



# *A Quantum Moment*

## *Messages from the Other Realm*

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### *Reunion*

Every day is an opportunity for reunion.

You may say, it is too soon or too far away, but it is there, waiting. Memories fill the space in between. Memories that bring joy or pain or both in combination.

Nothing speaks as loudly as memory when it involves the heart.

Why not reach out? Reach back and capture what was known then and has become something else through time: understanding.

Reunion brings new, unexplained experiences, rushing like the wind and behaving not at all the way you expected. A change of face. A softness where there was stone. Words unlikely, but true.

A reconciliation. Bending your thoughts into new form.

School is a place of learning but also, a crucible of thoughts and feelings—feelings rising for the first time, and thoughts batting them back down again. Time and place are important. The weather, a stage.

Yet, we pursued ourselves in earnest, choosing this person over that, liking this subject, hating that, looking for love at every corner.

What do we fear in returning to where we've been? A life devoid of love? A lack of accoutrements?

Wouldn't it be easy if we could just come together and display our blue ribbons for overcoming the hardships we gained after we parted?

Instead, we are left without clear evidence of our trials, only our clothes. And inadequate words. Yet, there they are, showing. How many years must pass before we are ready to show ourselves

as grownups—the end product of that nexus of hope and belief that we launched from so many years ago?

I believe in reunion. It gives us a chance to re-evaluate our perceptions of long ago. It gives us a chance to begin again with others previously known and not known. It reassures us that mellowing with age is also possible and certainly desirable.

Friendships from childhood are of a particular sort, as if they were hard-wired into our brains along with all those scientific terms and dates of battle we dutifully memorized. A physical part of us. A reference point in our becoming. They are as much a part of us, and we are a part of them somewhere in our bodies, holding fast.

Maybe it is that place in me that holds a part of you that I want to revisit. Re-explore in wonder, as I once did, not knowing what it meant. A connection so strong as to pull me from my slumber and make me long for renewal.