us to rediscover the magic that often gets lost as we grow up.



In this book, you'll find more than words on pages—you'll discover a journey that resonates with kids and adults alike. As Nobody's stories unfold, they weave a tapestry of transformation and remind us that the extraordinary lies within us, waiting to be awakened. So, step into Nobody's world, explore his tales, and let your own story begin.

Table of Contents

Introduction	3
Chapter 1. Seeing differently.	5
Chapter 2. The Weather.....	8
Chapter 3. Christmas time.	12
Chapter 4. The cure for all sickness	17
Chapter 5. Busy Birds.	20
Chapter 6. Found in the woods.	24
Chapter 7. Fear and love	28
Chapter 8. Buying Clouds	31
Chapter 9. The Cross	34
Chapter 10. No-body	37
Chapter 11. All anger is the result of fear	41
Chapter 12. Special relationships.....	44
Chapter 13. Miracles	46
Chapter 14. Overcoming the authority problem.	49
Chapter 15. Healing a broken body.	54
Chapter 16. Remembering our Source.	59
Chapter 17. True identification.....	62
Chapter 18. Only now	65
Chapter 19. The Bridge	69

Chapter 1. Seeing differently.

I can't remember when I realised my name was strange, but it never bothered me until the first day at my new school. I was told how weird my name was countless times.

'Knock, knock, who's there? Nobody. Is there anybody there? No, Nobody.'

This might have seemed funny once or twice, but the novelty soon wears off.

It did not take long for my happiness to disappear.

I saw suspicious looks as if I was an alien and felt I was being shunned. I didn't know what felt worse, the ridicule or the rejection.



Feelings of being left out grew stronger and so did my sadness. My parents might as well have given me the name Outsider. But even then: Outside are you inside? Outsider, is it cold outside?

My mom always told me to see things differently when I found myself in trouble, but how could I see being laughed at, or avoided, in a different way?

I walked with 'my soul under my arm,' as grandad said when he saw I was sad.

'What is the matter, Nobody?' Mom pointed to my head. 'Is it raining in there?'

Raining? If only that were true, I had thick black storm clouds inside me and it started to thunder. I tried to swallow the raindrops as they streamed down my face.

'Tell me what is wrong?' Mom raised her eyebrows.

When mom raises her eyebrows it is in my best interests to pay full attention. So I told her the children in the class were making remarks about my name, and when they weren't laughing at me,' I sobbed,

'they totally ignored me.'

'Okay, this might seem like this is a big problem, but you are giving the situation all the meaning it has for you, and you alone. Your new classmates don't know you, they are only teasing your name. I understand you find it annoying, but see it differently and the problem will disappear.' She reminded me.

My dad came by and saw our faces.

'What is going on?' He asked us.

Mom told him.

'Oh, Nobody,' he said, 'it's not necessarily a bad thing you are being ignored for a moment, it will give you time to observe your new schoolmates in peace.'



'But they look at me as if I'm an alien.' I cried.

'Perhaps you should paint your face green.' He chuckled.

Dad must be well trained in positive thinking, and being able to see things differently.

'Everything is fine, you are being given the lessons you need to learn, don't worry about anything kid.'

Then he lifted me so high my head nearly touched the ceiling.

Immediately I felt much better. Being lifted is supersonic supercool and it makes me happy.

The next day I walked to school with a lighter mind, and a boy from my class came up to me. 'Hey, Nobody, looks like we are going the same way.' He said cheerfully. 'How do, I'm Billy.' We walked together, and the sun shone into me again. Suddenly everything looked different, my name was no longer important, and I had made a new friend.

Mom and dad were right, seeing things through different eyes really does work.



Chapter 2. The Weather

Our camper van was parked on the drive, it was neatly packed inside.

'Are you ready for a new adventure, Nobody?' My dad asked so enthusiastically I didn't dare say no.

I wasn't sure at all. I knew I'd miss my friend Billy, but dad walked around with such a happy face it made me happy too.

Happiness must be contagious.



The next day we left..

'Are we nearly there yet?' I asked after what seemed a long time. Perhaps it wasn't such a great question because they both started laughing.

'Look!' Dad suddenly shouted, 'the road runs right through me.'

I jumped up to see what he meant.

'Give it a try Nobody.'

I didn't understand.

'Look straight ahead,' he explained, 'and pretend you are standing still, see the road coming towards you and going through you.'



No sooner said than done, it happened! The road went right through me and not the other way around. What a supersonic supercool experience.

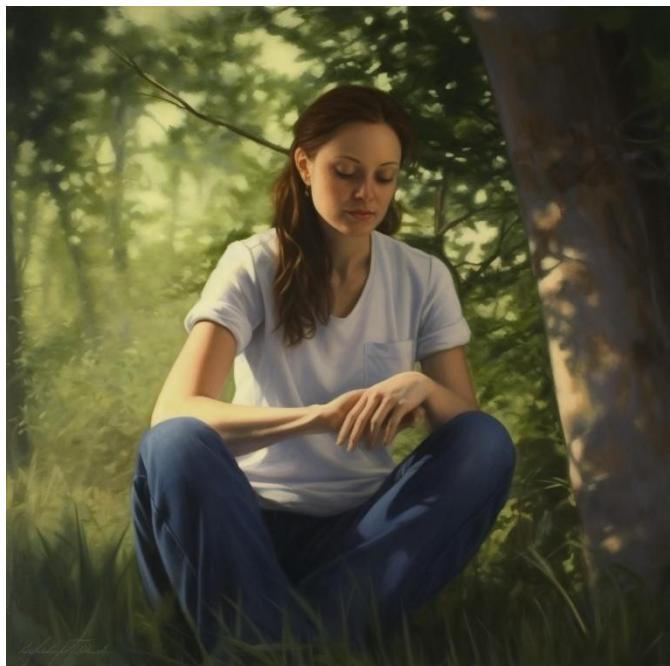
‘Everything is simply passing through us.’ Dad mentioned.
Mom turned in her seat to look at me, as her eyes met mine they sparkled,
‘Now, do the same with everything you look at,’ she smiled.

Later I was playing with some toys on my bed and felt a little bored. I didn’t only miss Billy, but also home and even school.
We must have driven forever.
‘This is it, here we are,’ mom finally announced.
What a relief.

We camped in the middle of a forest at the edge of a lake. The water calmly lapped a small beach of pebbles.
‘Is this paradise?’ mom repeated several times.
More proof that happiness is contagious.

We sat together quietly looking at a massive tree. My attention went to her, it seemed her light lit-up the world.

‘I feel at one with that beautiful tree.’ She said eventually.
‘Are you not my mom anymore?’ I asked nervously.



‘Of course I am your mom,’ she gently rubbed my hair, ‘we are not a body, but we think we live in a body.’
‘So you thought about living in the tree?’ I asked.
‘You could say that, and in a way I do, even if I realised it only for a moment.’

'Is there a light in the tree too?' My curiosity grew.

'The tree, and the road that passed through you, are the same as every form... all are made of light... light joins us in Unity as One, but when we obscure the light, we make ourselves small and separate.'

'How can we obscure our light?' I asked her.

'When we are angry dark clouds cover our sun, and when we are upset it rains. When we believe we are nothing more than a body, we cast a shadow over everything in every moment.' She answered with another rub of my hair, 'even the weather.'

After a few days we were driving back home, dad had to get back to work.

'Mom!' I yelled 'Why is that man acting weird? Is he drunk? He looks crazy.'

I pointed my finger at a man who was swinging his arms around.

'Him over there!' I pointed again.

'Don't judge another body,' she said softly, 'you don't know anything about that person, we can't judge, because we never know all the details, you are writing your own story which is never the truth.'

'Judgements make dark clouds inside,' dad added, 'stay happy and you will see another world.'





I don't like dark clouds.

Everything is more beautiful in the light.



I need to remember, I choose my own weather.

Chapter 3. Christmas time.

It was Christmas, a special day. Our house was decorated with lights and candles were burning everywhere.

'We celebrate Christmas together to remember the Christ in us.' Dad told me. I really didn't know how this could happen, but it sounded very interesting.

Grandad had come over. I love my grandad a lot.

My parents bought me a new backpack.

'Grandad, what will I carry in my backpack?'

'Fill it full of love,' he advised, 'we are overflowing with love right here, right now.'

I felt love in my heart and light in my mind.

Wow, okay, I am certain that happiness is contagious, then love and light has to be as well.

At six o'clock we sat down at the table, it was full of excellent food.

Mom stood up and took a moment. She looked very serious as she bowed her head. We all kept quiet.

'Thank you Father for your eternal presence in me, your Love and all your guidance. I am so grateful to share this with my family.'

Then dad stood. His hands pressed tight together.

'Father, thank you for your Light in and all around us. And thank you for the miracles that show me what I am.'

It was grandad's turn, he looked at the three of us slowly in turn.

'Thank you for being in my dream, for allowing me to remember kindness and the fulness of love. Bless you my dear ones.'

They looked at me questioningly, and I realized I was expected to say something.

Trying to look as solemn as mom, I clasped my hands together and tilted my head.

'Thank you, mom and dad, for the supersonic supercool backpack, I will fill it with love, and thank you grandad to be with us , I am also grateful for the peas, fries and ketchup on the table.'

I thought my speech had turned out well and looked around. Sure



enough, I saw the light in their eyes.

After we had eaten I asked grandad: 'Why did you thank us for being in your dream?

He thought as he rubbed his chin.

'Well young man, Christmas is more than one day, it is a state of mind. Let's see if I can explain by using a story.

Suppose a dog falls asleep and dreams he's a cat, what do you imagine will happen?' 'Maybe he'll jump all over the furniture, or purr when he is stroked.' 'You are smart.' He smiled warmly. 'Before you answer the next question please consider it carefully.' My curiosity grew. 'Can the dog become a cat?' he asked me.



'That's not difficult grandad, of course he can't, he can only pretend to be a cat in his dream.'

'My grandchild is a genius!' He declared as he laughed out loud. 'It may be hard to understand, but it's important to know, that this world we live in is not real in Truth,' grandad was serious again, 'a body in this universe is like a make-believe game in which we pretend to be real and separate, it is so convincing we have forgotten our real Reality where everything is Light, but a tiny part of it fell asleep, like the dog did, and started to dream it was a body in a world. You are part of the light that fell asleep and is pretending to be a human. And just like the dog who acts like a cat in his dream, your light is acting like a body. Does that make any sense to you?' I nodded.

Grandad paused again. 'The same goes for me. I am acting as if I am your grandad, and like an actor I am performing the role you have given me. I am grateful to see you, your mom, and dad in my dream because your love and grace reminds me I am the Light,' he put his finger to his nose, 'light connects us to God, and all I need to do is remember who I am in Truth.'

'So, you're not really my grandad?' I asked him.

'That's right,' he replied gently. 'In Truth none of us are bodies, we are already everything and eternally united in Love, altogether, as one Light joined in Oneness.'

Altogether; that was a relief, I would miss my grandad if he wasn't around anymore.



I was allowed to stay up late. After I went to bed dad came to say goodnight. Sometimes he tickled me until I begged for mercy. I had learned different techniques to avoid this, tonight I didn't manage too well.

'Do you give up?' He asked.

'Mercy!' I screamed with a laugh.

'Make some space.' He said. I moved aside and we lay on our backs staring at the ceiling.

'It was a happy day today, wasn't it?' Dad said.

I nodded.

'When grandad told you the story about the dog who dreamt he was a cat, and the light that dreamt it was a body. Did you understand the connection between the two stories?'

I nodded again.

'Excellent. Do you recall what I told you this morning regarding the significance of Christmas?' Dad asked.

'You said the purpose of Christmas is to remember the Christ in us.'

'That's right. Although we don't need a special day to remember Christ is always in our True Mind.'

Wow! I blew out my cheeks at this wonderful news, then we stayed quiet until dad spoke again.

'Christ is the name of the light and love within us. Even though it may seem like the light has fallen asleep, it's always there in our mind to be remembered.'

'So we celebrate Christmas to remind us of this light and love which is already inside us?' I asked.

'That's right, in your mind, available in any moment,' he confirmed. 'Your forgiveness of everyone will enable you to see the light and love in everybody, regardless of their behavior.'

'Even in people who do evil things?'



'Even in them,' dad replied, 'however, their thoughts have cast a shadow over the light within them, but it's still there, if they choose to remember.'
'That's kind of sad,' I said.

'Yes, it is sad,' he agreed, 'but it's important to know that everybody always has a choice between love and light over darkness, fear and pain.'



Chapter 4. The cure for all sickness



I felt bad, my throat was sore, my eyes burned, even the bones in my body hurt. Last week I secretly wanted to be a bit sick so I could stay home. Right now I regretted this thought.

Being sick is a terrible thing.

Mom opened the curtains and flicked the blinds up, she sat down next to me.

‘How are you sweetheart? Is your throat still sore?’

‘Yes,’ I croaked.

She gave me cough medicine from a spoon.

‘Will this heal my throat?’ I asked her.

‘If you believe it will,’ she replied, ‘but there is only one cure to heal all our sickness, and that is forgiveness.’

‘What did I do wrong?’ I retorted.

‘Nothing to nobody, that’s the entire point, you heal your mind by forgiving somebody else for what you imagine they have done. When you heal your mind, you will not suffer.’

I backed my head up the pillow and sighed.

‘To believe that a son of God can be sick, is to believe that a part of God can suffer.’ Mom insisted and hesitated. ‘Are you ready for a big word... atonement.’

‘At... one...ment.’ I said.

‘Excellent!’ she exclaimed, ‘when we are at one with everything there is no sickness. Tell yourself you don’t need this illness, repeat it a few times. Sickness seems to be the worst thing that can happen. It is the

result of wrong thinking, unconsciously we think ourselves into sickness, as if we will benefit somehow,' she said.

'Mom,' I responded, 'I wanted to be sick to avoid a test at school.'

I thought she would get angry, but instead she smiled.

'You thought it would be useful,' she chuckled looking at my face. 'Don't feel guilty, we do it unconsciously,' she pushed a wisp of hair from my brow.

'You do mom?'

'I suppose so,' she said thoughtfully, 'maybe if I need special attention, I become sick and then you and dad take care of me. All a human mind does is call out for love, as strange as that might sound.'

'Mom, there are a lot of sick people in hospitals, is that useful too?'

'It is difficult to accept that every sickness is unconsciously wanted. In the Light there is no sickness, there is no body to get sick or die. Don't worry about what you imagine others are doing. Concentrate on yourself. Remember you are my strong lion.' She kissed my forehead.

Sure enough the following morning I felt as strong as a lion.



Whether it was the cough medicine, or the words mom told me to repeat, I don't know, but I slept well.

Mom came into my room with breakfast.

Did I unconsciously want this special attention and fuss? I wondered. I had to confess it felt good, although being sick was no fun at all.

'Mom, I am going to make you breakfast tomorrow,' I proposed, 'but you don't have to get sick first.'

She gave me a look of surprise.

'Okay, a promise is a promise,' she grinned and cleared her throat dramatically. 'My order is for one hard-boiled egg, some toasted buttered bread with lots of marmalade, and a cup of tea.'



Chapter 5. Busy Birds.



‘Nobody, would you like to go to a bird park with me on Saturday?’ dad asked.

‘Without mom?’ I said.

‘Yes,’ he answered, ‘just us two men.’

I love mom, but the ‘two men’ idea sounded good.

‘Yeah!’ I yelled and put my arms around his neck.

Dad handed me a large pair of binoculars.

‘These will make it a lot easier to see the birds.’ We walked outside to try them out.

They were so heavy I could hardly hold them in front of my eyes.

‘You need to eat more spinach,’ dad winked at me.



Finally Saturday arrived. Dad said we needed to be up first thing as this was the best time.

The best time, the worst time, a short time, a long time. I wondered why adults always speak in complicated ways.

We were up early, it seemed everyone was still asleep. There was almost no traffic and the parking lot was empty.

When we got inside the park dad stopped and cupped his hand around his ear. We heard so many birds singing and chirping. We walked further and saw a hut, I pointed to it.

'That's a bird hide,' dad told me, 'let's go inside.'

The hut had a long narrow opening to look through.

'That way the birds don't notice you and they come closer, then we can watch them quietly and maybe take pictures. We have to speak very softly now, so the birds don't startle.'

Dad had brought a backpack and he put it onto a square table. 'This is for you,' he said quietly and handed me a box.

Surprised, I opened it. A small pair of binoculars lay inside.



'Wow, that's supersonic supercool! Thank you dad,' I exclaimed.

He put his index finger to his mouth.

'Now you are officially a bird nerd just like me,' he whispered.

I climbed on the bench close to the long opening. My new binoculars worked perfectly and were much less heavy.



No spinach needed.

The next day grandad came to visit. He wanted to know everything about our 'two men' day. I showed him my new binoculars. He tried to see through them, but he said everything looked tiny. He had held them the wrong way round.
That was funny.

'Did you see many birds? Grandad asked.
'Yes, they were flying all around,' I replied, 'there was one large bird, an eagle, sitting at the top of a tree, looking like he was in charge.
'That's beautiful,' he said, 'birds can teach us so much.'
'Really? How can birds teach us?' I asked.
'Well, let's take a look at the birds near the ground. They are finding food, building nests, and feeding their little ones. They also have to keep an eye out for danger. They're really busy, like us humans, right?'
I nodded.

'I guess so,' I responded, 'mom and dad are always working, shopping and cleaning the house,' I said.

'While you are going to school and playing with friends,' grandad said with a chuckle.

'That's true!' I exclaimed, 'I'm always busy just like the birds.'

'Well said. You are like a bird flying around named,' he pondered, 'Sparrow,' 'My name is Nobody grandad, not Sparrow.' I insisted loudly.
We chuckled together.



Let's talk about the eagle high up in the tree. He can teach something important too,' grandad suggested, 'this bird can help us understand what consciousness is.

He watches everything happening without joining in. We can use our consciousness to witness all the things we do and everything around us.

'We don't have to join in either.' I proposed.

'Right, stay above the battlefield, where all is calm and peaceful, and free to engage with the Singular Divine Mind we all share, this is our true nature, always there, eternally accessible, but you have to want it, you must surrender and ask to perceive correctly.'

'What is this Singular Divine Mind?' I asked excitedly.

'God,' grandpa smiled, 'and He created you as His Son,' he raised his finger as my mouth dropped open, 'remember you are not a body, you are spirit. We are the sonship, we are all the son of God,'

I couldn't speak, I just stared at him.

'The Holy Spirit can be thought of as the pure and peaceful part of you, watching over and guiding you to make the right choices.' he further explained. 'Like a wise and gentle brother.'

'Or the bird high in the tree.' I proposed.

'The Holy Spirit is your Higher Self, always calm and loving, ready to guide us see things in a different way.'

'My inbuilt satellite navigation system.' I asserted proudly.

'Absolutely,' he smiled, 'trust the Holy Spirit which sees everything from a higher perspective and is available eternally in your Right Mind, learn to undo all your thinking and listen to your Higher Voice, the Voice for God is the Holy Spirit.'

I loved to be all these ideas at once; a body, consciousness, the Holy Spirit, nothing is separate, everything is One.

'Go still,' grandad whispered, 'surrender, ask, follow.'

I don't know how this works, but I do know, supersonic power has been given to me.



Chapter 6. Found in the woods.

My circle of friends was growing. Sam and Katty had joined us. Sam always had good ideas about what we could do, and Katty ran so fast that none of us could keep up with her.

Sam suggested we should explore the woods near our village on Saturday.

Our parents allowed us to go.

I was excited, the four of us alone, without parents, on our bikes.

All I did was imagine what would happen. I hardly slept.

At half past eight my friends were at the front door ready to go. Mom waved us goodbye.



In our backpacks were sandwiches and bottles of water. I brought my binoculars and a catapult. Just in case.

Billy's backpack was so full, I could hardly see his head as I cycled behind him.



'How many sandwiches did you bring with you Billy?' I called out.

'I've got a blanket, suppose it gets cold!' Billy shouted back. We all laughed, it was the middle of summer and we were very hot. 'I have a rope with me.' Katty told us. 'And I have a compass.' Sam declared proudly. Now I was sure we were ready for a new adventure.

Either we cycled quickly, or the forest wasn't as far as we thought, because we seemed to get there quickly. Putting our bicycles in the shed at the entrance, we continued on foot until we reached a tower. Sam suggested we leave the trail and head north using his compass. If only we hadn't listened to him. The forest grew denser. We had to make our way carefully, low branches to be avoided and shrubs that scratched. 'Let's stop, I'm thirsty.' Katty said. 'That's a good idea.' We replied in unison. We sat down. We were completely surrounded by trees and thick bushes. I remembered Sam had a compass with him, we'll be okay. 'Did you hear that?' Billy asked. His voice sounded scared. We fell silent, our ears perked up. 'No.' Sam whispered back.

We sat very still. Suddenly we heard a strange screeching noise. My heart started beating faster and I almost didn't dare move a muscle. I slowly turned my head to see if there was anything behind me. Nothing, not a leaf moved.



'Come on, let's escape.' Katty suddenly yelled.

All four of us quickly got up, stuffed everything into our backpacks, and ran after Katty. She was as fast as a hare. After a while we stopped near a fallen tree, gasping for breath. 'Which direction do we go Sam?' I asked.

Sam reached into his pockets, but couldn't find his compass.

'It must have fallen out as we ran.' He said disappointed. We took a small break then continued to walk, after what seemed ages the same fallen tree was in front of us, we had walked in a big circle. I felt sick to my stomach.

What if we don't find the tower?' Sam asked.



'We should have stayed on the trail,' Billy said grumpily, looking at Sam with accusing eyes. 'Now we are lost, and soon it will be dark and we will starve or be eaten by wolves!'

Sam started to cry, I guess he felt guilty. Billy probably did as well, because he started crying too.

Shall I climb up a tree,' I asked, 'I have my binoculars with me.'
They all thought it was a good idea.
I climbed slowly, encouraged by my friends.
I was near the top and a force ran through me. I understood what grandad taught me about the eagle, I was above the battlefield.
'All power is given to me.' I shouted as loudly as I could..
My friends looked so small.
'What did you say Nobody?' They called back.
'All power is given to me.' I screamed again.
'Either they couldn't hear me or they didn't understand, it's the same thing, no matter.

I peered through the binoculars, scanning all around the tower came into view.



'Theeerrrrree!' I yelled with joy.
I saw them waving with relief.
It was time to climb down, although I would have liked to stay longer, above the battlefield is awesome.
'You did well to bring your binoculars.' Sam said as he helped me down.
We stepped out with newfound confidence, found our bikes at the exit and peddled home like crazy.

'Welcome back guy's. Are you going again tomorrow?' My mom asked when she saw us.

'Well maybe next year ma'am,' Sam answered, and I agreed.

Chapter 7. Fear and love

Dad woke me the next morning. He had worked late the night before and I hadn't been able to tell him about my adventure. He must have been curious, because he shook my shoulder gently.

'Nobody, wake up, it is late.'

I sat up, and rubbed my eyes.

'Tell me about yesterday,' he urged me.

I took a deep breath.

'Supersonic supercool but very scary, while we were resting we heard a rustling noise and ran away, then Sam lost his compass, then we knew we were lost as well, then we were frightened we would be eaten by wolves, then I climbed a tall tree and started to yell... all power is given to me... which really helped because I saw the tower was close, we were very relieved, we cycled like mad and got home where mom was waiting.'

My dad smiled.

'Well, kid, that is one heck of a story. Maybe you can give a little more detail this evening. Remind me to explain what fear is,' he nudged me and stood up, 'come on, hurry up, your breakfast is waiting.'

In the afternoon everyone met to play in Billy's garage, no one seemed to want to stray far from home.

'Dad, I think I know what fear is,' I said after dinner.

'Oh really? Please share this with me,' he replied.

'Fear makes your stomach shrink and your heart beat fast,' I proposed.

'Did you feel that in the woods?' he asked.

'I certainly did.' I confessed.

'Poor boy, that was no fun. You're right these are the symptoms of fear, which is an emotion. So, why do we feel fear? Why does

someone become afraid of a noise or a shadow or a spider? That is the important question.' He hesitated. 'Do you remember what we are in our True Reality?'

I nodded.



'In Reality fear doesn't exist. There is only Love and Light, and to be aligned in conjunction with what you really are, will enable peace and happiness. What is vital to appreciate is that the lesson is always in front of us in any situation, once learned it will not reappear.' he proposed. Big words but somehow I understood.

'So we can hear a rustling sound, or see a big spider and remain in peace,' he continued.



'And if there is a wolf?' I asked.

'Keep watch so you don't get eaten by a wolf or stung by a spider, and pay attention not to fall when you climb a tree, but you can do all those things without feeling sick and having palpitations. When we are in fear we make wrong choices, we get panicked and attack or defend; which are exactly the same by the way.'



'I become fearful when the teacher, or if you or mom raise your voices when I've done something wrong.' I said.

'When you become like that you are falling into darkness, just ask your light to shine stronger, and that will help you to see a different way.' He replied.



'Thank you,' I responded, 'how beautiful.'

'You have given yourself the answer,' he said softly, 'when we do something wrong we feel guilty, and when we feel guilty we think we deserve punishment.'

He smiled as he hesitated. 'There are two types of fear, one is for things in form, like wolves, and bodies, and so on, and one is fear of punishment, because you think you have done something wrong.'

'The best thing would be to never do anything wrong, huh dad?'

'No one is perfect. We simply have to look at it. In truth there is nothing to fear or be guilty about. No one is going to punish you for doing something wrong, if it wasn't done on purpose,' he replied.

This came as a great relief, it made me really happy, and as we know, happiness is contagious so I see a different world.

Doing something wrong on purpose is for dummies.

Chapter 8. Buying Clouds



During our summer holiday we swam in the sea, and often had long bike rides. Or we went to a zoo. Mom doesn't like the zoo, it upsets her to see animals in prison.

But I loved to see the lions, elephants, monkeys and even snakes. On television they seem much smaller.

Grandad told me that this was another lesson in something called perspective.

'Remember the eagle high in the tree,' he said, 'he sees more than the birds below.'

'Like you did when you turned my binoculars around the right way.' I grinned.

'Superb,' he replied, 'whether appearing to be big or small, our perspective can be altered.'

One day during our holiday my parents took me back to the woods.

'Make sure you bring your compass and binoculars Nobody,' dad looked at me with a wry smile, 'in case we get lost.'

I got into the van. I was not happy at all, it was written on my face. Fortunately we stayed on the path and followed the arrows. We saw squirrels, and lots of butterflies, but very few birds. Dad said we made too much noise.

Mom had made us a picnic.

After lunch the three of us lay down on a rug, stretched out our arms and legs so wide they were touching, and looked up at the sky.

'I'll buy that one,' dad suddenly called out as he pointed his finger at a cloud.

'I'll buy that one over there,' mom announced, 'the one that looks like a rabbit.'

'No, I want that one,' dad shouted, 'I'm offering five euros.'

'Ten euros,' my mom shouted back.

'I'll pay a hundred,' I looked at both of them as I yelled. I had figured out their act.

That was a fun game.

'With money we can buy whatever we want, but the same as clouds, everything will disappear,' mom looked at me as she spoke, 'we cannot own clouds, in truth we don't own a thing, like clouds we are only passing through. Never lose yourself by wishing for things of this world, only wish to be happy.'



'Mom, when I get a present I feel happy, is that wrong?'

'It's not wrong, but it is not the gift itself that makes you happy, you feel happy when you receive a gift because you stop looking for happiness. Searching outside yourself for happiness makes you forget your true nature, and that you are all the happiness.'

I didn't understand. Did this mean there were no gifts anymore?

She saw my disappointment.

'Don't worry buddy, we are not suggesting you give up wanting your gifts. We like to spoil you.'

I breathed a sigh of relief.

The sky was almost clear of clouds.

'If everything in the universe were blue,' mom said quietly, 'there would be no name for blue.'

'If everything in the universe was God,' dad responded, 'there would be no name for God.'

'And so it is.' mom whispered.

'Why am I called Nobody?' I asked after a long pause.

Mom and dad sat up immediately.

'We have been waiting for this question. Now you are asking, you are ready to hear the answer. When we get home we will try to explain.'

Today ended with a gigantic ice cream. I didn't know how I earned it, but it tasted delightful. Even ice cream is full of light.



Chapter 9. The Cross

Mom seemed glad to be going home, she sang a lot on the journey back.

I knew some of the songs and we sang them loudly together.

I was happy to go home as well, impatient to see my friends and granddad.

'I have a question for you Nobody,' dad said as we parked up on the drive, 'is there anything in the woods we need to be frightened about?' 'Not anymore.' I said with my chest puffed out.

'Excellent news.' Mom and dad punched the sky.

'Go and see if your friends are around.' Dad grinned. 'We love you but we are unpacking and you are getting in the way.'

I was quick to grab my bike and go to Billy's house, but no one was in. I knew Sam and Katty were still on holiday, but where was Billy?

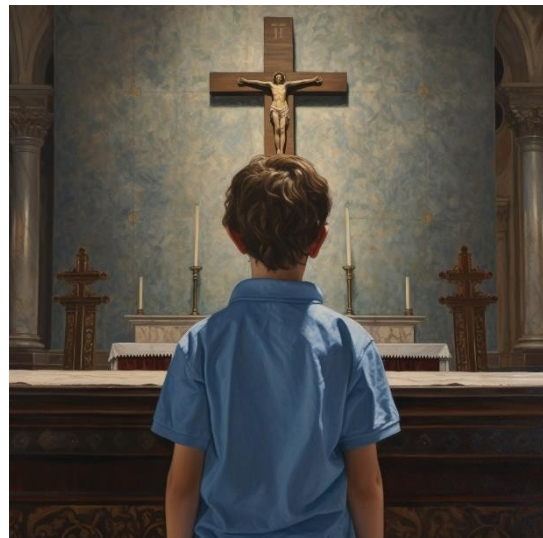
Bored and bothered, I cycled around. After a while I came to a church I never knew was there. The door was open. On impulse should I go in? No sooner thought than done.

I went inside cautiously. It was very dark, a few candles were burning near a statue.

I had learned in school that when you go into a church you should make the sign of the Cross, I couldn't remember why, but I did recall the words... *in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen...*

I became aware I was having the same beautiful powerful experience as when I meditate, which I do twice a week by the way.

My eyes were drawn to a large statue of Jesus hanging on the Cross.



It looked really scary, because His hands and feet were nailed and there was blood running out of Him.

In my mind I always pictured Jesus happy and smiling because He could do miracles, and according to grandad, He is full of love and light, joy and peace, but now I saw Him suffering.

I couldn't take my eyes off this shocking image as they filled up with tears.

How sad He was hanging there all alone, suffering like that.

Why don't they take Him down from the Cross and show Him shining brightly with happiness? I asked myself.

I couldn't understand.

I heard loud footsteps, a figure in a long black dress came towards me through an archway.

'Hey young man, is there anything I can do for you? I am the pastor of this church.' He said,

I felt much better, I know what a pastor is.

'I'll just stay here for a while, if it's all right.' I said, as politely as possible, because those black clothes make a huge impression.

'Yes, the church is open to everybody. If you have any questions, just let me know.'

'Well sir, I do have a question, why don't you take Jesus down from the Cross?'

He looked at me, appearing confused.

There was silence for a moment.

'I can't do that, you must do it.' He finally told me.

It was my turn to be confused.

'I can't climb up to the top of the Cross, sir.'

'That's true, tell me, how do you see Jesus in your heart?'

'I see him happy and full of Love, because He is in Light, and Light is everything.' I said wisely.

'Then you have taken him down from the Cross. Don't worry about the image.' He raised his hand and made a cross movement. 'Bless you and thank you for coming,' he said, 'I hope you return whenever you want.'

'Goodbye sir,' I replied.

'God's Peace be with you,' he called out, his voice seeming to surround me.



I walked out of the church very slowly, I could hardly see anything, the sunlight was bright, I felt so happy, then I realised all this light was me. No words can explain this, but I knew I had taken Jesus down from the Cross, yay!



Chapter 10. No-body

The time had come for my parents to tell me why they had called me Nobody. It must have been a complicated reason, because grandad was here.

‘Dear Nobody, you are everything to us and we are very proud of you,’ dad told me.

It was nice to hear, they could have named me Everything, or maybe they didn’t know that when I was born.

I didn’t say anything, I just nodded.

‘As you learned at Christmas, our bodies are not who we are,’ dad continued, ‘we are part of God, we are the Son of God, we truly are all the Light and Love.’

I nodded again.

‘We christened you in the name of Christ, in His presence as Nobody because there is no such thing as a body.’

‘But I have a body dad.’

‘Yes, you have a body, but who you are in Truth is Whole and Perfect in the Mind of God, and that is the opposite of who you think you are in a body.’

‘But I still have a body,’ I persisted while looking at my hand.

‘Do you remember the story of the dog who fell asleep and dreamt he was a cat?’ Dad asked.

He didn’t wait for my answer.

‘When the dog dreamt he was a cat, by jumping on everything and purring when someone stroked him, did he remain a dog or had he become a cat?’

‘A dog could never be a cat dad.’

‘You see, you cannot be something you are not, you can only pretend.’ grandad explained.

‘I understand,’ I said, ‘when I pretend to be a superhero, it’s fun, but when I stop playing, I’m Nobody again.’

‘That’s a fine example buddy,’ dad gave me a kiss on the forehead.

‘So the son of God pretends to be a body.’ I concluded.



I saw three smiling faces in front of me and my heart filled with love.

'We chose your name because one day we knew you would realise that you are not a body,' dad told me, 'at the same time you are helping us and everybody around you, to remember the same, this is very important.'

A big grin grew on my face; I am teaching my friends something very important with my name.

'Do you know why it is vital to know who you are, and this applies to every person who believes they are nothing more than a body?' Dad asked me.

I shook my head from side to side. I didn't know.

'Let's use grandad's example again,' dad proposed, 'when the dog dreams he is a cat. Imagine he jumps on a branch as cats do, however because he is a dog he has no sharp nails, so he loses his balance and falls.'

I felt sorry for the dog.



'And he has to eat cat food, which he doesn't like, and meow instead of bark.'
'And he is not allowed to go out.' I replied.
'No, never.'



My sorrow grew.

'Poor dog,' I said, 'no wonder he is unhappy.'
'What will make the dog happy?' Dad asked.
'A big bone from the butcher?' I said, thinking myself smart.
'These bones can only give him temporary happiness, because when he's out of bones what happens then?'
I didn't know so I shook my head from side to side again.

'What makes the dog really happy is the moment when he remembers he is a dog and not a cat,' dad told me. I nodded slowly, this sounded logical.



When we pretend to be a body, we need to keep it satisfied, so we eat sweet stuff, collect objects, form special relationships with other bodies. In other words, we have settled for temporary happiness which will not last. The question is, what will make us truly happy?'
'To be the light dad.' I answered.

'And when you offer the light to everybody, you will see the light,' he smiled, 'that's how you remember who you truly are.'

'We are all a son of God,' I mirrored his smile.

'Yes, we are the Light of God, you are His son, we are not a body,' dad confirmed.

Chapter 11. All anger is the result of fear

It seemed like it had been a century since I hadn't seen Billy

I had so much to tell him, I cycled quickly to his place and rang the bell. His mom opened the door.

'Is Billy there madam?' I asked.

'No, he's playing with a boy who just moved here,' she pointed up the road, 'If you cycle a little further you'll see Billy's bike.'

I didn't know what to do. I felt disappointed. Why hadn't Billy called and introduced me to this new friend? I didn't understand.

I cycled on, as Billy's mother had suggested. Then I saw Billy's bicycle, but no sign of him.

I was drawn to the sound of laughter coming from inside a garage.

They sounded as if they were having so much fun. I felt anxious and angry, I had to swallow hard.



I felt like an outsider again.

'Billy is a traitor, I will never be his friend again.' I muttered under my breath.

I cycled home, threw my bike against the wall and ran to my room.

Luckily my mom was out shopping, I didn't want to tell her I had a friend I once loved, but now I hated.

Sam was on holiday, he wouldn't be home for a week. What am I supposed to do by myself, alone?

Tears welled up in my eyes and I punched my pillow.

'Are you home?' Mom called from downstairs.

I didn't want to answer.

'Nobody are you in there?' My bedroom door opened. She saw me lying on the bed.

'Why don't you answer? Aren't you feeling well?' Her voice sounded concerned.

'No mom, everything is fine.' I said sullenly.
She studied my face and knew I was upset.

'What's going on, kid?'

Between hiccups and sobs I told her Billy had dropped me for a new neighborhood boy.

Mom put her hand on my forehead.

'Are you being overdramatic? We've been away for two weeks and Billy was home. Are you the only friend he is entitled to have?' She asked me.

'He knows I'm back from our holiday.' I said sharply.

'Maybe he forgot.' Mom said in support of my ex-friend.

'No one forgets something like that.' I said angrily. 'Why are you defending him, he's mean, I am not, and you are mean too.'

'I'll leave you alone so you can calm down. The thunder and lightning will cease and your storm will pass. When the sun shines again you may come down and we'll talk further.' She walked out of the room.

Typically mom never argues. First I have to be at peace, then we talk.

I wondered why she did not take my side and agree with me.

An hour later I was sorry I had yelled at mom, she only wanted to help, but I was not going to forgive Billy.

Shoulders hunched, I walked into the kitchen and sat down. There was silence between us.





Mom was cleaning the stove. She always does. I think we might have the cleanest stove in the world. I knew she was waiting for me to say something.

'Mom.' I said finally. She turned her face and smiled.

'I'm sorry I yelled, you are not mean.' She nodded.

'Mom.' 'Yes.' She replied.

'What should I do?'

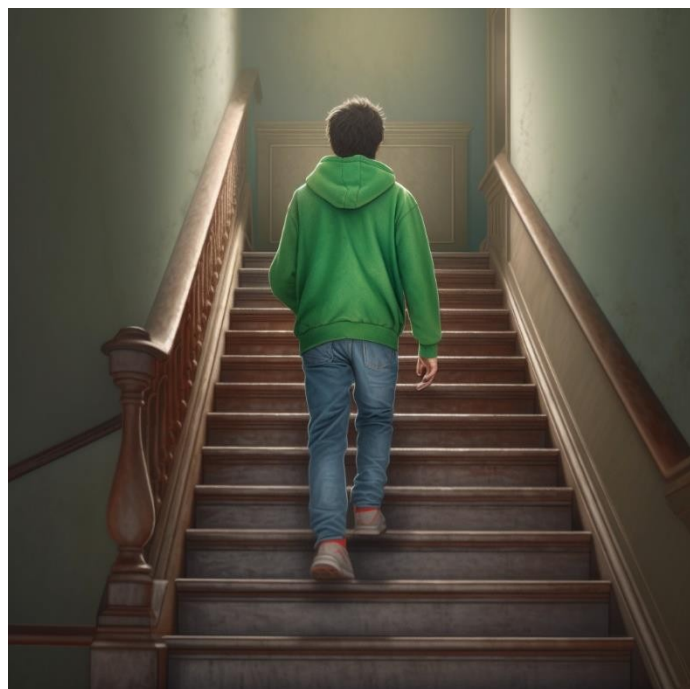
'Go read a book or make a drawing.' She replied, as if reading or drawing were the most natural things to do in this horrible, sad world. I turned in my seat.

'Mom, I don't feel like doing that.'

'Nobody, I've told you many times before, you cannot have a problem, but you can think that you do. Everything comes from your mind. The thought comes into action in your body, and shows in your behavior,' mom fixed me with a stare, 'change your mind then go talk to Billy,' she said softly.

Exactly what I did not want to hear.

My mind was still angry and my body felt heavy as I clumped back upstairs.



Chapter 12. Special relationships.

I had never slept so badly. It would not go quiet in my head. I made-up entire stories about everything Billy had done to me, and what I was going to say to him.

When I walked downstairs, dad was sitting at the kitchen table. He wasn't home until late last night.

'Too much work Nobody,' he explained when I remarked about his absence. 'You look fresh this morning!' But his head was nodding 'no' at the same time.

I flopped down on my chair and stared at the table.

'You thought you had a problem,' dad said, 'are you still thinking that way?'

I nodded.

'When we form a special relationship with somebody, a special friendship like you have with Billy, we are expecting them to be who we want them to be, and not as they are.'

I looked at him questioningly.

'What do you expect from Billy?' He asked me, 'what is it you want?'

'I want him to be my friend.' I replied.

'Okay,' dad said, 'but to earn your friendship, how would you have him behave? Should he dress like a clown and dance for you whenever you demand?'



I had to chuckle.

'No, I do not want that.'

'What do you want him to do and not to do?' He pressed.

'I want him to hang out with me and not with the other boy.'

'Dear Nobody,' dad said.

Immediately I knew a big explanation was coming, because dad, like grandad, always started his sentences with 'dear Nobody' when it was important.

'Billy is not yours. Billy gets to make his own choices. You must learn to accept him as he is. All relationships must be unconditional, without you wanting this or that... go find him... if he is with the other boy, just ask if you can hang out with them. If they don't want to, then accept their decision, but I suspect they will both agree, because you are making up a story in your mind alone,' dad said, then he messed up my hair. 'And like every story in the world, this story is not the truth, no matter how many times you tell it.'

I went upstairs got dressed, grabbed my bike, and cycled nervously toward Billy's house. After a while I saw him coming towards me on his bike together with a strange boy, probably his new neighbor friend.

'Hey Nobody,' Billy had his hand raised as he called out, 'this is our new friend Michael. We were just on the way to see you.'

I heard him say 'our' clearly.

A wave of happiness flowed through me.

From that moment our club of friends had expanded to five members. Billy, Katty, Michael Sam and me.



Chapter 13. Miracles

Grandad came to meet me on his bike. He wanted to know everything about my day at school. We rode side by side, halfway home it started to rain hard. We cycled fast, but when we got to the front door we were drenched.

It was fun to be with grandad, we always laughed. He told great stories, sometimes I dreamt about them.

'Grandad, tell me a story.' I asked as we were drying our hair. He smiled as he considered.



'When I was as little... sorry... when I was as big as you... my dad took me to his workshop. He was a carpenter and had been given a special assignment. He showed me a box he was working on and opened the fancy lid. I asked him what it was for, he told me it was a miracle box.'

'A miracle box?' I asked curiously.

'Yes,' grandad nodded wistfully, 'a miracle box. Inside it had complicated movements that unlocked secret draws, if you knew the trick.'

‘Who was the box for?’ I asked.

‘A wizard, who wanted to conjure up all kinds of things, like a ring or a picture. Then as now people are gullible, what they cannot see they do not understand. Which is exactly what the wizard wanted.’

‘Was Jesus a wizard?’ I asked.

Grandad looked at me in surprise.

‘Why do you ask?’

‘Jesus did miracles.’ I proposed.

‘The miracles Jesus performed were completely different,’ he responded. ‘A wizard wants people to believe he can make things appear or disappear, as if he has supernatural magical powers, but that is not true, he uses tricks to make people think he is performing a miracle.’

I nodded.

‘Remember there is no magic in this world, it is a very realistic dream we are having in our divided, individual minds.’ He took a moment.

‘Believing in magic is an attack on God.’

‘What about Jesus?’ I insisted.

‘Jesus is a man who remembered He is a Son of God, He realised that He was not a human trapped inside a body.’

‘He stopped pretending, like the dreaming dog who woke up and remembered he was not a cat.’ I said.

‘Thank you,’ his smile lit up his face. ‘How wonderful you accept this vitally important lesson, now we must take another step.’

I shared his smile.

‘Jesus Christ is an example to us all, His message is given to us outside time and space, He knew He was not in a body. He resurrected His Mind and remembered He had been dreaming, and that this world was not His true home.’

‘And that is what we must all remember?’ I suggested.

‘We have to stop pretending.’ He confirmed. ‘His faith in knowing He is a Son of God is so strong He sees beyond all forms, including bodies, to



see the Light.'

'Only the Light', I repeated.

Grandad nodded and pulled in a long breath.

'What Jesus is trying to teach us is that everything we believe in, like pretending to be a body and therefore suffering and being unhappy, is wrong. It's an error which can only be corrected in our mind. That is the miracle, the healing of the mind from wrong thinking to right true knowing, which gives the experience to show us who we really are in truth. In this moment He is teaching us, because He is in the Mind we share.'

'No tricks.' I said.

'No tricks required buddy.' he replied.



Chapter 14. Overcoming the authority problem.

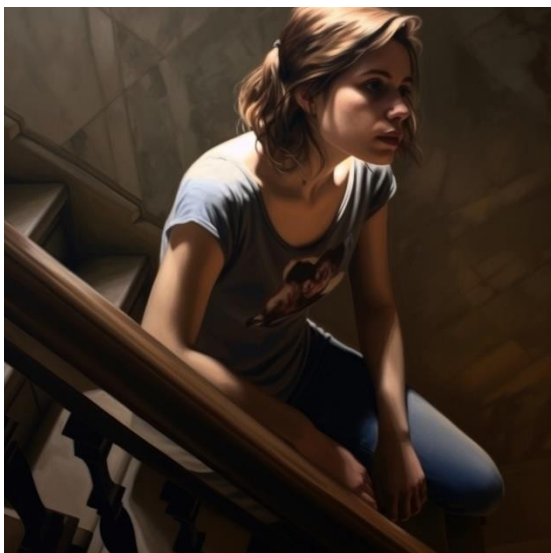
Breakfast was on the table, dad always sat by my side, his face appeared sleepy.

'Isn't it time for you to retire?' I asked him. 'Old people retire and then they get money from the government every month,' I felt super intelligent.

'I'm not old enough Nobody, I still have many years to work.'
I shrugged my shoulders.

He stroked my head, 'I'll be done with this big project soon, and then I will only be at work during the day.'

I didn't quite understand but I know good news when I hear it; it was more fun when he was around.



'Nobody!' Mom broke the mood as she shouted from upstairs.

This sounded serious, she hardly ever shouted. Something bad must have happened.

'Dad, I am Nobody, so who is mom shouting at?' I held out my hands in appeal.

'There was a pause, then he looked at me and tilted his head to one side.

'Young man, your statement is representative of a highly advanced mind,' Dad tapped the side of his nose. 'Some words of advice however... I would not be trying that out on you mom right now... if I were you.'

'Dad, right now, you are me,' and somehow I knew I had been given a miracle.

'Nobody!' Mom shouted again louder.

My dad rolled his eyes towards the ceiling. I went up the stairs feeling quite nervous.

Mom stood at the top, gesturing with her hand, waving me forward. I walked up slowly and stood in the doorway to my bedroom.

'What a mess,' she said sternly.



I went inside but everything looked cool to me.

I stepped over the Lego pieces, because they hurt if I stepped on them, and looked at my bed. It was not made, I wondered if this was what she seemed upset about.

Mom continued to glare at me.

'Is it dark inside you mom?' I asked as sweetly as I could.

'Smart ass,' she replied. But she did look a little calmer.

She pointed towards the clothes on the floor, at the schoolbooks everywhere, and my toys scattered all over the place.

'The laws of chaos sure reign here,' she said. 'I'd like you to clean all this up and make a fresh start.'

She left the room and closed the door.

I heard dad's car drive away and watched him from the window. What a pity, because of the law of chaos, I couldn't say goodbye to him.

After a while mom came upstairs again. I shot straight up, I must confess, I had found a little yellow car under my bed and started to play with it.

'Are you ready?' She asked as she passed my door.

'Almost done mom, wait a minute,' I called out.

‘One minute,’ she called back.

I quickly put the Lego bricks in their box, stacked my school books on the desk, stuffed my clothes in the closet, and straightened the bed. Mom knocked on the door. I sat down on my bed and tried to look innocent

‘Come in.’

‘I’m visiting this crime scene for a major investigation,’ Mom said sternly. She had a policeman’s hat on, I creased up laughing.



She scanned the room nodding when she saw the Lego box in the corner, as well as my books on the desk, but she wasn’t happy with the wardrobe.

‘Half these clothes should be in the laundry room getting washed,’ she commanded, ‘I’ll give you six and a half for effort,’ she said.

Well, six and a half is enough, right?

I stayed at home all afternoon, it was raining. Mom and I were sitting on the couch with our feet up watching cartoons, we both loved to watch them.



At the end of the Road Runner, which is our favorite, she turned off the TV.

'The laws of chaos rule everywhere, not just in your room.' She stated bluntly.

I sat up straight.

'But it doesn't rule anymore in my room, I've cleaned it up.'

'If you don't tidy up, what happens?'

I thought about this for a moment.

'When it's a mess I trip over things, and I can't find what I am looking for.'

I retorted.

'And you walk around in dirty clothes,' mom added.

I nodded.

When we don't clean up our surroundings our mind is cluttered, so we stumble, feel anxious and suffer. It's painful to constantly search when everything is a mess. Tidy up 'out there' and your mind becomes clear,' she put her arm around my shoulders, 'mess is confusing, it is not necessary, it can be corrected, do you understand?'

I nodded again.

'Okay', she said, 'let me explain a little more. Before we can correct a law of chaos we must first recognise it. What we call reality, the human experience, is different for everybody. For example, I thought your room was messy and you didn't.'

'That is true.' I said a bit loudly,

'I know one as well. I like peas, fries and ketchup and you don't.'



'You've got it,' she laughed, 'congratulations. People argue because they insist their truth is the only truth, we cannot know the truth while we

believe we are in a body, this creates chaos. There is only one truth and that is the Truth of God, and that is what you are.'

I understood.



She became serious again. 'Another law is to think we are all sinners, and therefore we deserve punishment.'

'I did think you would punish me.' I said nervously.

Mom looked at me.

'Did I punish you?' She asked.

'No you didn't.' I accepted.

'I'm your mother, I want to guide you when you make a mistake. I don't believe in sin, so I don't need to punish you, please don't make an enemy of me in your mind.'

'I won't mom, I love you very much.'

'As I love you. There are no sins, only judgments which are errors. Judgments are the product of wrong thinking, and if you choose, errors can be corrected,' she said, 'your mind is the most powerful thing in existence, I want to help you to think the right way.'

'Because everything becomes so much easier.' I acknowledged.

'If we tidy the mess around us, and clean up the mental mess in our mind, we remember our natural state is Peace, Love and Light,' she smiled and nodded, 'and in Truth, that is what you are.'

Chapter 15. Healing a broken body.

Dad had finished his project, as he walked through the front door he was whistling. Mom was happy, and so was I.

We had missed having him around. As we all know, happiness is contagious.

'Let's go for a bike ride together and get some fresh air,' he said. We hadn't gone far when a noisy motorcycle overtook us, it was so close I was shocked and lost my balance and hit the road. Mom and dad ran to me looking extremely worried and asked if I was okay.

With tears in my eyes I said I had a sharp pain in my arm. Dad helped me to sit up, my wrist seemed to be crooked, mom was straight on the phone.



The ambulance arrived quickly, we heard the siren before we saw it. Two men got out and helped me to get inside, Mom sat opposite me.

The man driving the ambulance turned around and winked at me.

'Let's put the siren on, especially for you.'
Inside the ambulance, the siren sounded so loud I forgot my pain.

The hospital was not far. Unfortunately we were there a bit too quickly, I liked the siren.



Dad must have broken a cycling world record, because he was at the hospital just after us

We were put in a room full of strange equipment. It was scary. When the doctor arrived, he pulled on my wrist which hurt a lot, he stopped when I cried out. Pictures were taken called X-rays, I could see the bones, like shadows, in my arm. Then they put white plaster around it.

'What an adventure,' dad said looking relieved, 'thankfully it wasn't worse. How are you feeling?'

'My arm feels really heavy,' I answered.

The next day I was the most popular boy in school. Everyone wanted to see my plaster arm. I walked proudly across the schoolyard. I told stories about the crash, the siren and the terrible pain that I felt when the doctor pulled on my wrist.

Boys and girls who weren't even in my class asked me if they could sign their name on my new white cast.



I found it strange that they all knew my name, and now their names were written on my arm, I had the opportunity to memorise theirs.

Mom came to pick me up from school every day, because cycling with one arm is somewhere between inconvenient and impossible. I got in the car and gave her my best smile.

'You feel special don't you?' Mom said as we set off home.

'Yes I am,' I said pleased with myself, 'call me Somebody from now on and not Nobody no more.' I said grandly and started to laugh at my own joke.

Mom did not reply.

After five weeks the doctor took my plaster off. My arm looked smaller, whiter and weird, and it felt much lighter. I wished my whole body would feel like this. Then I wondered if all my body would feel heavy until my specialness wore off.

Dad was home almost every night, as he had promised.

'Would you like to go for a walk?' He asked after we had eaten dinner.

Mom was working on her computer and gave us a wave without looking away from the screen.

It felt a little cold outside, without the plaster I was able to put on my big coat.

'Feels better without the cast?' Dad asked.

I told him it did.

'How is it going at school?'

'I'm fine, but now my arm is healed, no one is paying me much attention.' I said in a plaintive voice.

'What about Billy and your friends?'



‘Yes, but only them.’ I answered huffily.

‘Your friends are very important to you, aren't they?’

Being special was fun and made me feel important. It seemed as if he had read my mind.

‘You like being special?’ He asked.

I nodded.

‘Trying to be special is not right thinking because it will keep you imagining you are nothing more than a body, and not who you are in Truth. Naming bodies and objects separates us, it makes a gap where there wasn't one.’

‘Like an eagle in a tree.’ I proposed.

‘Like the eagle... and the tree... and you... all is One.’ Dad responded.

‘You broke your arm and that's not nothing, but you don't want to break your arm every month in order to feel special.’

‘Nooooo sir,’ I exclaimed, ‘I don't want that.’

‘Hmm, okay,’ dad replied, ‘being special has no advantages, zero,’ he formed a circle with his thumb and forefinger, ‘thinking this way is guaranteed to separate you from remembering what you truly are.’



I wondered why I couldn't have both options, keep my specialness and still be what I really am.

Dad continued: ‘When you felt special with your broken arm, did Billy feel special as well?’

‘No, he certainly did not.’ I answered abruptly.

‘So you excluded him,’ dad insisted.

That did sound like I was being selfish.

‘The opposite of specialness is un-specialness. Being un-special sounds negative, instead it is positive, because it unites, whereas specialness separates.’ He told me.

I looked questioningly.

‘You were special when your arm was broken, but you were alone. The others were all together.’

‘I got a lot of attention, and I liked it.’ I admitted,

‘Specialness has to be defended and what we defend will be attacked.

Does not matter what role we play or which mask we wear, everybody is only an appearance in a dream we are having.



If you want to see with the Vision of Christ and remember who you are, you have to make a choice.’ ‘I will decide,’ I announced grandly.

You see bodies because you think you are a body. All appearances in this world of form are deceptive. It doesn't matter how ‘the other’ appears, rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief, they may all look different but beyond your perception of them, they are exactly the same as you. You are seeing your specialness reflected back to you.’



‘As if I am looking in a mirror?’ I asked him.

'Specialness has to be defended from attack at any cost, it exists because somebody else has been defeated.' Dad replied.

'I don't want to beat anybody.' I mentioned.

Remember you are dreaming you are a body. The more special you think you are, the deeper asleep you will fall. Do you want to be lost in your own false identity, the one you made up to be you, or awakened to what you are in truth? Dad asked.

'I want to awake, no differences,' I proposed, 'I need to remember we are all One in the Light.'



Chapter 16. Remembering our Source.

Hooray! I get to stay over at grandads again. I had been looking forward to it all week.

'I have a lovely bright surprise for you,' grandad said after dinner.

'Come on, we're going up to see something new, your dad gave me this enlightening idea.'

We walked into grandad's meditation room. It was dark inside until he turned on a small lamp in the middle of the room, suddenly everything was covered with countless dots of light.



Grandad waved his arms and twirled around in slow motion. I did the same and we laughed together. I felt we were among the stars.

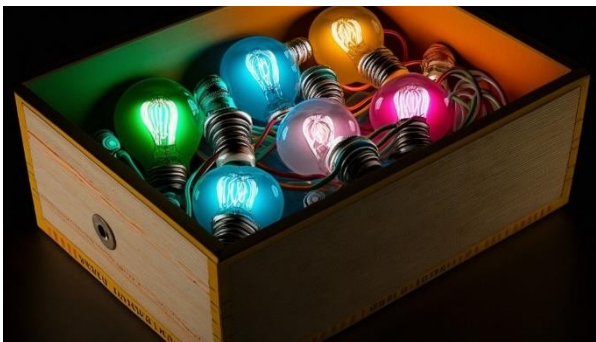
After a while we sat down on the floor.

'Beautiful isn't it?' He said.

'Yes, supersonic supercool.' I replied.

'Spectacular!' He responded.

Sounded excellent. Another big word to remember.



'Look, there are different bulbs,' he pointed his finger at a box in the corner of the room. Try them, see how they make you feel.'

I nodded and smiled in gratitude.

‘Remember, everything is light.’

‘Even my body?’ I asked.

‘Everything,’ he insisted, ‘all we can ever see in this world is light or shadow covering the light, because everything is occurring in the sleeping mind.’

‘Then we must get rid of the shadows.’

‘Exactly,’ he agreed.

There is something else the lamp can teach us,’ grandad suggested, ‘something illuminating and important.’

‘Like the dog and the bird stories, grandad?’

‘Similar but not the same,’ he winked, ‘this time it will be even brighter. Where do you suppose all the spots come from?’

‘Out of the lamp grandad!’

‘Right,’ he confirmed, ‘the lamp is the source of all these spots and when the lamp goes out they disappear.’

‘Like they were never there.’ I responded.

‘We could call all the people in our world these individual light spots. There are over eight billion bodies.’

‘Eight billion grandad?’ He nodded.

‘Eight followed by nine zeros,’ he drew the figure on a piece of paper. I saw his smile and strained to see, indeed it was a very long number.

‘Billions of spots of light, billions of bodies come out of a single light source.’ He hesitated. ‘We can also consider this the other way around. These billions of bodies can all be traced back to their original source.’

‘Our Light, like the lamp, is the only source.’ I said enthusiastically.

Therefore everybody and everything is connected, altogether we are One.’ He clasped his hands together, ‘we are made of One Pure Light.’

‘And we call that Light the Son of God.’ I wisely confirmed.

‘And despite this very realistic dream we are experiencing in our sleeping mind,’ he concluded, ‘that is what you are.’

Chapter 17. True identification.



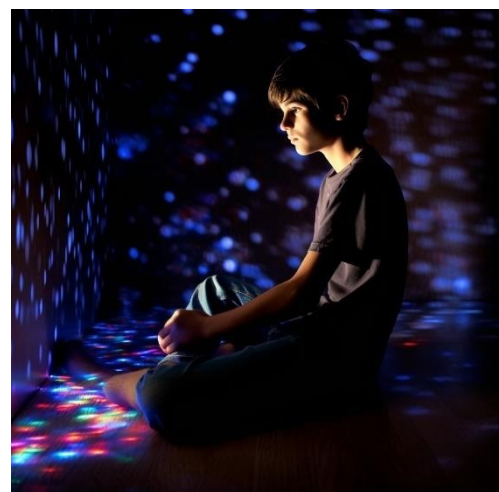
That night I dreamed I was an astronaut flying among the stars, it seemed as if mom was with me. I heard her voice coming closer and closer.....

‘Nobody, Nobody please get up!’ I heard her clearly now, ‘your breakfast is ready.’ Suddenly I woke up.

On Sunday mom usually makes us a big breakfast. I got out of bed, grabbed my dressing gown and she chased me downstairs. Dad was at the table. ‘Spectical!’ I exclaimed with my arms open wide as I admired the feast. ‘Spectacles improve eyesight,’ mom chuckled. ‘You mean spectacular.’ Dad said after they both stopped laughing. Maybe I should write this word down so I can memorise it. Supersonic super cool is a lot easier.

Grandad's explanation about the spots of light with eight billion separate bodies kept coming into my mind.

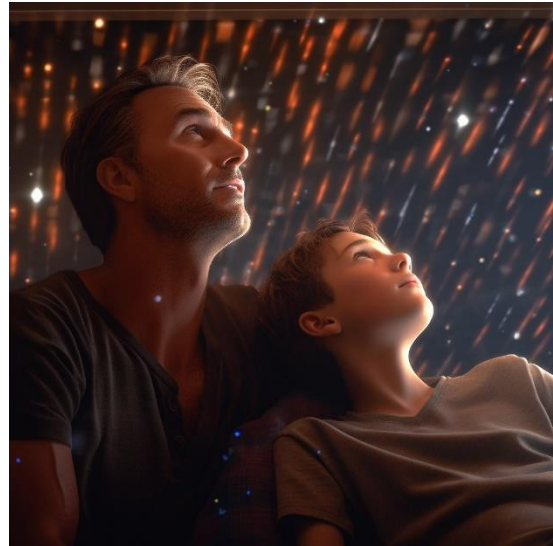
After breakfast I went back to my room to play with the lamp.



I switched it on and watched the dots as they slowly danced around the room. I focused on a dot and followed it...that's mom, and another... that's dad... that one is Billy, everyone I knew became a spot of light.

But I couldn't find my own spot no matter how hard I looked.

Dad came to see me. He sat on the bed and we both got lost in dot watching.



'How can I tell which spot I am dad?' I asked eventually.

'You are the lamp,' he replied softly.

'I would prefer to be a spot of light, like you and grandad!' I said a little loudly.

'You can want anything you are capable of thinking, and for you it will seem true, but in reality you are the lamp, therefore you are all the spots because you are the source.' He leaned back and put his head on my pillow, I moved so my head was touching his.

'When the dog dreamt he was a cat, similarly the lamp can think it is a dot.'

'Like the bird in the tree who sees the busy birds below him, the lamp sees all these spots of light,' I said.

'The human mind thinks separately, that's why it has to judge to make differences which are untrue. Therefore when we want to return to God, we need to think like Him. Alternatively we choose the opposite and identify ourselves with the separate figure in the dream, the body, to imagine a world full of opposites and our thoughts are about what we believe to be, not what we truly are in Reality.' He emphasised.

'What you see as a dot is going on in your mind alone, when you remember you are the source of the light, then you are enlightened.

'But if I am the lamp, then I'm alone.' I said.

'No, child of Light... then you are Everything.'

I'm not saying there is anything wrong with being Everything, although the figure of eight billion... an eight with nine zeros behind it... flashed into my head. Can it be true that all this is happening in my mind?

'So I am responsible for everything?' I asked.

'That is true, if you turn off your lamp, every spot will disappear, but you, the lamp, cannot disappear. You can only choose to turn yourself on or off.'



Chapter 18. Only now

My birthday was coming up in a few days.

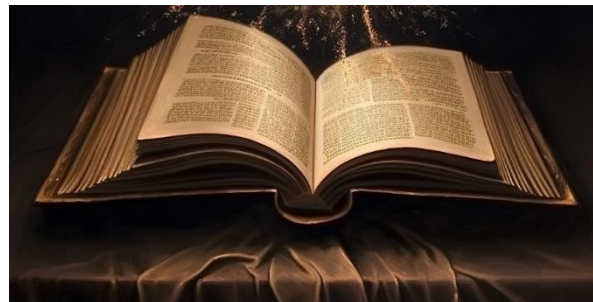
'Time is definitely speeding up,' dad said.

'No dad, it hardly passes at all these days' I insisted. He grinned broadly at me.

'When you are captivated by a story, time seems to fly, because time can feel different depending on what we are doing, space and time is personal,' he explained. 'In the Real world, where we truly belong, there are no clocks to observe.'

'Because time and space do not exist?' I looked at him curiously.

'Imagine you are reading a book, each chapter represents a different experience.' He proposed.



'So that is how time and space works in my dream? I asked.

'Exactly,' he concurred, 'from the perspective of a body, we see the story unfolding. Events seem to happen one after another, and the characters evolve as we turn the pages.'

'What does evolve mean?' I asked.

'The ability to change, to grow as we learn,' he said thoughtfully.

'Because if we don't, we will be stuck reading the same chapter,' I said.

'The story's setting, the characters, the challenges, the adventures, the wins and loses will seem to change. But when we learn the lesson the story is trying to teach us, we free our mind,' he explained.

'I want to free my mind.' I insisted.

'Then let go of negative emotions by forgiving others and ourselves.'

'And what if something really horrible happens in the story?' I asked him.

'Don't worry, it's only a story. In the real world, nothing can come to any harm,' he reassured me with a grin. 'We end our story by shifting our perspective.'

I nodded and took in a few deep breaths, calming my mind and asked for help to understand.

'Everything that ever happened in the story, and everything that will happen, is all part of the same book,' I said with confidence. 'That might cause some confusion, but it's a really important idea,' dad assured me. 'We need to change the reader, not the story.' I put my hand to my chest. 'I am the reader of the story.' I accepted. 'And if you feel the story is progressing quickly or slowly, remember it is all happening in mind now,' dad said reassuringly. 'Are we still celebrating my birthday the day after tomorrow?' I asked nervously. He started to laugh. 'Don't worry, buddy, there will be a party as promised. Still your mind and let go of your thoughts.'

Our garden was full of balloons and streamers. There was a table with a hill of sweets and bowls full of crisps.



Soon the garage was cluttered with bicycles. My best friends were there and many classmates. We sang and ate cake. It was a supersonic super cool party.



Mom had wrapped a small gift for each guest, I handed a package to everyone as they were leaving.

Dad came and stood next to me at the gate until everybody had left. 'A great idea of moms to give everyone a little present, they were all happy and it made me happy too,' I said. Dad nodded. 'Giving and receiving are one,' he said, 'what you give you will receive, by giving I don't mean a package.' I didn't understand. 'Everything we give in love unites us. You gave out of gratitude for their presence... for being here... for turning up in your dream. They shared their happiness with you.' 'So their presence was really my present.' I exclaimed. 'That's it, excellent,' he grinned, 'when seen correctly, they are all messengers sent to guide you to the truth.'

'Like angels.' I proposed.



Absolutely. See them all as angels delivering lessons, greet their loving presence in gratitude,' His smile widened. 'and listen to them intently, for they are One with you in truth.'
'Now we need to tidy up, come on!' He exclaimed.



Chapter 19. The Bridge

I was sitting in the garden with mom and dad, we remained quiet enjoying the peace of being together. Mom turned to look at me, her eyes met mine, I knew something important was about to be revealed.

‘We cross the bridge together from our dream of separation.’



She continued, ‘We can only find our way back to God by letting go of our belief in separation.’

‘Bridging the gap,’ I replied, beginning to understand the concept.

‘Awesome, well put,’ mom agreed with a gentle smile. ‘Closing the imaginary gap that was created by the idea of separation. By making our relationship with God a vital priority, we remember we are not alone.’

She paused for a moment.

‘Imagine that everyone around you is reaching out their hand to wake you up and take you home.’

‘And what about bad people?’ I asked.

She took my hand.

‘Especially when you see the bad in people, because then you know you have to forgive what you have projected onto them. That is the most important lesson. When you have forgiven those bodies, your mind is

healed, and you will see them with the Vision of Christ, as whole and perfect in the Mind that created them.'

I was amazed by my mother's words, I felt a wave of peace wash over me.

I closed my eyes and whispered, 'I am holding the hand of Christ.'

'And now in this Holy Instant you remember,' she whispered:

'You are the Son of God'

