**Brother Norman by Pradhana Fuchs**

My brother Norman has a map

A map to travel to the stars

He's going to fly really high

High, high, high

He's going to fly really high

High, high, high.

He and I, we walk around the world

Showing people that they can read this map

And belong to what we thought was right

Brotherhood of walkers of the sky

Brotherhood of walkers of the sky

Brotherhood of walkers of the sky.

But we were never there alone

Angels were following us around

He's going to fly really high

High, high, high

To belong to what we thought was right

Brotherhood of walkers of the sky.

One morning I felt the need to grab my guitar and this song came to me. It was a really special moment. The next day I received the news that my brother Norman ' big tree' Ingram left his body two hours after that special moment.

If I had to say one thing about Norman, 'special moments' would be the words. Because our adventures as missionaries of our blue treasure, as we call the UB, were amazingly special.

We never doubted the presence of spiritual beings working with us on those mission trips.

Once a friend told me that, maybe in a couple hundred years, there will be a picture of Norman in a silver robe as a saint of the future.

Probably but I know that was not his purpose. But he had the qualities of a missionary saint, the strength and decision of sharing the spiritual truths he found.

I never forgot an image that shows Norman dripping sweat with an extremely high temperature in the middle of the Amazon carrying a trolley with some boxes of UB. Then he was days in bed because of an infection. That was Norman, a spiritual hardheaded, human instrument of God.

It’s so special and clear that I was on this task of writing for Norman with not many ideas. Suddenly our friend Sofia Muñoz from Santa Barbara , California sent me a message. She was Norman Ingram’s good friend and his fan. She messaged me “I have been so connected to Norman, feeling how he is up there like a friend, an angel to give us protection and guidance. I was in a bad mood doing paperwork on the embassy that was not working. It was a bad moment. Then I was connected to the presence of Norman and I asked him for help. Not more than a minute passed when the embassy woman came back with a different attitude and told me. Ok lady, I will try to help you.” And then everything worked out.

These were Sofia's words. So, I don't know if we need to make the people we know and love heroes after the pass away, or if this is how the ' myth ' of a great man of faith starts. Love you forever my brother Norman, and if you are waiting for us up there, that makes a lot easier the trip to the Stars.

Pradhana Fuchs.

Enviado desde mi iPad