

Katie's Magic Hour Adventure

Discoveries of a Seven-Year-Old Mystic

Katie and her family were on an adventure in Canada on a wild and beautiful lake in Ontario. This is Katie's story.

Mom and I got into our canoe. Mom was in the back of the canoe, and I was in the front. We went out right after dinner. It was a sunny evening.

First, we paddled to Mud Bay and then to the Narrows.

We were out so long that the sun started to set. We knew we had to get home soon. We began paddling faster and faster so we could get home before dark. Mom and I were putting our paddles into the water at the same time. For a moment, it seemed as if there was only one person paddling.

The sky was so bright, it colored everything along the banks of the lake in golden light. It was the most beautiful sunset I had ever seen.

And then, I looked down at myself sitting in the canoe. I was covered in the same light. My arms, legs, feet—all of me was the color of the sunset.

My whole body, the canoe, Mom, and everything I could see, were all part of this beautiful magical light.

In that moment, I felt a connection with everything... the water, the trees along the bank of the lake, and the sky.

My mom and I looked at each other
and knew that we both felt this same connection.
We sat still in silence until the sun went down.

When we started paddling again, there was just
enough light left in the sky for us to get home.

My dad and brothers and sisters were waiting
for us, hoping we were okay.

They were worried because it was close to dark, but when we told them our story, they
knew that we were *more than* okay.

The next morning, Mom and I got up early before anyone else,
and took the canoe to the end of the lake
where there was a small river.

We beached the canoe, and walked
along the banks of the river.

We waded out into the water
and came upon some beautiful large stones.

We each sat on one of the stones.
Neither one of us said a word.

I closed my eyes and felt the river rushing
over my feet and the cold stone underneath me.

After a while, it seemed as if I had faded into the rock.
I no longer felt the coolness of the rock or
separate from it.

I sat there for a good long while.

And then, when I looked up,
I saw a deer drinking from the edge
of the river. I sat very still,
so I would not scare her.

Then she raised her head and looked at me.
I thought she would be afraid and run off.
Instead, we stared at each other.
She had the most beautiful big, brown eyes.

We kept staring at each other.
We stared so long that I could feel her spirit.
I had that feeling again.
I felt the connection.
I felt this connection for a very long time.

This whole idea of connecting with anything
outside of myself was new to me.
I had felt it many times, but I didn't know
how to explain it or if anyone else had ever felt it.

So, I asked Mom about it.
She said that we are all related,
and if we quiet down and stay very still,
we can feel it. We can feel the connection.

I think my mom is right. I think we are all connected.
Just to be sure, I asked some friends who might
know.

I asked the sea creatures.

And the winged ones

And the creepy crawlers

And the four-leggeds

And the trees

And some people I know.

Each one told me,
Yes. We are connected.

When any ONE of us
does something,
the rest of US
are affected.

What affects one of us
affects all of us.

No ONE is separate.

We are ALL connected
and related in our own
unique way.

Each one of us, with all our differences,
is part of the whole of creation.

You and me.
Everyone.
Everywhere.
All living beings.

All the sea creatures
And the winged ones
And the creepy crawlers
And the four-leggeds
And the trees.

No one is separate.

This is the meaning of BELONGING.

This is the Spirit of One Heart.