

The Little Masters

by Rama Vernon

Have you ever met the eyes of a Great One in a little body and said to yourself, "Who is this person?" This article will be the beginning of a series to honor those "Great Ones."

The new "little beings" are inheriting a world of crises and new opportunities. Some of them are infused with a conviction of a "mission" in their extreme youth and are oriented toward their life's task from the start. They are the ones who have come to learn and to awaken us to the remembrance of our oneness with all of humanity. They are the ones who are the reflection of our own evolving consciousness. The ones who have

look to the sky. We are their roots and they are our wings.

The hunger of one, is the hunger of all...the tears of one child are the tears of All.

Parents, rejoice in bringing forth the sons and daughters of the universe. Our children are the reflection of humanity's longing for itself. As Kahlil Gibran in his book, *The Prophet* suggests, "we are the bows, from which our children, the living arrows are sent forth. Let our bending be in gladness, for even as the archer so loves the arrow that flies, so also he loves the bow that is stable." Let us take their hand in ours and walk together in gentility, mutual respect and human unity as we cross the threshold of the new millennium.

Maya Hunter - Age 3



Maya

not forgotten that the hunger of one is the hunger of all...the tears of one child are the tears of All.

They speak frequently and fluently about their time on this planet before they were born. This generation of little beings or what have been lovingly called, "The Little Masters," are in every country, every city, every school and every home. They walk with us and sit across from us. They watch us and wait for us. They are our teachers, and we are the foundation upon which they can spread their arms and

spontaneously to teeter on a large rock. She opens her arms wide, forming a cross with her body, and begins her discourse. "Love is Good. Do you understand?" Her priestly gestures appear to ask that she be understood and that those around her be present and truly get what she is saying. The adults watching in astonishment nod in approval. A woman teacher, who is one of India's living Saints, met Maya and recognized in her a great spirit and a great light. She expressed to Maya's parents that she felt this child was a living embodiment of Love. At one point, the teacher called Maya to her side, which was highly unusual, and asked Maya to sit with her during the time hundreds of people came before her for blessings.

"Love is Good. Do you understand?"

Maya may have only been on earth for three years, but she is transforming lives already. She is a child who rushes out to inhale life. Maya radiates her love of life and she is not afraid of facing the "unknown." She loves all nature's forms. She loves the spiders, the snakes, and other life forms that usually repel others. She has no fear of people, a cut finger, or of reaching out to share her vast love with others.

She is a powerful blending that represents the cultural syntheses of the newer generations. She brings together continents with her Lebanese and Palestinian, Mayan, Sioux, Cherokee, French and English heritage.

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At her tender age, others look to her as a teacher. At times she jumps up

Maya demonstrates the ancient rituals and ceremonial blessings upon others which reflect ancient traditional ritual. Before Maya was born, a musician friend of the family had a dream one night of Maya sitting on top of a temple resembling the Mayan and Aztec pyramids in Mexico. People were coming to her from all over. As they approached her, she gave them an offering. When the dreamer approached, she placed a green stone on his third eye and whispered in his ear, "Just BE."

One of Maya's favorite games is "Angel." She likes to dress up in her mother's negligee and waft into a room with this translucent chiffon raiment flowing behind proclaiming, "I am an angel." At times, she will take a beaded eagle feather from her mother's altar and touch the heads of each one in the room with the feather as if meting out a blessing.

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On other occasions, Maya seems to spontaneously know the physical conditions of adults who need healing. In one instance, she did not know the nature of one woman's pain from a broken rib. But she intuitively said, "Let's do a dance. You play the part of the mommy bird and I will be the baby." Maya took silver sparkle threads and said to the woman, "I will sew on new feathers with the sparkly magic silver threads." She instinctively began sewing on the side of the injury saying, "I will fix the wing so you can come back to life and fly." At the end of the dance, the woman was miraculously healed. Another interesting addendum to this story is that Maya chose a dance of the bird without knowing that the woman was a dancer and always identified with the metaphor of the bird as her love of movement and dance.

"I will fix the wing so you can come back to life and fly."

Maya's huge, dark, shining eyes, round open face, muppet curly locks and whirlwind charisma turns heads and warms hearts wherever she goes.

One day she walked into a restaurant with her parents, and a woman rushed forward and said, "That curly headed little girl is the same child that was in my dream last night." In the dream she was four or five years old and surrounded by people whom she was teaching. The next night a waitress in the restaurant, who was not there to hear this conversation, dreamed about a child. Later she relayed the dream to Maya's father, and to everyone's surprise, both dreams were the same.

Maya is not afraid of people and seems to "get" their essence upon meeting them, intuitively giving them what is needed at that moment. Many say that her intuition borders on psychic abilities which seem to unfold like the petals of a flower as she grows older.

One evening her parents went to dinner with a friend. In the course of laughter the friend choked. It was rather serious, but she survived. When they returned home, Maya, rushed to the door to meet them, and asked, "Where have you been?" Her piercing eyes looked straight at the friend, and she said, "Did you choke?" Maya never ceases to amaze all whom she meets. She is truly unforgettable.

Maya's parents are quick to point out that they feel all children initially have these abilities, but become forgetful as they try to fit into mainstream acceptance. These abilities in

all of us can become repressed over the years if there is not support or avenues in which these abilities may express themselves. It is apparent that the role parents can play in the evolving generation is (1) to be open to their sharings, (2) to not ridicule or ignore a child's communication of deeper experiences as vain imaginings of little minds, and (3) to acknowledge and listen deeply to what a child is saying as well as to what is not being said. In the process of life's many challenges, we forget to bring forth and hold the reverence of the child within. Our children are there to remind us to stay in the moment, give from our hearts, go beyond self-imposed limitations and open to a more expansive universe.

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NOTE: This is the beginning of an ongoing series of articles that will highlight the comments and experiences of today's children. Please send us a story of your experiences with your own child or the children of others.

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