

Whispers of My Soul

I turn the pages swiftly. I can't stop reading. My body, mind and spirit are immersed in the compelling story of *The Horse Whisperer*.

Suddenly my imagination comes alive: with eyes on fire, I stare outside the broken kitchen window of the desolated barn. I view the Colorado Mountains while my feet touch the land. My soles sense the raw emotions of the early Indians who walked the American earth. I breathe in the dust that spirals down from the hazy blue sky. I hear the horses cantering with the sound of freedom that stirs my Soul. *I need to go; that's all for now.*

I can't put the book down. The world I entered massages my heart's longing to listen and leave.

Within a few minutes, a bleak, rainy April morning transforms into an epiphany of 'pack up and go.' My Soul takes flight . . .

I have the flu and my head is pounding. Nevertheless, my inner voice pushes me to get out of bed and walk to the window. I become still when I look outside. The view is different and I am back in my birth land.

Our back yard is fenced just like every other Dutch yard. In Holland, we have limited space for our 16,000,000 inhabitants; and so, we divide our flat land in little squares. We like the clean look of what belongs to us and what does not. Our yard is connected to five other yards. I can view the whole neighborhood in the blink of an eye. Our yard looks like a postage stamp; one that is very playful and inviting.

There are small idyllic beds of wildflowers blossoming year round. Several pathways of old Dutch cobblestones were designed to accommodate our toddlers; they are 'roads' to practice riding their four-wheel bikes.

Above all, worth a try, is our famous swing. Its wooden structure towers high above the ground showing how creative we are with little space. Carefully, Syb freed the overgrown and weedy spot to create what became the most favored swing in the neighborhood. In one push forward, your feet can touch the window glass . . . and fly right through it if you jumped. A few near-misses made it clear the challenge was more exciting than the risk it took to crash. The kids became masters in the art of 'bent-leg swinging.' Usually I choose not to watch. A habit I think that is very wise.

I smile when I see the ridiculousness of how cramped we live our lives. My gut contracts as if I never realized this before. I long for *space*, endless fields of nothingness vibrating the freedom that is our birthright, swinging and floating up in the air, being able to touch the stars with the tips of my toes.

"It's time to leave," my Soul whispers, not wanting to disturb my contemplation. I nod silently. I know it's true. A deep shudder of fever runs over me. *What am I burning?*

I walk away from the window with a determined step. In my belly, I feel Soul's tickle. I don't want to go back to bed; the blankets will suffocate my spirit.

I decide to go downstairs and pick up the newspaper that was dropped on the doormat of our house.

With each step down, I dialogue with a different part of me. *Was I called to listen and leave Holland? Where would we go?*

One part still wants to go to Bali, manifesting the dream I've had for quite a while. I pictured us riding the Asian waves and tumbling ashore breathlessly, sunbathing for hours in the hot, white sand while I wiped the drizzle off my chin from savoring the overripe mangos.

I can easily see the seven of us living barefoot on a deserted, coconut palm beach, soundly asleep at night under a roof of twinkling stars. This would be an unforgettable, three-

month experience for our family. This still appealed to me so.

Another part tickles me to take a step further now and explore the land of unlimited possibilities, to follow the trail of dust the horses left behind.

I am in a fast-forwarded dialogue with the two parts of me. When I reach the bottom landing, my head is foggy and confused. I pick up the newspaper and drag myself upstairs again.

Why for earth's sake did I go downstairs? I feel really sick now and long to snuggle under the duvet and drift into a dreamless sleep. The newspaper stuck in my hand is kindly asking to be opened.

I follow its lead and the paper's newness awakens me. Slowly the dizzy feeling in my head fades. One ad catches my eye. I read the announcement of the *American Green Card Lottery* and my heart beats into a gallop. Suddenly, I can't wait to enter our name in this race and *WIN*. I am so sure; *this is our ticket. America, here we come!*

I straighten my spine, lean back on the cushion and instantly feel the temperature of my fever drop as the temperature of my excitement rises. I pick up the phone from our bed stand and dial Syb's number. Suddenly it seems important my husband knows we are on the threshold of leaving for America. Not someday, but very soon . . .

Syb picks up the phone and patiently listens to my rambling story. He doesn't share my thrill. He wonders where the Bali idea went to. I don't blame him; however, for now, the navigation of my Soul holds the reigns.

"Syb, it's *America*," I say enthusiastically, trying to convince him with my tone of voice while knowing his mind is elsewhere. He silently assumes *time will tell* . . . truly hoping my idea will blow away with the soft whistle of the April wind.

What he doesn't know is this idea carries the force of a tornado. It will sweep us into an unstoppable swirl of synchronistic events. The book disappears under my bed; the lottery ad is clipped out. I don't need to read anymore. The horse's whisper is heard.

A week later, I bike with an elated feeling of success to the post office. As I drop our application letter into the tall red box, I blow a kiss on the envelope stamped for a trip to the United States.

I feel the spring wind will blow a breeze of good fortune against our backs. After all, it's only a matter of time until the spinning wheel of the lottery drops the 'green card' into our laps.

I ignore the red stoplight as I pedal back home. In Holland, the light is always green; at least, that is the unspoken rule of the biker. My speed reflects my happy spirit; the world is at my feet.

"We are going to America," I sing to Sam and Gideon, who sit in the front and back seats of my old golden bike. They join my cheerful mood by waving their chubby hands to everyone we pass. We look like three happy campers in fantasyland; we are on a mission of 'no matter what it takes.' I dream on until three months later when the long-awaited answer is dropped on our doorstep.

When I open the envelope, I am stunned. I gasp for breath. *How can this be?* We are not the lucky winners!

The red light was not to be ignored apparently. I can only trace it back to a foreboding there was maybe...a little waiting time involved.

Still nothing can stop me now from touching down on American soil. I really feel we are meant to live there. The timing might be off but, before I give up on this dream, I know we have to explore all the possibilities, perhaps cross the Atlantic Ocean and touch the earth on the other side.

We also need to make sure the kids resonate with my outrageous plan. I will go to any length to investigate if our joyful life in Bussum, Holland, can be traded for a better life in America. If the kids are opposed, then, and only then, I will rest.

I hardly recognize the fierceness that drives me; my heart beats fast paced. Something inside of me is stirred up *big time*.

One morning as I sit at our wooden Chinese kitchen table, Soul comes along for a personal chat. I sip my homemade cappuccino and drift off into a trance-like state of deep inner peace and presence. I have all the time in the world to enjoy this sacred moment. Gideon is asleep; the other four kids are at school; our Taiwanese dog Buddha snores at my feet.

Soul seizes a golden opportunity to grab my full attention. I am shown a picture of New Mexico. The red earth feels very familiar as if I recognize it from many lives lived. I am old and sit in my white adobe house. I glance over the stretches of prairie land where coyotes leave their footprints and birth their howling cubs.

The next moment I am surrounded by my most highly-admired gurus. They are my friends and I am one with them. A moment later I see myself buried in the desert sand; my life has come to an end. I am ready to go to the light and I am deeply satisfied. My life purpose is fulfilled.

The phone rings, Buddha barks and, in a flash, I am back in the kitchen. The foam of my cappuccino is gone; the coffee is cold. I don't care. I've seen the blueprint of my destiny. The inevitable will happen and the Universe will show us the way. A few weeks later, it becomes clear that action is required.