

## OPENING THE DOOR FOR AN "AUTISTIC" CHILD

The intelligence in James's eyes was lively and ancient. However, his behavior was difficult at best. Still nonverbal at the age of three, James spent his days throwing things over the half walls that surrounded the tiny toilet and sink. He also delighted in knocking down everything that was put away or built by anyone. Frequently he would go to the children and poke them or pull their hair then run away laughing. The other children were wary of him and usually avoided his presence. There was no success in reasoning with him as he simply pulled away and had no speech of his own. Even though James was three, he was in a two year old room as he could not handle the three-year-old classroom.

As the director of an integrated preschool, which meant that children with special needs ranging from speech problems to violent behavior were integrated into the mainstream classes, I helped the teachers with the children who presented challenges. Special education teachers, therapists and aides were also on staff to provide the necessary support. However this support staff was only provided in the morning or for short times during the day.

Watching James in the classroom, I could empathize with the early childhood classroom teacher. He was never still except during naptime. When he was not knocking things down or throwing things across the room, he ran wildly across the tables. As a mom of a young man who had been a difficult child, I could empathize with the mother. As a professional, I looked into this child's eyes and saw nothing but a lively intelligence.

When I would spend individual time with him, he was fascinated with the balls as they rolled down their mazes and loved to build with the giant Lego blocks. We communicated quite well together as I would find his understanding reflected in his eyes. I found that softly stroking his cheek while singing to him would help him to settle for a nap immediately. He would sleep long and hard for nap times, sometimes sleeping an hour past the other children.

I was astounded that he had been labeled as autistic. He had eyes that saw clear through to another's soul.

I spoke to the special education teacher (I, too, am a certified special education teacher) about the diagnosis. With an all-knowing smile, the young teacher, who was an excellent teacher, told me he had all the symptoms of an autistic child and that the diagnosis was correct. I knew further discussion would only serve to alienate her from me.

The mainstream special education program took the approach of asking the mother to medicate him. The mother was resisting any direction from the special education committee in regards to medication and all other recommendations.

What to do?

After about six months, I finally realized that the light in his eyes was that of a telepathic individual. I am not sure how I came to that conclusion, but the realization came to me quite clearly. I was thoroughly annoyed with myself for not grasping it earlier. But, when it came to telepathy, I knew exactly whom I needed... my son, David.

I went to my son, the natural telepath, and practically begged him to come to the day care and try to "talk" to James. I was very grateful that he agreed.

James easily climbed on David's lap. I knew from the shift of energy around David that he was talking to James, but could not understand what James was doing. His fingers were

gingerly touching David's throat and mouth. I asked David, who explained that James was "trying to figure out where the words were coming from." I was delighted; they were communicating.

However, never in my wildest imagination could I have predicted what was revealed! James began to make throwing motions, which was, of course, how he spent his day at the classroom. David looked over to me and muttered, "oh boy." I exclaimed "what, what?"

James was still held in a lifetime when he had been an engineer for an army. He had designed catapults! No wonder he spent his days knocking things down and flinging toys over the little wall. He had also been a practical joker, making the long days bearable with his pranks. No wonder, he was poking and teasing the other children! With his three-year-old wisdom, he was playing jokes on them.

James further explained to David that he was very confused as to why he was such a little boy. He also did not understand why people had to use their mouths to communicate. "It is so clumsy!" he complained.

With the patience developed through working in children's camps for six years, David explained to him that he had returned and had a new life now. He also explained that if he wanted an easier life, he had to learn to talk, be bilingual so to speak.

The two of them sat beaming at each other for a little longer, and then James began to wiggle. "What is he saying?" I asked. "He wants to go play," David explained. So we took him to join his classmates on the playground.

James had been in speech therapy for some time with no results. However, two weeks after his telepathic conversation with David, he began to respond. When I left the program, he had an expressive vocabulary of at least 30 words.

The experience with James made me wonder how many children are being lost to us because they are viewed from traditional models. From my experience as an owner of an alternative school, I knew many of the children who could not perform well were intuitive children. They simply could not cope with the amount of psychic input they were receiving. Part of their experience in the alternative school was to learn ways to protect themselves.

We can no longer just apply traditional models in our attempts to understand children who are silent or otherwise considered different. We must explore other dimensions that affect their behavior.

I also felt there needed to be a place where we could openly speak of these things. In this place, children and their families could learn about how to manage their gifts. People could find a safe haven to be with others to share what they knew and seek information. For these reasons, A Place of Light was created.

Adults come for a sense of community. Children come to understand the faces they see in the dark and to understand their bad dreams. They also come to learn about the world on our half acre wooded lot as perceived by the soul rather just the five senses.