



## Those with Souls and Hearts to See

“I don’t feel seen sometimes.”

“I can see you clearly. You’re not wearing a cloak of invisibility, Em.” Jason chimed in as he looked up and over at his sister from his two-thousand-piece puzzle.

Emily had not the strength or emotional resilience to even reply to her brother’s smart-ass comment.

Head hanging and heart aching, Emily sat silently staring at the drawing laying on her lap.

Waiting to further understand what her daughter was referring to with her sullen statement, she gently inquired, “What is that you have, dear?”

“Nothing. Apparently, it’s nothing.”

“May I see this nothing?” her mother asked gently.

“Sure.” Emily replied solemnly as she slowly stood up and walked over to her mother, dropping the drawing on the kitchen table where her mom sat drinking her evening tea.

“Oh honey, this is incredible! Is this yours?”

Without needing an answer, her mother continued, “Well, I know it must be yours; it’s absolutely beautiful.”

“mmmhmmm.” Emily mumbled without looking over.

“Honey, this is so lovely. When did you create this? At school today?”

“Mmmhhmm. This week. It was an assignment. The art teacher hung all of our drawings up. But no one at school seemed to notice it. No one said anything.”



“Well, this is amazing. I am hanging it up in here!”

“Please don’t, mom.” Emily replied.

Overlooking her daughter’s despondence, Colette walked over to the kitchen chalk board, carefully taping her daughter’s drawing to the wall. “I love it! This is one of your best creations yet, Em!”

“You have to say that; you’re my mom.” Emily said, sounding simultaneously annoyed and depressed.

“I can see it from here, Em. It’s really cool.” Her brother added in

Ignoring both of their feeble attempts to make her feel better, Emily continued to feel badly about herself. “Why do I even try? Why bother? No one sees me anyway.” Emily mumbled to herself, yet loud enough for her grandmother to hear her as she continued knitting in the corner of the kitchen.

“Why would anyone want to be seen?” her brother asked aloud as he pushed another puzzle piece into the frame of the puzzle. “What’s the point of that? Being seen just makes you vulnerable to attack.”

Emily glanced over at her brother, feeling he was probably right.

“Maybe they don’t see because they don’t want to see. Maybe they aren’t ready to see yet. Maybe they don’t see because they cannot see what we can, Em.”

“That literally makes no sense, grandma. We all have the same eyeballs.”

“That is not the sight I am speaking of, beloved” – Ama replied calmly.

Emily shrugged, half listening to her grandmother’s word riddles and too despondent to understand.



Emily's Grandfather got up from his favorite reclining chair and calmly walked over to his granddaughter. Taking her hand gently he said, "Come with me, Em."

Leading her outside to the back patio, Grandpa Jeff held his granddaughter's hand in one, and pointed toward the horizon in the other. His huge but gentle Cherokee hand raised above her head to the horizon where the Earth raised to meet the sky and the sun-kissed sky leaned towards the Earth.

"Can you see her?"

"See who?"

"Venus."

"Huh?"

"Look. She is just over the horizon."

The coral colors of the sunset were now contrasted just enough with the incoming dusk to enable Emily to see a small bright light in the sky, just above the melting colors of the horizon.

"Whoa. I see now." Emily gasped as she stood in awe of this incredible sight

"How did you see her? She's so faint against all of these colors."

"I knew where to look." Her grandfather said with a slight smile.

"That's really beautiful grandpa. Thank you."

Accepting his granddaughter's gratitude in both feeling and words, grandpa Jeff continued, "The solar system has always been your favorite subject, correct?"



Still not understanding the point of all of this, but appreciating that her grandfather was trying to teach her something, Emily did her best to shift her focus from her unseen art to the question at hand.

“Yes grandfather. That’s why I love my telescope so much.”

“Tell me about your favorite planet, Em. Why do you love looking at it so much?”

“Jupiter?” Emily asked, yet knowing which planet he was referring to.

“Well, it’s hard to explain. It’s just a feeling.”

“Oh, and the moons! They are soooo cool! So many of them! And you can actually see them sometimes!”

Emily was noticing that as she spoke about space, she began to feel better.

Her grandfather continued his inquiry, “Think about all of the stars out there. These stars are suns to many galaxies, correct?”

“Yes.”

“Now think about all of the planets who are spinning in their own unique orbits around each of the many suns out there. Do you think everyone on this planet sees them?”

“No, grandfather, because they can’t.”

“Why not, Em?”

“Well, it’s kinda obvious.” Emily laughed lightly as she answered her grandfather, “... It really depends on where you are in the world, and in relation to where the planets and stars are aligned.”



“So, you are saying that it depends on where someone is standing? -For them to be able to see something clearly?”

“Yeah. I guess.”

“Let’s not guess, Em.” grandfather replied gently.

“Yes, that is correct. It depends on which direction you are facing and where you are standing in relation to the star/sun and the planet itself.”

“Now think about how this planet that we can see right now from where we are standing, is shining so brightly. She is radiating so beautifully. She is perfect in her own unique way.”

Emily stood silently, listening to what he was asking her to consider as she stared at the sunset and this small but beautiful bright light in the sky. Her grandfather continued.

“Do you think Venus, Jupiter, Sirius, or any of the other stars that we can see from millions of miles away are thrusting their way around the sky so they can be seen? Do you think they are wriggling their way around each other in the galaxy? Or do you think they keep to their orbit? “

Keeping her gaze upon the planet while listening, Emily was beginning to understand. He continued.

“Do you think these perfect planets allow the light of their sun (their star) to reach them without effort? Do you think they push their way faster around the orbit of their sun or do they stay spinning in orbit? Is it possible that each planet is spinning at their own unique perfect pace? All while patiently allowing their unique and perfect selves to come upon the light of their sun to shine brightly upon them at just the right timing? And then when their sun hits their atmosphere, are these planets wishing to be seen in all of their glory? Or are they just doing their part by reflecting back the light that is beaming upon them?”

Emily gazed at the horizon, pondering deeply what her grandfather was asking her about the planets and their suns. She felt deep emotions stirring within as he continued with his questions.

“Do you think it’s possible - in the flash of a moment, on the perfect inhale or exhale - that one soul on this planet might glance up into the night sky and see one particular star that was meant to be seen then and there? - Soul and star meet in that moment. Gazing upward while simultaneously looking downward; reflecting something back to one another. - A meeting of lights. Yet in this dance, there was no effort from either involved in this alignment. They somehow met. They saw each other, yet each one was still within in their own orbit. They remained poised on their path. They eventually reached one another when the moment was right – when it was meant to be. The shining star was seen when it was meant to be seen.”

Emily was speechless. She felt a swelling of emotions moving through her. Venus twinkled brightly in the sunset sky as dusk descend. Although darkness was falling, Emily was seeing only the light.

End of Chapter 44, Book 1



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