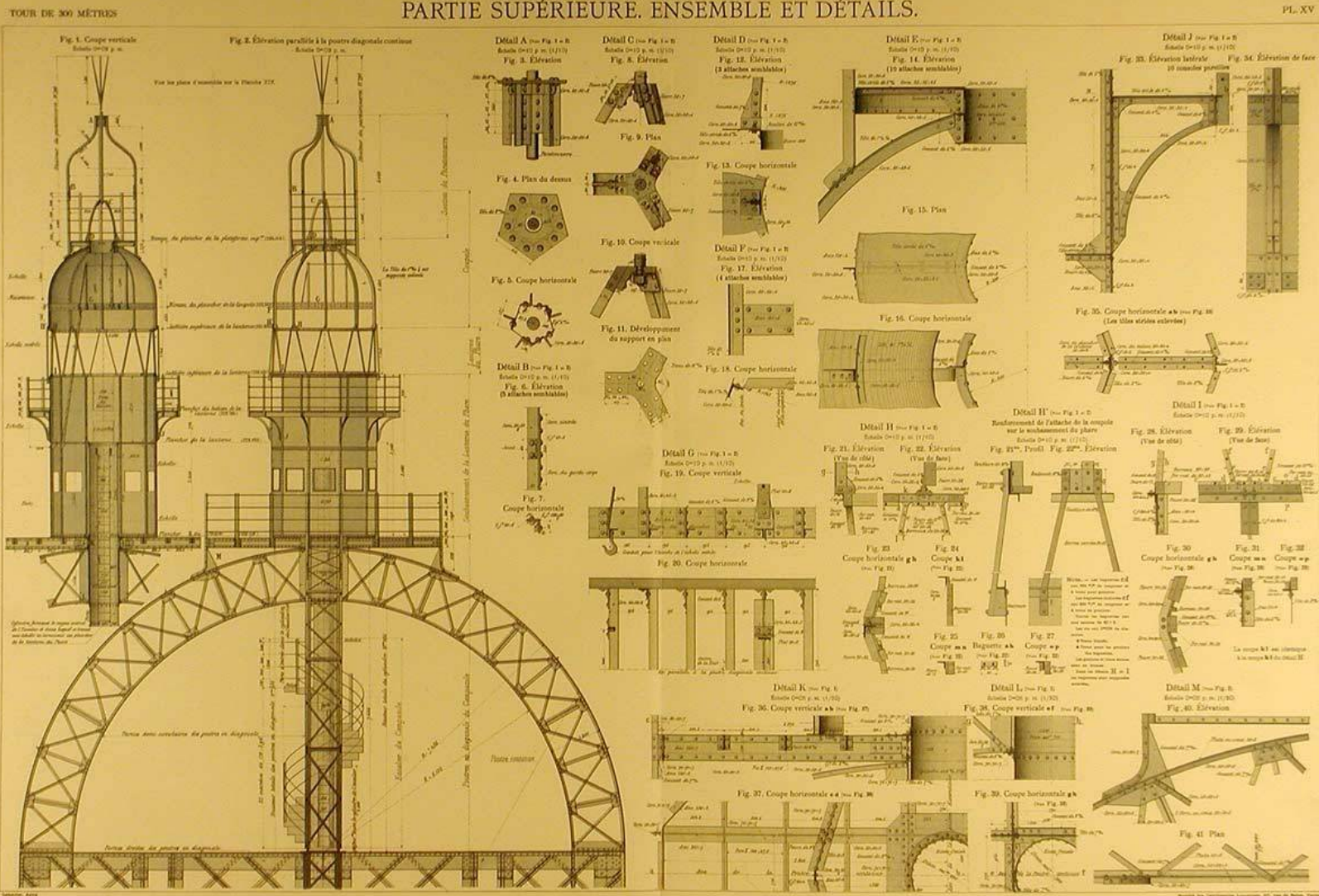


Ava Dylan Designs the Android Princess Angels of the Future



Ava Dylan Designs the Android Princess Angels of the Future

J. Stephen Jorge

Ava Dylan was tinkering in her studio when her big brother Jax walked in, singing another song about the moon. Ava Dylan looked up, smiled and realized how late it was; yet she kept turning the gears between her fingers. “Everyone needs to eat, Ava.” Jax convinced her to walk away from the tiny tools at hand. Ava Dylan heard her brother’s voice, sometimes over the voices of everyone else; even her closest friends.

The two weren’t always simpatico, of course. But, Ava Dylan always felt encouraged by the sound of Jax’ voice. He was also the first and the one to most often remind her to “try again, try again, try again.” In the life of a young inventor, those words nourish.

Ava Dylan woke up with ideas propelling her day. She found it difficult to share her enthusiasm with even her closest friends. Sometimes, her teachers would only half-hear these blueprints for cleaning the air and refreshing the water supply, as if these adults wore ears overgrown with weeds. She knew these ideas would sprout wings and would one day fly. Ava Dylan was confident because she looked and listened.

The creation around her both inspired and informed her determination. Like the story of water from the rock, Ava Dylan believed solutions would pour out if her spirit was quiet enough to recognize them. So she looked and listened, documented and drew up plans. Some ideas would work perfectly well, fairly quickly; like the remodel of her bedroom into a workshop studio. Her parents were surprised by the skylights and window enhancements she made, but only because of how efficiently the project was completed. “Measure twice, cut once,” laughed Ava Dylan.

All of the creation stories she had been told when she was young led her to invent. She felt welcomed into the process, as if the future of good ideas invited her to participate. Her very first project, a school science experiment, went badly in a big way. Ava Dylan worked diligently to find out why; but was disappointed with the fallowness of her teacher’s response: “Some things just aren’t meant to work.” Ava Dylan kept her joy.

Her assurance was deeper than a strong will. Her big brother Jax shared stories of everything that worked better than imagined. He sang songs about the moon, of people who sailed around the world, of those who climbed the highest peaks. She grew up looking and listening, hearing the music of creation tell a tale of all things being made new. Ava Dylan & Jax heard the belly laugh within the olden prayers of boys & girls long gone. Her open handed efforts would be clear notes in the symphony of creation being restored by the Master Inventor: one who knows how things tick.

Ava Dylan breathed the air and touched the water. She could see goodness tock the forward movement from impossible to probable to miracle. Like her big brother Jax, she was motivated by the urge to make her Abba laugh. Her ideas would eventually work; because joy, like energy, is without end.

When the switch was flicked and the elegant robot said its first words, Ava Dylan was still slightly stunned. She sat under the moonlight and asked of the invention, “Can we try that again?” She looked and listened and remembered every miracle drug and labor saving device that came before her, and she yelled for her big brother Jax to come into the studio.

Ava Dylan built many other surprises. But those are stories for another day.

Copyright © 2012 J. Stephen Jorge
All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-312-19401-4