

The blueprint:

"There are winds of destiny that blow when we least expect them. Sometimes they gust with the fury of a hurricane, sometimes they barely fan one's cheek. But the winds cannot be denied, bringing as they often do a future that is impossible to ignore."

— *Nicholas Sparks, Message in a Bottle*

This idea of each of us having an actual blueprint of who we were meant to be has been bouncing around my brain for the last few months. Am I really supposed to actually turn out a certain way? Is there truly a plan for me? What if I have messed up the plan? Does how I turn out really matter to anyone?

I had my youngest son with me last night for the first time in months since my divorce. He was lying next to me sleeping and I looked at his mop of tangles that he has always had since he was a baby. His head of tangles that he hated to have brushed followed him all the way to the prime age of 16. He has tangle hair, he has ears that are a bit too big, he hates baths, and he hates to wake up in the morning. He is 16 now, yet at 6 months he had all of these same qualities. He is the way he is, he is what he is, and he is perfect in my eyes.

Is there a path that he is meant to follow? Do I have one of those paths and have I stayed on the correct road? I think that I took a wrong turn somewhere along the line, and I wonder if there is a map that helps us find our way back to where we were meant to go. I keep thinking these thoughts as I look at my young man sleeping with his childlike tendencies that only a mother knows, yet a solidness that only a young man would know. The sense of his self is evident in the way

he holds himself, and the mannerisms that he possesses. He has his entire life ahead of him.

If this blueprint is true, if we were meant to be one way and follow a certain path, then what becomes of those who get lost or don't have any sense of direction? What are we supposed to do? Where do people buy a compass and a map once they are completely lost?

We have some purpose, this is tugging at my inner core, this I know for some reason without a doubt. There is something that we all are supposed to accomplish, something that we should all seek until we find this piece and accomplish the task that is expected of us. This doesn't answer my questions about where one finds the map however.

These thoughts filled my morning as my son slept. He is afraid of the unknown, he is afraid of being left out, he is afraid that he won't be good enough. I know this about my son, I know this about me. Then the more I think about these comments, I know that everyone feels this way. Some people know how to hide their fears even from themselves and they look fearless, but the fear is still there. We are all afraid of things that we don't know, we all show it differently. This is not a bad thing. This is what ties all of us together on this planet as one, the characteristics of being human. It is part of the blueprint. The original carbon paper had certain qualities that are common building blocks that we all share.

To fulfill our blueprints to their specifications is what all of us seek deep in our souls. Once all of the correct angles and doors and windows have been placed in the proper spot have we found what we were meant to do in this life. We have to complete the blueprint and match it to our souls to be free of the pain and suffering that this life can bring. We need to build it to be free.

The concept of the higher self? That is a mystery if there ever was one. But maybe the concept of the higher self is simply getting the blueprint filled in the correct way and building the self that we were supposed to be. That doesn't seem too unimaginable in my eyes. I do know that no one thinks like I do and no one has the exact same reactions to life as I do. There is only one me.

The soul: that makes the most sense to me. The soul is the carbon of the blueprint, the basis for all thought and the one thing that we get to keep when our bodies die. This feels powerful to me and has some teeth in its meaning and importance. The soul is the most precious thing that we all have, unique to each of us, and the one part that must be treasured and cared for above all else in this life. To steal or hurt someone's soul is injuring the one thing that cannot be replaced. It is the one thing that we must care for above all else in our lives. Our bodies get flabby and old, wrinkles form, and our brains forget things as we age. Our soul is the core, the backbone, the very foundation on which we all exist.

My son has a beautiful soul, it has not changed through the years, and it has remained true to his form. My son feels fear of the unknown, he has known his portion of pain at the young age of 16, yet his soul is still perfect in every way.

I lost track of my soul for a long time. I didn't understand at the time what had happened, but I am beginning to comprehend how catastrophic it is to lose the soul. It is an irreplaceable gift. I could have lost it forever.

The soul has the ability to heal when wounded, it remembers its true form and can be whole again. It is never too late to send a search and rescue party for a lost soul.

To intentionally damage someone else's soul is criminal, damning, and pitiful. Soul snatching should be a federal crime. A federal crime that enforces the maximum penalty. The penalty is to live in a place where happiness, joy, self-fulfillment, and love are unattainable.

"I guess by now I should know enough about loss to realize that you never really stop missing someone-you just learn to live around the huge gaping hole of their absence."

— Alyson Noel, Evermore