

Dance with the Divine

A Guidance Story

By Kathryn Eriksen

KathrynEriksen.com

Dance with the Divine
A GuiDance Story



Published by Kathryn Eriksen 2012
Copyright © 2012 by Kathryn Eriksen

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the author, except where permitted by law.

eISBN 978-0-9817283-2-2

Contents

Cover Page

Copyright Page

Connect with the Author

A Special Invitation to Review the Book

Introduction

Chapter One

When Your World is Turned Upside Down

Chapter Two

A Blessing in the Pain

Chapter Three

Talk To God; He Just Might Answer

Chapter Four

You Have to Lose Yourself to Find It

Chapter Five

Secrets Revealed

Chapter Six

Humble Pie

Chapter Seven

What Took You So Long?

Chapter Eight

Love Divine

Chapter Nine

Can Spiritual Sight Work?

Chapter Ten

Love or Fear; That is the Question

Chapter Eleven

Can you Change in an Instant?

Chapter Twelve

Eyes Wide Open

Chapter Thirteen

A Lesson in Thought Training

Chapter Fourteen

When the Student Becomes the Teacher

Chapter Fifteen

The Lawyer Meets Spirit

Chapter Sixteen

Miracle Tokens

Epilogue



CONNECT WITH THE AUTHOR

If your curiosity was tweaked by the ideas presented in this book, why not find out more?

Please visit my website:

www.KathrynEriksen.com

Discover my blogs, information on my other books and

A fun way to sign up for my weekly emails.

I am also on FaceBook/KathrynEriksen

Twitter.com/KathrynEriksen



This is the first time I have introduced the idea of Miracle Tokens. They play a vital role in the following story and can do the same in your own life. To learn more, please visit the last page of this book, where you can connect with the larger community.

OTHER WORKS BY KATHRYN ERIKSEN

You might be interested in my other books:

Walk with the Master – a book for tweens about a stray dog who finds Jesus

The Faithful Companion Guide – the workbook and study guide to *Walk with the Master*

RePaint Your life – a thoughtful guide to artful manifestation

An Invitation to Help

Everyone needs a helping hand and a sympathetic ear.

Would you be so kind as to write a review on Amazon after reading this book?

Just go back to Amazon and sign in to write a review.

After your review has posted, please send me an email at: info@KathrynEriksen.com

and I will send you a bonus – exclusive to *Dance With the Divine* reviewers!



Remember – we are all connected. Thank you for connecting with me!

Introduction

Have you ever danced with someone who was in total control, knew exactly where they were going and guided you by subtle pressure to turn or step at just the right time? Dancing with a connoisseur is an exhilarating and joyous experience of moving through space and time, aware of the moment but letting go of control to the other person. The only decision you have to make is to follow their lead.

Dance With the Divine was inspired by a startling realization I had while meditating one morning. The word “guidance” kept coming into my thoughts and I was impressed with images of people dancing together. My puny brain finally made the connection that my spirit already knew was true – that when you allow God to guide you, your life becomes a dance.

The word “guidance” suddenly took on a much deeper meaning:

G for God

U for you

I for I

Dance

When you release control and surrender to God, your life becomes a dance of joy, laughter and love. “Guidance” from above (or within) becomes the subtle nudge or pressure to turn one way or another, to make a call to someone about a matter that later is understood as a crucial turning point, or to speak from your heart. You begin to look for clues – and they appear in your awareness – of what direction you should take or what decision you should make about a specific dilemma you face. And you begin to feel lighter, freer and happy, because something much bigger and greater than you is on your side.

You are no longer alone in the universe.

God is waiting for you to say “Yes” to him. His hand is always extended to you, palm up, in an open invitation to dance.

You and I are here to dance with the Divine. Imagine what your life would look like if you accept his invitation. Only you can decide to say “Yes” and take that first step.

Close your eyes and breathe deeply. Slow your mind and allow stillness to just be. Wait and trust in something bigger than yourself. The invitation to dance is always open, extended from a place of unconditional love and acceptance.

Are you ready to accept it and allow your life to unfold with God as your dance partner?



Chapter One – When Your World Is Turned Upside Down

Haven Hartt drove her legs up and down, faster and faster. Her mountain bike shook from the vibration of speed building up through its tires. Her body shook as the air came in and out of her lungs, hard and fast, in time with the pumping of her legs.

Haven Hartt was mad.

No, that wasn't quite the truth. She was furious! Her only escape was to get to school as fast as her fourteen-year old body and her two-year old bike would take her.

Her mind raced as fast as the wheels spun on the pavement. Instead of moving forward like her bike, her thoughts kept returning to the ugly scene that had just played out at breakfast.

When her dad announced he was leaving.

Not on a business trip. Not for a meeting.

But leaving – for good.

Two pairs of shocked eyes greeted this announcement, the widest belonging to Haven. She knew her parents were not getting along – heck, anyone living within one block of their house would know that they were not getting along.

But leaving? Quitting? Forever?

That possibility had never entered her mind. Apparently, it had never occurred to Haven's mom, Christine, either. Christine sat in shock, still as a cold marble statue. No emotion, no reaction. Nada. Nothing.

That was the moment that Haven stepped into the emotional void left by her mom. The rush of anger, hurt and rejection threatened to overwhelm her, but she managed to spit out the three words that summed up her feelings at that moment.

“I HATE YOU!”

The words hung in the air, almost tangible because of the strong emotional charge. Her dad hung his head and avoided her eyes, his shoulders visibly shaking. But he gained control of himself and took a deep breath before he turned to his only daughter.

“Haven, I know this is hard for you to understand,” he began gently, his voice shaking slightly.

Before he could continue, Haven decided she had had enough of adults who were angry, bitter and confused. Her sky blue eyes turned dark as the storm clouds of her emotions that threatened to overwhelm her. She glared at both of her parents, willing them to wake up from this nightmare and make up, but knowing that it was no use.

She stood up, pushed back her chair, and accidentally knocked over her glass of orange juice. Her mom’s eyes snapped to the spill of liquid that was slowly moving to the table’s edge, but she did nothing to stop the flow.

Drip, drip, drip.

Haven left them with their mess, grabbed her backpack, lunch box and helmet and slammed the door after her.

The sound was deafening in more ways than one.

Haven’s day at school did not go well. She forgot to finish a homework assignment in English, her math test was below her usual A, and Billy, the bully of the class, decided to pick on her.

Wrong choice. For both of them.

After the scuffle, Haven was left with bruises on her arms and legs, and Billy with a sore nose. Haven sat outside the Principal's office lonely, sad and lost. If dejection and rejection could have a face, it would have been Haven's at that moment.

"Why is all of this stuff happening to me?" she moaned to herself.

Just then, her best friend Mia sat down quietly next to her.

"Are you O.K.?" Mia whispered softly, her doe-brown eyes scanning Haven for damage. Unfortunately, Mia could only guess at the extent of the internal damage Haven was heaping upon herself.

Haven just shook her head and continued to stare at the floor. Her slim shoulders were slumped forward, as if to protect her heart. Her hands hung like limp rags between her outstretched legs.

"I can't talk about it now, O.K.?" she mumbled more to herself than to Mia.

Mia heard the intent behind the words and quietly hugged Haven to show her support. She knew about the rough time that Haven was going through with her parents. Mia's house had always provided a safe refuge for Haven on the worst days.

Today, something had changed. Haven was defeated and seemed to have given up hope. Although Mia's parents had never divorced, she had plenty of friends who suffered the agony of two sets of parents, two homes and two lives. She was determined to be there for Haven, no matter what.

Janet Andersen, the Principal of the school, enforced a tough policy against fighting, especially if it involved physical contact. Both girls sat together, one in total defeat, and the

other trying to show her love and support. The minutes dragged by like a slug slowly climbing up a tree, leaving behind a slimy trail of grief and pain.

Ms. Andersen's door clicked opened and Billy and his mom slowly walked out. Billy rubbed his nose and shot a look of pure hatred at Haven, but she was still looking at the floor with the same dejected look of defeat. Mia poked Haven in the ribs to tell her it was time to stand up. Haven slowly got to her feet, head hung low.

Principal Andersen sighed when she saw Haven waiting for her, and she motioned for Haven to step inside. Mia smiled encouragement to her friend and waved a small good-bye. She motioned for Haven to call her later and left.

“Is my mom coming?” Haven asked with a tinge of fear in her voice.

Ms. Andersen took a moment to look at Haven closely, and then motioned for her to sit on the sofa that was placed underneath the window. She had never been to the Principal's Office before, but everyone in school knew the drill. Where Ms. Andersen told you to sit in her office defined your punishment. Haven breathed a sigh of relief – the sofa meant that she was not going to be suspended.

After they had settled, Ms. Andersen said, “Haven, I know you have been going through a tough time lately. I spoke to your mom just a few minutes ago.”

Haven started crying into her hands. “I just don't know what to do.” She wailed as if her heart was breaking.

Ms. Andersen waited patiently for the storm to pass, then handed Haven the box of tissues that was always ready to serve. After Haven had quieted, she said, “Watching your parents break up is one of the hardest things a child has to go through. But you will get through this time.”

Haven shook her head, denying that she would ever be happy again.

“My world is falling apart!” She cried in desperation, jumping out of her seat and turning to look out the window. Her slim frame shook like an aspen tree.

Ms. Andersen quickly rose and gathered Haven into a warm hug. “God is here with you Haven. He loves you so much, and he wants you to know that.”

Haven pushed away from her, instantly rejecting the words and the deeper intent of her statement.

“God doesn’t love me.” She turned her back on Ms. Andersen and looked out the window. “If he loved me, then why did he let this happen?”

Ms. Andersen looked with knowing eyes at her. She replied gently, “People have asked that question ever since they could form the words.” She paused then continued, “I have always believed that your question is the wrong one to ask.”

Haven looked back at her principal in surprise. “What do you mean?”

Ms. Andersen just shook her head and said, “Just know that God loves you and wants to help you. What you need to do is get out of his way.”

Haven sat silently, looking at the floor and going over what Ms. Andersen had just said. It still made no sense. An overwhelming feeling of being lost threatened to engulf her again, but she took a deep breath and asked, “May I go now, please?”

“Yes. I know Billy provoked you, just like he does every day of the week. Next time, don’t respond and you will be fine.” Ms. Andersen smiled at Haven and held out her hand. Haven gave a small smile, took her hand and squeezed it to show that she understood.

“Thank you, Ms. Andersen,” Haven said softly as she grabbed her backpack and turned to go. The dejected set of her shoulders was like a neon sign pointing out a young woman whose world was falling apart.

“Whenever you need to talk, I am here,” the older woman reminded Haven. The door closed softly as Ms. Andersen said a silent prayer for Haven and her family.

Haven’s ride home was much slower and took a great deal longer than earlier that day. The thought of entering the front door of her house and not seeing her dad waiting for her was a stone that hung around her heart. Reality was a bit too harsh right now.

She decided to take a detour and stop by the wooded park to watch the ducks in the pond. The golden aspen leaves had started to deteriorate and many had fallen to the ground, covering it in a blanket of yellow. The warm air caressed her cheeks as she found her favorite grove of aspens and parked her bike.

As Haven sat under the golden canopy of the stately white trees and listened to the wind whisper through their leaves, she thought about what Ms. Andersen had said. Her mind kept repeating the words, “It’s the wrong question to ask.”

“What did she mean by that?” Haven quietly asked the ducks swimming placidly in the water.

The ducks ignored her and continued to search for bugs underneath the surface. She knew that they were just resting before continuing on their migration to warmer climates. Haven sighed deeply and felt herself relax since the nightmare started this morning. Her mind wandered back to happier times.

“But Daddy,” she cried in her high-pitched, five-year-old voice. “The ducks will starve if we don’t come here every day to feed them!”

Her father, the center of her small universe, laughed and gave her a quick hug. “Honey, don’t you know that God looks out after all his creatures, even these ducks?”

She looked deep into his eyes and nodded. “So I just need to place the ducks in God’s hands and they will be fine?” She asked somewhat hesitantly.

“You got it!” He said as he grabbed her under her arms and spun her so hard that her legs were parallel to the ground. After he set her down and her head was about to stop spinning, her dad winked. “Race you to the car,” he cried, already taking two steps away from her. She squealed in delight and ran as fast as her chubby legs would go. The world was a magical place and she was the Fairy Princess.

Haven sighed deeply from the memory of that day and wondered aloud where the magic of her childhood had gone. The ducks continued with foraging, completely unaware of her anguish and pain. Haven shook her head at their silence and started to gather her things. Just then, a flash of movement caught her attention.

“What the...” she cried in alarm. Haven tried to hide behind the slender trunks of several aspens, not knowing exactly what she had seen. Or why she was so startled. Her heart raced at the thought of danger and she made herself as small as possible.

When Haven finally got the nerve to peek, there was nothing there. The sun was about to set and she knew that she should start home before her mom worried about her. But she had to find out what she had just seen. Or thought she saw.

Haven quickly put on her backpack, got on her bike and rode to the other side of the pond. The heavy forest seemed to hold its breath as she scanned for any movement. When she finally turned back to start for home, the path stretched in front of her, up a hill.

And there, at the top of the rise, was the silhouette of a young woman and her dog, walking calmly into the sunset. They glowed with light and almost seemed to step off the earth.

Haven stared, mouth open in astonishment. She froze, disbelief written all over her face. She finally sprang into action and rode her bike as fast as she could up the hill, but the lady and her dog kept walking farther and farther away. Haven knew that she was riding hard, because her heart pumped and her breathing sounded like a freight train. The wind blew through her light brown hair with the fierce speed of a hunter on the scent of its prey.

But she could not catch up.

At last, Haven stopped trying. She knew instinctively that the flash of movement she had seen out of the corner of her eye was this person and her dog. She also knew that they were both unusual. Almost like they were from another world.

Haven shook her head and turned towards home. To her own painful world.

Life had changed drastically in the Hartt household. When Haven tentatively opened the back door after putting away her bike, she saw her mom, Christine, sitting at the kitchen table looking blankly out the window. She was still, a statue frozen in time – almost as if she had never moved away from that ugly scene that had taken place in the same space this morning. And in many ways, on many levels, that was a fair assessment of Christine Hartt.

Haven hesitated, but the creak of the door hinge gave her away.

“Come inside, young lady,” her mom said in a deadened tone.

Haven knew from years of experience that she should not challenge her mother when she was in this kind of mood. She moved obediently into the kitchen, not sure what to expect

from the dark cloud that seemed to surround her mother's head. The back of her chair provided an anchor for her suddenly damp hands and she waited for her punishment.

It never came.

After several minutes of silence punctuated by a neighbor's barking dog, Haven asked quietly, "Mom, are you O.K.?"

Her mother never turned toward her. Her profile was defined by the last rays of sunlight filtering past the trees into the room. Her eyes were opened but unfocused, never once blinking. Her body was present but her mind and spirit were on a different planet.

Haven began to take in the state of the kitchen. The breakfast dishes were still on the table, eggs crusted over and droplets of butter curled around the crusts of toast long gone stale. The under counter lights were still on, a slight buzz in the air. The jar of honey was still on the counter near the sink, droplets liquefied on the side as if time had stopped. Normally, the kitchen would have been meticulously cleaned, straightened and set up for dinner. The table would be set for three and fresh flowers would set the mood for the family meal.

But not today. Her father was not coming back. And by the looks of things, her mom had checked out to another world. That left Haven to fend for herself. By herself.

Haven tried again to reach her mother, who seemed too far away to care if Haven stayed with her. After a few more moments of silence, Haven grabbed her backpack and slipped from the room.

The atmosphere at home was so much darker than her wildest imagining about the punishment she would receive for fighting, that all Haven wanted to do was escape to the sanctuary of her room.

As she climbed the stairs, she wondered if her life would ever be the same again.

Chapter 2 – A Blessing in the Pain

Her mom never came into her room to say goodnight, a ritual they had followed faithfully since she was a toddler learning to sleep in her own bed. And her dad...

It broke her heart to think about her dad. He was her hero, her knight in shining armor, the one who could do no wrong. And now...he left them to fend for themselves. Haven thought she knew what a broken heart felt like, but crying over a boy was nothing compared to your dad leaving.

That night, she could never find the cooler side of her pillow. Thoughts of anger mixed with despair and worry, keeping her mind agitated, energized and obsessed with learning the secret her parents refused to share. If only she understood what caused her gentle father to leave them, it might help ease her pain.

Sleep finally found her just before dawn. As the morning rays broke over the horizon and the songbirds broke out in their own liquid melodies, Haven groaned. Her dream beckoned her to return to its warm embrace. She stretched and rolled over, closing her eyes when she suddenly remembered what today was.

Her first major Social Studies test.

The thought of not being prepared sent a slice of fear straight through her stomach. Haven's feet hit the floor and she was ready for school in a nanosecond. If only she could slip out of the house without her mom hearing her, she could study a little bit before school.

As she gently padded down the curved staircase, backpack slung over her shoulder and her shoes in her hands, she heard a door open behind her. Haven froze on the step, hoping that she was far enough down so her mom would not see her.

No such luck.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

