



CHILD WITH A GIFT

Gifted-bright. . . before her time.
An accident.
Water cold and threatening to life.
A fighter, a survivor.
What is life?

The butterfly within the cocoon . . . safe. . . growing. . . waiting to emerge.
Offering her gifts to me. . . offering, not demanding.
Waiting for those ready for the gifts.
And I am ready. . . seeking her gifts.
Gifts from this very gifted child.

The world sees her limitations.
Neat labels. . . pigeon holes.
Beliefs that create further limitations.
Choices. . . to see the limits, or to see the gifts.
Toward which will I move?
We select what we see.
We choose to focus on the limits. . . or on the limitless possibilities.

Beliefs. Our own.
Communicated so directly, or so subtly.
Beliefs in limits.
Beliefs that damaged brain tissue dictates the possibilities of the mind.
Yet the possibilities emerge. . . gently. . . trustingly.
If we trust the infinite-not the limitations.

Gifts.
What are my inner values?
What do I desire from those who would teach me?
Gifts.
Freely given. . . as I am ready. . . as I can accept them.

Life is a gift.
Life is for learning. . . for growing.
Life invites me to draw into my life the lessons which enable me to grow.
She offers me gifts. . . this very gifted child.



The gift of Patience.

The essence and appreciation of each moment.
No longer focusing on the future.
Now is of the essence. Now is forever.
To appreciate each minute. . .each second. . .each forever.
Releasing demands for performance.
I grow in appreciation for the child within. . .within both of us.

The gift of Joy.

A reflection of inner peace and pleasure in being.
A gift of laughter.
A sharing of myself as I watch her emerge and begin to share.
A deep appreciation for life and inner living.
Joy. . .the feeling I experience being with her.

The gift of Openness.

Open to life. . .to all possibilities.
Not dictating and controlling what comes my way.
Recognizing my own truth.
Open to receiving the gifts of others.
Shared wisdom.
Allowing me to consider all possibilities in her response to the world.
The pathway to understanding and accepting.

The gift of Unconditional Love.

Acceptance and loving. . .without strings.
No need to achieve to be loved.
Loving just for being. . .for living.
Touching the inner essence of the individual.
No longer judging by the packaging.
Learning to love as I yearn to be loved. . .unconditionally.

The gift of Wisdom.

Knowing rather than believing.
Recognizing that which heals. . .that which supports.
Letting go of illusions.
Touching the essential.

The gift of Listening.

A world full of talk. . .chatter. . .ego-chatter.
To know her I must listen.
Listen with ears, eyes, muscles. . .and heart.
"Know me", she cries . . ."Listen!"
I listen. . .and am understood.



The gift of Empathy.

Not sorrow or pity.

Understanding which comes from listening, and trust.

Placing myself in her shoes, and walking a mile with her.

Recognizing the courage it takes to follow her path.

The gift of Courage.

Seeing life's events as opportunities . . . as challenges.

Invitations to growth.

What is important in life?

The courage to see beyond.

The courage to trust the flow.

The courage to seek the infinite.

To be a teacher to those who will listen . . . and trust.

Trust . . . that this child is not a tragedy.

Not a gifted child with possibilities snuffed out.

A child . . . gifted . . . who bears essential gifts.

Sharing herself and her gifts . . . just through being herself.

The gift of Trust.

The loving acceptance of self and others.

Knowing that I am wise within . . . just as she is wise within.

A flow to each life.

No errors. No mistakes. . . only opportunities for further learning.

Honoring each other. . . trusting.

The gift of Inner Peace.

Seeking release from the noise.

From the chaos of sensory chatter.

Able to move within as "the without" becomes difficult.

Where does she go?

The challenge of finding peace within the external chaos.

No longer the need to escape to peace and beauty.

Able to create a quiet center at will.

Knowing that peace is a personal creation.

Quieting the electrical storms within.

Finding the eye of the hurricane. . . a quiet place within.

Fully living.

The gift of Centeredness.

A release of mind-chatter.

A focus on her.

A feeling of oneness.

No scatter.

No fragmentation.



The gift of Appreciation.

Thankfulness for life.

For the inner will to survive. . .to learn. . .to keep going.

Even as the "experts" say that little possibility exists.

She knows. And she keeps going.

Small things. . .changes.

To appreciate. . .the momentary quieting of the body's storms.

The smile in her eyes. . .acknowledgement.

Knowing, and beginning to trust.

Knowing that I listen.

Honoring and appreciating what she offers. . .who she is.

Saying thank you to life.

Each reflection of the gift of growth.

A mirror in which I see my own reflection.

In the gifts she offers. . .in the challenges to growth she presents.

Her own growth. . .and mine.

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