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I become.

God holds me, and turns me, and shows me when and where to be born. If I can be patient, God will show me the course my life will take and save me from wandering in confusion.

But I blindly rush in.

I'm born, a girl. My dad and mom hold me close and I tingle and laugh. I nurse in my mother's arms and fill up with scents and flavors. Then I lie in an afterglow and drift into sleep.

In my dreams I rise to Heaven again. Awake, I'm planted on Earth. Wavering between Heaven and Earth, asleep and awake, my soul and body firmly join. I become human.

My name is Mo.

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My first taste of time travel transforms me. I'm carried to a deeper, more fundamental level of life where everything on Earth is fascinating and fresh.

Now I have direction and motion. I am rushing and bubbling joy, and flow wherever I want. But each moment brings a bend in my river and leaves its imprint on me. Every instant in time gently molds and guides me. The shape and course of my river is gradually set. Each touch laid on for the unique purpose of... what?

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When our family plays Waterfall, we travel ahead in time to see where the ball will be thrown, and travel back just in time to intercept the catch. Of course, the other players see the interception coming, so they throw and catch differently to prevent any interference. Everybody jumps forward and backward in time, influences time and counter-influences, anticipates and intercepts. It's hard to keep track of the threads of actions and reactions.

A non-traveler, watching the Waterfall game from the ordinary flow of time, would see the game end quickly. From the first toss at the sequoia to the final catch outside the game circle, only a minute passes. But that is just the final version of the game, filled with the flicker of

players who appear and disappear as they travel. But to the players — and everyone at the reunion plays somehow — the strategies, moves, and countermoves last all day.

There will be only one winner, but along the way players form teams and alliances, and then break them. Persuading people and negotiating are as important as making an athletic throw or catch. But the winner is the traveler who builds the subtlest chain of events, leveraging time to the best advantage.

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Finally, my eyes want to open, they demand to open and be used. When I let them see, their first sight is a man, somewhat older than me, hair slightly grayed, carefully dressed and sitting discreetly to the side. He has a soft somber expression, but his bottomless-soul eyes watch me attentively. I hear Neeva say, “Mo, this is my son, Riyadh. Riyadh, please meet Mo.”

Without a doubt, love at first sight exists, and it is like this. It is a clear knowledge that *What I Am* harmonizes *What You Are*. This is what I know when I see Riyadh.

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*“Dad, do you wonder about your future... your own death?”*

*“Not any more.”*

*“Aren’t you curious?”*

*He said, “Let me ask you... if you knew how and when you will die, what would you do differently, now?”*