

Two young children, sister and brother, sit in the sun on a grassy hilltop. Completely caught up in the moment, they gaze out over the valley, sometimes talking, but mostly quiet. They're at that magical age, possessing both wisdom and innocence in abundant and equal measure.

"Who made all of this? How did it happen?" one said, not so much asking, as just giving voice to their wonder at the forest and meadows and the valley below.

"I don't know." said the other. "Maybe we should dream about it!"

These children had known, as early as they could remember, how to dream the very same dream at the very same time, and to be present together in that dream. It was wonderfully fun, and often a powerful learning tool for them as well.

And so, they decided to dream together about "Who made this?".

In their dream, in the beginning, there was The Void. The children remembered the time, during a family vacation last summer, that they had carefully walked to the edge of the Grand Canyon late one dark night. Nothing had been visible in the inky blackness before them, but they both had strongly sensed the immense emptiness at their feet.

In their dream now, The Void was like that, but infinitely more vast and empty, like ocean upon ocean of darkness, but even the darkness was absent. It was overpowering. A subtle, faintly detectable vibration, more felt than heard, made The Void seem even emptier. They could only stand to stay in the dream for a brief moment, and then had to open their eyes and stop. The boy was crying.

"It feels so lonely there," he said. "Makes my heart hurt."

"I know," his sister replied. "But let's try just once more. I think it might be OK".

And as they closed their eyes once more to dream, she reached out and gently brushed a tear from her brother's cheek.

The very instant that she touched the tear on his cheek, The Void came alive. It seemed that her touch, and his tear, had somehow merged with The Void and the vibration, and had set free boundless and overwhelming light and sound and motion. What had been The Void was as full and alive as it had been empty and seemingly dead. It was beautiful, and intense.

"It's too much.... It's too big.....what is it?" the girl cried, wanting to open her eyes and turn away from the dream.

"Wait," her brother said, moving closer to support his sister." I think I know what it is.....it'severything! Try to look at just a tiny part of it, really slowly."

And as the two children were able to focus on just one infinitesimal speck of all that swirled around them, they were able to catch fleeting glimpses of people and places and animals, and it appeared that

the boy was right. They looked more slowly, and then they were able to make sense of some of what was before them. The children knew that they were beholding the entirety of creation; literally, everything.

And then, as they watched in awe, everything faded and once again became The Void. But before they could even begin to feel their fear that everything had gone away, the colors and sounds and images returned. As they watched, The Void again became Creation, and then The Void, then Creation, on and on. That "off-on" cycle seemed to be the same vibration they had sensed when they first saw The Void.

"It's like..... breathing!", they both whispered, at the same time.

It was exhilarating, and exhausting. After a time, they stopped dreaming, opened their eyes, and with a sigh of comfort, gazed across the hills once more at their "plain old world", and looked at each other.

The children knew that, sometime, they would want to talk and think more about this dream, but for now, they were more than content to just sit together, as the sun slipped lower in the western sky.

After a while, the boy said, "Let's go home."

"Yes, let's."

They looked down into the valley toward their home, and all around them, one more time, as they stood to walk back down the hill.

Then the boy stopped. "But wait- did we figure out who made all of this?"

"Maybe so, at least a little bit," his sister answered, putting an arm over his shoulder. " I think WE made this. Not all by ourselves, maybe other kids help out, but I really think that together, we made this, or maybe we're STILL making this, right now, over and over again."

"Whoa!", the boy exclaimed.

"Yeah", his sister agreed.

There was a long pause.

"Let's go talk to Mom. It's about time to eat."

"OK. Wanna race?"

"Nah. Let's walk together."

And that's what they did.