

Once upon a time, there was a girl. She went by many names, but we will call her Sara. She came to life under a huge magnolia tree. There, her toys came to life as well. Her dolls became her children; she became their caretaker. She grew into other play grounds. Her bedroom became a classroom, teddy bears became students, and the kitchen was the principal's office. She "taught" all that she had learned, tested the teddy bears, and brought the misbehaving one's to the principal- aka Mom.

As time passed, so did the playgrounds. Her imagination found solace in books; her body became her temple running, jumping, cheering. Eventually, poison entered her life disguised as FUN. And, it was fun for a long time. You see, she was under the impression the poison had the answers to life's questions..."who am I?"...a fun young woman; "what's my purpose?"...to take as much poison as possible to entertain and be entertained; "who's in control?"...she was (or so she thought).

One day, the poison took effect unlike the other days. Instead of fun came discomfort with herself. What did she do about it? She retreated to her mind, thinking, "what is wrong with me?" All of a sudden, she heard a booming call, "DON'T THINK!!!" Scared, she went to bed. Sleep did not come for a long time. The principal -Mom- knew something was wrong. Not knowing how to handle it, she brought her to the established helpers of the times; they were called doctors. The doctors gave Sara a different type of poison. They said to take it everyday. Instead of this poison creating fun, it created a new story called sickness.

Sara fought the sickness. The call -DON'T THINK- had penetrated her being. But, since the doctors had told Sara it was not a call, she did the opposite. She thought so much it created more sickness. Then, the nemesis arrived by the name of Allelia (A-yell-ya). Allelia invaded Sara's mind. Sara never believed the sick story. Despite the doctors' saying "DON'T THINK" was not a call, Allelia played games with Sara one minute assuring her it was, the next telling her it wasn't. Sara's mind was not a pleasant place.

For many years, Sara took both the fun poison and the sickness poison at the same time. Life went on for everyone around Sara, but she couldn't cope. Several times, Sara took too much of the poison to end the nightmare her mind had become, but it never worked. She hid from life under the covers. She cried to the authorities by the names of Jesus and God. She even turned to their nemesis named Lucifer. With the insistence of another authority named Law, she stopped the "fun" poison. Luckily for her, the fun didn't stop and something new entered-change and growth. She continued to hide in bed, but spent many days climbing a 12 step ladder.

Eventually, Sara added work, school, boyfriend, etc. to her life. She didn't hide in bed so much. I would like to end the story saying Sara had a meaningful call, a return, a vanishing Allelia, no poison, no doctors, sickness, or senseless thought. But, the best part of the story is, it is not over because the story is called life, and it's a never ending story.