

# The burdens of being a ?deep thinker?

by Mark Pavilons

Having deep thoughts is what separates us from lower life forms.

It's what makes humans the strange and fascinating creatures that we are.

While thinking too much can derail one's momentum, we're often caught up in our own thoughts deep in our heads. Sometimes we delve so deep in the recesses of our mind, we struggle to find our way out.

My son, at only 20, is a classic deep thinker. He analyzes, picks apart, and thinks about everything, to the point it nags at him and keeps him awake. He wants to solve every problem, ease every conflict, please everyone, while being content and satisfied.

That's a tall order for anyone.

I used to be what's called a ?worry wart? and I would also lay awake at night thinking, stressing, worrying. There were times in my teens and early 20s when I wouldn't go to sleep because I was afraid I wouldn't wake up! I tried to picture what eternal nothingness would be like, and it made me crazy and afraid.

Worrying never does anyone any good at all. Take it from a professional!

But words won't cure everything, even though I live by them. Simply telling others not to worry, or let things slide off their back, may be good advice, but it won't help those afflicted with troubling thoughts.

And these nagging, troublesome reflections never happen during lunch hour or on a lazy summer's weekend. No, they pop into our heads at 2 a.m. and we rise, looking for someone to talk to.

My son currently suffers from this nagging introspection.

He's smart, logical, compassionate. In short, he has a good head on his shoulders. And yet he's plagued by his own unending reasoning, deduction and speculation.

Being in the group of intelligent, always curious human beings can be a drag. I find the more you know, the more things bother you. Some of us long to know, to fully understand the meaning of our existence.

I constantly worry our country and its economy; the situation in Afghanistan; the health and well being of everyone in our family, the future, finances, the list goes on and on.

I?have found that the intellectually challenged in our society don't tend to worry as much. Oh, how I wish I could follow Bob Marley's words:??Don't worry about a thing, every little thing's gonna be all right.?

So, my friends, dare I suggest not to let your family members get too smart. It will be their undoing.

I have also heard that the more complex the mind, the greater the need for the simplicity of play. I have found that losing myself in mindless video games, painting tiny models or arranging my collectibles eases my mental burdens. It's almost like that nasty release valve on a pressure cooker, hissing away.

The other day my son asked whether angels roam the earth and what their purpose might be. Well, after a short Google search, I

found out that yes, they do indeed walk among us! Religious sources indicate that angels are "messengers" and they are here to do God's work on earth and spread the word. Apparently, God created angels before He created mankind, to help him with his numerous chores.

When Liam was young, he mentioned that he saw angels from time to time. They were a bit fuzzy and just out of arm's reach, but they were there. His most startling "vision" was seeing a couple in the ceiling of our local church, "dragging someone away."

Well, that's a heck of a sight to be sure. He has trouble remembering "the price of adulthood.

We discovered there were "Indigo Kids," who are "spiritually awakened." They are highly driven, creative and sensitive, "with a perception that sees through the established norms of society."

They are considered "old souls," who are passionate and focussed. They may be lost souls at times, but they will be change-makers. They're creative and question authority and are often frustrated.

Granted, these can refer to a lot of people some of the time. But our son definitely fits the bill.

Out of the mouths of babes.

I can think of one particular child who made quite an impact some 2,000 years ago without uttering a sound.

In recent years, I've had a bit of an awakening myself. Nothing miraculous or life-changing, but something that sits deep inside. Maybe it's being more open to the universe or more accepting of other ideas and concepts. Maybe it's being in the second half of my life's story.

I've been interested in religious history for some time, and my passion for religious artifacts has grown over the past two years. I've collected dozens of ancient crosses, from roughly 400 to 1,000 AD. These physical pieces of religious belief are amazing finds.

I think of our ancestors, who toiled, broke their backs and suffered at the hands of feudal lords. They encountered disease, conflict and war. To them, in their modest huts in small villages, they held a cross close to their chest, and were comforted.

Their only salvation was their faith. I, too, am comforted by these tiny trinkets which I wear, carry and display. I think of the craftsman who melted metal and carved the shapes. I think of the person or persons who wore them.

Maybe in some way, I hope these "old souls" have found peace.

My son speaks volumes through his music lyrics. My artifacts speak volumes about our past.

Right here, right now, we are blessed and have our own lucky charms and icons.

Whether "spiritually awakened" or not, a deep thought now and then can be good for the soul.