

SIBYL'S SHADOW

KEYWORD: Agreement.

The wind roared and roared outside, blowing the leaves about in a merry whirl. Then it died down for a while, and the Sun shone brightly through the branches of the trees and danced merrily through a window pane, making a pretty light around a little girl who was sitting very quietly in deep thought. She was trying to find the answer to a question that troubled her, but it really was too much for her.

Why was it that the roaring wind seemed just like her? And yet she knew she wasn't really like the roaring wind, always stirring up trouble of some kind, whirling the leaves about, or blowing dust in peoples' eyes and making them uncomfortable. She knew she was Sibyl, for that was her name, and everybody called her that. But she *wasn't* Sibyl either! Who was she anyway? She thought and thought, but she couldn't make it out at all. So she just stopped thinking for a while and listened to the lovely music that came to her from the next room where her mother was playing. Always when her mother played dreamy pieces she seemed almost to know who she was. The soft music to which she was then listening cast a spell over her, and so when her mother came in, she did not hear her.

The sky had turned to a glorious red, and the clouds were pink and lovely as the Sun was sinking to rest. Sibyl watched all this and enjoyed the other world beauty of it.

Her mother heard her sigh and called to her. Then taking her in her arms she asked softly, "What is it, Sibyl, that troubles you so? Tell Mother all about it, and perhaps she can help you."

Sibyl then poured out her little heart to her wise mother.

"Mother darling, why do I have to come back every day to this make-believe world? It is so much more beautiful in that other world where I live part of the time. There I am happy and have such good times. I am so different there — not a bit like I am now. And I have such lovely playmates in that other world. The music is wonderful and makes the prettiest colors. We dance and sing and are so happy. And then an Angel comes and smiles at us and makes us so glad. But when I am here, I am so different. I want to be happy, but I am so sad. I want to be good, but instead I am naughty. Why, oh why, Mother darling, is it like that? Are there two of me — this me, and that other me that lives in the beautiful far-away land?"

"There is only one You, Sybil," answered her mother, "just as there is only one Me. Each one of us is a spark of light from God, and our real home is in the heaven world. We all have to learn many lessons, though, so that we can help God in His great work. We have to learn many of these lessons here on Earth, and that is why we live in our bodies every day, and do the things here that we have to do. At night, though, we can leave our bodies and move around in the heaven world where we are really at home. When we wake up in the morning and remember that beautiful heaven world, sometimes we can't help thinking that the Earth is not so pleasant a place, and wish that we could glide around as we do when we are out of our bodies. We want to be good, but it is not always easy to be good here on Earth. We must try our best, though, and remember always that we are really sparks of light from God and only living on Earth for a little while. Then we will learn our lessons here, and at night be able to visit the heaven world too."

Sibyl's eyes had grown brighter and brighter while she listened to her lovely mother. And she knew then that the reason she had been so troubled was because she had not

been thinking right. Now she would always remember who she was and why she often visited another world, and try to learn her Earth lessons well.
