

From the Eye of a Rainbow Child's Mind



By Trini Lind



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I learnt about God long ago when I was little. In those days the sun seemed to shine every day through the kitchen window while I ate breakfast alone. I ate cereal. It was the easiest thing to make.

My parents say nobody has ever seen God so he can't exist. They sit together in front of the TV and talk about sunny islands far away across the sea and something called Honey Moon. I love that word Honey Moon. It is pretty. Honey is the color of my hair, all golden and silky, and the moon is white like my face. My parents think my face is too white, but I like the moon so much that I don't mind being white. I eat biscuits in the kitchen and

eavesdrop while my parents talk about the islands. They don't pay much attention, so it is okay. One island is called Santorini. I love that name so I made it the name of my imagination. At night before sleeping I go to Santorini. My parents speak of other names too, but they are too difficult to remember. I dream about those islands many times while I am in Santorini.

The house I live in is sleeping between two mountains. The mountains have their feet dipped in the sea and sometimes they splash around a bit, but when it is cold they withdraw their feet and everyone can see their dirty toes without nail paint. My mother's toenails are red like a sunset. My house is always quiet so I can hear the rain easily and I run away from the thunder until my father told me it was a god named Thor who banged his hammer on the clouds to make the thunder loud. When I learnt about Thor I climbed out of the rooftop window to look for him in the lightening. Everyone slept so no one could see me.

The sky has a hundred rooms. Granny lives in one. But not in the palace with God. Granny never liked God. The sky is a big heart

and we all live in it. But Granny wasn't disappointed when she didn't get to live in the palace with servants. She always liked to do her own cleaning. She said it was rude to get someone to clean up the dirt you made yourself. I make mud pies, but the rain cleans up for me. So rain is kind of a servant who cleans up people's mess, but it is also God crying when people pick flowers or eat chicken. God's tears make the flowers grow back after they have been picked, but the chickens cannot grow back. They are dead in someone's stomach.

Heaven is not managed by missionaries, but by angels. Angels are not people. They look like the pink clouds in sunsets, but not quite, they are not so fat and God is the sun that makes them pink. Perhaps God can make me pink too. My mother has given me pink nail polish and I painted all my dollies' toenails, but the feet became pink too and I made a mess and even the inside rain in the shower could not clean up the mess. The pink was stuck there even after God had gone to sleep. So I had to go to Santorini and tell God to make the clouds white again, and then they looked like sheep and I counted them in Santorini and fell asleep.

I like angels very much, both picture angels and the real angels. Picture angels are the ones I see in picture books and on Christmas cards. Mostly they are little girls with wings. Real angels are the ones that look like colored lights. They don't have wings but they can fly and walk on the ocean and breathe on the moon. They move like a heart with lights on. Grown-ups say I am an angel when I'm good. I don't know what good means exactly. I think it is when you do what the grown-ups tell you to do. I tell the grown-ups that I am not an angel because I have skin that keeps the light inside. Angels don't have skin only hearts made of light that can't be switched off. Grown-ups don't understand about real angels, they only know about picture angels and the ones that hang on the Christmas tree. But how can they know that those angels are good? They are just pictures, even I know that. My angel is pink and she is a lady angel. She is very lovely and she loves me very much. I love her very much too.

I like walking in the forest, but not going on hikes because when you go on hikes you have to walk fast and you might step on an ant. I don't like ants, but I like that they are alive. When I walk fast I miss things like little flowers or yummy blueberries. Also I can't hear God in Santorini when the world

is fast, I can only think about moving my legs without falling and all my me'ness goes into my body and it is like I disappear, like I am only in my body, especially my legs, but my legs are not my me'ness, my me'ness is inside Santorini. I like to sit quietly on a rock and listen. There are many interesting sounds in the world, especially in the forest or by the sea. But my parents don't like sitting quietly; they like to have their me'ness in their legs and walk fast and forget about the quiet things. But I don't like that because it makes me disappear, so when they take me to go hiking I cry and hide in my room. The forest is my friend, but when I have to go for hikes it becomes my enemy stealing away Santorini and I don't like that, but it is no use. I am little so I have to do what my parents tell me to do, even if God says I don't have to.

Sometimes the world makes me sad because people are mean to each other. Then I cry and nobody understands why. I cry more when people are mean to others than when they are mean to me. Only God understands why. He comes to me in Santorini and comforts me. One day I found a dead bird on the ground. The other children wanted to bury it, but I didn't because then the invisible me'ness in the bird could not fly to Heaven because of all the mud. I put the bird on a piece of wood and it floated

away on the stream. Water is kind and it will take it to Heaven. Water goes to Heaven every day and then it comes back to earth again, like a train that goes to the south for summer holidays and then comes back when school starts in autumn. I said: God love me in this little bird so we can come to you in your thoughts and be safe until autumn makes us come back for school. Most grown-ups don't believe in Heaven because when I talk about how lovely Heaven is they just smile and say what a beautiful imagination I have. But Santorini and Heaven is not the same. Santorini is inside me, Heaven is inside God. Heaven is God's Santorini that he has made real for everyone. The animals too. Everything that is alive is forever because an idea has become alive in God's Santorini. It never stops being alive, it becomes more and more alive the bigger it gets. It is like that with me too I think. Grown-ups say magic is only for kids, but I don't believe that because magic cannot grow smaller only bigger, it doesn't really make sense to grow small, that is not growing that is shrinking and everything alive grows, like trees and flowers and baby animals. I think thoughts grow too in a way. When we learn new things. I think God likes it when we grow, just like mums and dads like it when their kids grow. One girl I know didn't grow for many years, she is the same age as me, only she is much smaller. Her parents are very scared that she is not growing and she goes to doctor to take growing medicine. But it

is just her body that doesn't grow. Her thoughts are the same size as mine and she is fun to play with.

My mother works in an office. Her job is to draw maps and sometimes she steals crayons for me from the storage room. The crayons from the storage room are magical. The crayons from the shop are just plain. I draw maps too, mostly maps of Santorini with angels in the birdhouses in the trees. Santorini is shaped like a heart and it is God's heart but I borrow it and he doesn't mind. I live mostly in Santorini and the wind sounds like heartbeats. I am afraid of heartbeats because they can stop and then you die. So I pretend I don't hear them. I always travel to Santorini on my back so I don't hear them. I am relieved that ears can only hear outside the body otherwise I would have to listen to those heartbeats all day long. Like a clock: tick-tock tick-tock. My mother has given me a watch to see the time, but I let a crocodile eat it in Santorini, when God heard that he laughed and said that his heart can't stop and he switched off the wind and I felt safe like I was glowing with pink.

God is the president of Santorini. But he doesn't make laws. If someone is wicked he cries and then their hearts grow back and they start loving God because he picks only the dead flowers but he doesn't put them in water, he puts them in tears and then they grow back into living flowers and he plants them all over Santorini. My mother says that wicked people are scared, but I don't believe her. I am scared of many things, but I am not wicked. Most of all I am scared of everyone leaving me. But that makes me cry to think about. Crying isn't really wicked but grown-ups want you to stop and tell you to take deep breaths and that it doesn't help to cry. But when God cries it helps a lot. Perhaps my tears can also make something grow and I could plant it in my mother's rose bed and it would look beautiful. I told my mother that wicked people must have dead baby chickens in the stomachs and they become ghosts and haunt the bodies. My mother became very angry when I said that. She said I was being mean and rude and that there is nothing wrong with eating chicken. Easy for her to say, she doesn't see them crying in the freezer section in the supermarket. She only sees a pink and white lump of something that is meant to be cooked. But I hear them crying and I see them playing in Santorini. It was so sad in the supermarket so I started watering the dead chickens with my eyes, but they didn't come alive and grown-ups scolded me and

said I had too much imagination. But then I cried more and said it wasn't called imagination, it was called Santorini.

Sometimes I am scared of my dreams because grown-ups say they aren't real, but I know they are, just like Santorini. One day I painted a beautiful picture, but when I woke up I couldn't find it and my mother said it wasn't real, then I cried, because I remembered it and memory makes things real. I painted the picture all over again in the kitchen which is real because my mother says so. I took the picture with me to Santorini and asked God to keep it safe in case it should be made unreal too. But God can't be made unreal, not even by my parents because he doesn't belong to those things that are real in the kitchen or to those things that are unreal in the night. He lives in the heart outside people, but inside the hearts too, and all hearts live in rooms inside God's own Santorini. That makes me feel safe to think about, and now my picture is safe too and God liked it because he smiled. Smiles mean happiness.

I smile a lot. But I am not supposed to smile to strangers because they can be wicked. But I like strangers, almost more than the people I know because I don't know the strangers and

that makes them like puzzles, and I am just so curious to find out what pictures they are when all the pieces come together. Asking questions is like looking for matching pieces. I ask a lot of questions. Sometimes my mother becomes embarrassed. But I tell her I have to see what the puzzle will look like, but she doesn't understand. It is funny when you think about it, God is like someone you know, but you still haven't figured out how to fit the pieces together, so you can't see what picture God is. I think that is the most interesting part about God. Every time I fit together two pieces, a new one comes along. Maybe God's puzzle will never end. Or maybe there are so many pictures inside God that they will keep changing and changing and changing. I like changing pictures. I wonder if my picture changes.

Grown-ups are afraid of dying, so I am not allowed to talk about dying. But I am not afraid of dying because dying is just like being born and I wasn't afraid of being born. When we are born we don't know the world we are coming to and sometimes we do silly things that don't fit in. When we die we also don't know where we are going and perhaps in the new world we become like babies doing silly things that we used to do on earth but they don't fit in in Heaven. I do silly things all the time and

sometimes people laugh or scold me. I like babies, especially when they do silly things because they don't know how to fit in yet. Grown-ups never do silly things, they have learnt to fit it, but sometimes that makes me laugh because I think that when they go to Heaven they will be the ones who don't fit in because they have forgotten what it was like to live in Heaven.

Sometimes I do silly things even when I know they don't fit in and God never scolds. Sometimes it is the silly things that make me feel the happiest and when I am happy God smiles even if the grown-ups don't.

One day my mother took me to the theatre to see a play, but I didn't like it because the mice weren't real. They were just people dressed up as mice. Even though I am little I could see that, and I became angry because they were trying to trick me. I like best things that are real. Like Santorini and God. I don't like pretend. Pretend is scary because it is a lie. Lying is bad because it is like when your eyes are sad but your mouth says happy words and I get confused and scared because I don't know which part is real and which part is pretend. But God has told me that it is mostly the eyes that are real. In Heaven people speak with their eyes so there are no lies. Sometimes at night I am afraid of monsters. Monsters are not real they are just

pretend from father's movies. But movies are like really good tricks that make everything look real and when you watch them you forget that it is pretend. The monsters frighten me. I am afraid they will come and get me. I tried to think about something nice like bunnies, but somehow that made the pretend monsters more real. But then God said that they are not real because he did not make them and that I didn't need to be frightened. Then I yelled: Come out MONSTERS!!! Come and get me if you CAAAAN!!! But the monsters didn't come because they were not real and then I stopped being afraid and fell asleep and God showed me stars in Santorini and I was safe.

I like talking to animals. They don't talk back exactly, but when I look at their eyes I feel that they are talking inside my mind. Sometimes I get scared of them too because I never know what they will do. Animals are wild and I am tame. I think I would like to be wild, but my parents wouldn't let me. But if I was wild I wouldn't bite anyone. I don't like when animals eat each other. But some animals do. They eat meat. I don't eat meat, but I have meat inside me, and perhaps an animal would want to eat that meat and not understand that I am not food. You can't blame them. They were made like that. But I can't understand why God would make them like that. Perhaps he didn't.

Perhaps God just planted a seed and let it become whatever it wanted or needed to become. I have planted seeds in my mother's garden. Sometimes she shows me the picture on the seed bag and tells me what flower the seed will grow up to be, but I close my eyes because I don't want to know because I like surprises the best. Perhaps God is like that too, he likes surprises and doesn't want to know what the seed will grow up to be. I wonder if we are a happy or sad surprise.

Sometimes I wake up afraid. Then I know something awful is about to happen. One day I woke up and the fairies were in danger. I ran out to save them, but my mother stopped me because it was so early. Then I cried because they could die. When the light came I was allowed to go outside and I ran to the creek where the fairies live and I saw many trees with paint on them. I didn't like it. The painting looked like prize tags and it was all wrong. I asked my mother about it and she said the trees had been marked because they were going to be cut down to give room for a parking space. Then I cried again and I stole my daddy's tools from the garage and tried to scrape off the paint but it didn't come off and I cried and hugged the painted trees because they were going to die. The fairies told me not to worry about them. They said they would move further up the creek, but I did

worry, maybe I would never see them again. But then God said that I could see them in Santorini and it helped little. But I cried when I said goodbye to them and to the trees. I was sad for so many days. The grown-ups didn't understand. I said I was a tree and I was going to be cut down and die and I refused to ride in daddy's car because cars are wicked and kill trees. I think God thought of humans as a sad surprise then. He didn't make cars, so cars don't live in Santorini or in the palace with God. I don't like cars. I only like trees and fairies. They are alive and can hug me, cars are dead and they can't love.

Praying is talking to God, but you don't have to fold your hands. I talk to granny without folding my hands and she is in heaven too, and you also don't have to say OOOM-EN. I play with granny in Santorini, and sometimes God comes and joins us, but granny becomes jealous because she thinks I like God better than her. I said to God that I wish he had hands so I could hold them, and God said he had, only they are invisible. God doesn't need hands to pray, he only has to smile in someone's heart. I smiled in granny's heart and she stopped being jealous. I told her heaven is not for jealousy. But I also felt happy she likes me so much. Some people don't like to think about things when they pray, only OOOM-EN. But I pray with my thoughts in God's

invisible hands so I need them, and God likes hugging my thoughts and holding them. Sometimes I hug God's thoughts in my heartbeats, then the tick-tock becomes a song and I hum it and God laughs and says he loves me in his thoughts.

I wear many different clothes in one day. My mother says it makes too much laundry, but I explain to her that I don't get dirty, then she asks me why I have to change clothes so many times in one day and she says I should only wear one outfit in one day. I say to her that in Santorini there are many types of weathers, and if it is very sunny then I must wear a summer dress and a hat, but if it is very cold and windy I must wear a sweater and a scarf. My mother doesn't understand, she says that Santorini is an island far far away in something called Greece and that I can't possibly know what the weather is like there.

I have a TV inside my head. But if I want to watch it I have to close my eyes. I never know what is on that TV. It doesn't have a TV guide or a program selection and not even a remote control so I can't change the channel. But I like it because then I never know what I will see. Sometimes there are horses or flowers, sometimes there is a bunch of lights like a thousand

stars and I think it looks like Heaven. The stars are blue and shiny, but they do not look like the stars my mother has taught me to draw, they have five arms. The stars behind my eyes are just like blue lights being born and then running away and then being born again until they become big with hearts that beat like planets. I know all about planets, I have seen them in my father's telescope. Earth is a planet. It is blue like the stars behind my eyes, but earth doesn't glow, so in that way stars look more like little blue moons only with more shine. I like to look at those stars. Sometimes they make me sleepy. It is like I have a space inside me, like a milky road, but not made up of milk. There is a milky road in the sky too, but my father says it is not made of milk. It is not white either. But Earth lives on the milky road in number three. It is neighbors with Pluto, but it is not Mickey Mouse's dog.

One day I lay on my back on the couch with my eyes closed and my mother asked me if I was sleeping and I thought that was funny because how could I have said yes if I was sleeping. I didn't say that out loud I said I was watching God TV. My mother didn't understand what I was saying so she told me to go and play outside. My father says I am not allowed to watch TV before 6 at night when the Children's show starts. 6 o'clock is when one arm

on the clock points straight up and one points straight down. There is another 6 o'clock too, but I am sleeping then, so I don't worry about mixing them up. My father says I have to play outside when it's not raining. But God lets me watch TV whenever I want, so I went outside to make my parents happy and then I watched TV on the lawn. That is allowed because I am outside and breathe outside air which is better than inside air, even though both the airs are called oxygen. But it has nothing to do with oxes because they are animals. God was showing horses on TV that day. I love horses. But then my father came and said that I had to do something called active which means to move around, so I couldn't watch God TV anymore. I decided to become a horse instead. I started grazing on the lawn because that is what horses do. I understand why horses like grass so much because it was very sweet in taste. I rolled around too until I was green. Not because I was sick, but because the color of the grass had come on my clothes. My mother came and scolded me. But I didn't listen because I was a horse and horses can't understand human language. But I understood God. So horses must understand God too, maybe because God made horses, just like he made people. But I think we all come from seeds in the ground like flowers. My mother didn't understand that I was a horse, she got angrier and angrier so I had to ask God to turn me back into a little girl again before my mother exploded into a million little

pieces. Those pieces are screams and they are like lightening coming from my mother's eyes. I don't like lightening, unless it is the lightening Thor makes in the sky.

When I am in Heaven I can become any animal I want to be like the witch in the story book who could turn herself into a cat. I would first become a squirrel because they run and skip and play all day. Granny liked hedgehogs and kittens and birds. Perhaps next time I play with her in Santorini I'll ask her to turn herself into a kitten. I like playing with kittens. Then I must remember to bring a ball of yarn.

My mother says I must grow up one day. She says it like it is something sad. But I like getting taller because then I can reach a lot of things, like the cookie jar. I asked my mother how it is to be so close to the moon. She just laughed. Grown-ups do that a lot when I ask questions, unless it is questions about what to eat or when the News is on. I read a book once about a boy named Peter Pan who didn't want to grow up so he ran away to his Santorini which was called Neverland. He wanted to play and have fun all day and he thought he couldn't do that if he grew up. But growing up just means getting taller and when we

are at the tallest we get waves in our faces like the ocean when it is windy. I like the ocean and I like waves. I asked God in Santorini if tall people can't have fun. God smiled and said yes, yes they can. So I asked him why Peter Pan had been so frightened of getting tall. God said that many of the fun ideas come from Santorini or Neverland, it is kind of a magical place and some people think they will forget that place when they grow up. But I don't understand why people can't just remember, because Santorini is inside the heart and hearts don't grow tall or get waves on them.

God lifted me unto his lap and hugged me. I like it so much when God hugs me. But all of a sudden I got frightened because I remembered that God lives in Santorini so I asked God if the grown-ups sometimes forget about him too, then God became sad and nodded his head. I felt sorry for God because being left behind somewhere is the worst kind of scared. I told God that I would never leave him behind anywhere, then God smiled again. I think my parents have forgotten about God. I told God about that and he said: "Well, that is why I sent you to them, to help them remember." I liked that a lot, but I was too sleepy to think anymore thoughts and God sang to me and I fell asleep on his lap while he held me very tightly and made me feel very safe.



Make-Believe

To the Grown-ups

There lies a land not far away
Where all little children go to play
With dragons and fairies, goblins and elves
Oh, how the little children enjoy themselves!
You think it is only Make-Believe, I know
But if I told you were to go
Wouldn't you just try and see
If this land maybe could be
Right there waiting for you to see?
So tell me now, would you believe
That what you saw could be real?

