

I could feel her immediately when she came up my front steps. She hugged her teddy bear so fiercely in her arms, I knew she knew. For her, it would be that unexplainable sense of understanding. There was something more to me; the house she stood in was much more than just any old home. I quivered with excitement; it had been so many years since I'd had someone within my walls with such strong clairvoyance and perception. She knew who I was; she could see my inner and outer beauty. Sadly her youth may have prevented her from expressing it in a way that could be understood. She probably couldn't or wouldn't even try. She knew I was special; that I possessed both the power of spirit and guidance and, that I was all wrapped in this one glorious package. I radiated goodness and hope for all those that needed me. She swayed a bit almost dropping her teddy bear as she clambered to reach the top step.

"Did you feel that Papa?" she said, reaching for the man's hand to steady her.

The man looked down at her tiny outstretched hand, "Feel what Charlotte?" he asked gently.

The little girl looked upwards, her brown eyes filled with innocence, "The house...it just made a noise."

"Must be the wind," the man said shivering hunching his shoulders and shoving his hands deep into his overcoat pockets. He turned quickly and with purposeful long strides, walked down the length of my wooden porch. He seemed to be looking for someone or something as his eyes darted from the driveway to the gravel road that stretched out in front and beyond. The little girl followed behind, her shiny black shoes making a slight clicking noise as she half walked and half skipped on the wooden boards behind him.