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Equinoctial Meditation

I didn't think I was encountering anything otherworldly this equinox, at least not to a notable extent, but over spring break I rewatched the Chronicles of Narnia movies while sitting at my desk in my dorm room. They were some of my favorites as a child. The four Pevensie children, Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy certainly had encounters with the otherworldly, as Lucy crawled into this other snow covered world of Narnia through a wardrobe. I had forgotten that they spend 10+ years in Narnia the first time they go, maturing physically and mentally, only to get thrown back into the rural english countryside the same age they were when they entered the wardrobe, forced back into the restraints of English childhood. I am still sitting at my desk in the dark. I cried finishing the second movie, The Chronicles of Narnia: Prince Caspian, as it is the last time in Narnia for the elder two children, Peter and Susan, as they have outgrown it, learning what they could from this world. It's just so bittersweet, them living in this world and being loved and loving others and bettering this place. It's some metaphor isn't it, living in one's own world as a child, then when you grow up you aren't allowed to come back?

These movies allow me little moments of peace in this silly module system, and I enjoy spending time with Lucy, Edmund, Susan, and Caspian (not Peter, his pride is annoying) in their world of Narnia and 1940s England. The settings I watch them in differ every time, but I always get to visit the same place, I guess just like Lucy and Narnia. However, I can't help but mourn my childhood with these movies as I come close to finishing my first year of college. There really is a heartache! My heart hurts and swells and feels hollow and full all at once, all because of movies based on books I haven't read. I think my

heart is full, but my head is clouded and empty trying to record these feelings that I feel for a badly cgi-ed lion and mediocre child actors. Maybe it's anxiety manifesting as heartache before classes start. I guess at this equinox, I'm nostalgic of the times of our childhoods where we go to different worlds in wardrobes, or in the bushes in the neighbor's backyard, that seem so distant now in my dimly lit dorm room.

Disney never finished making the rest of the movies. The rest of the books feature the Pevensie siblings rarely, if at all, so I am content with the movies that have been made. I don't know what happens in the rest of the books, and I will leave my imagination open to think of new adventures for the Pevensie children. I am far too attached to them to desert them, unlike C.S. Lewis. I am older than Peter than he was in Prince Caspian, his last real feature in the movies, and maybe I need to let go, but I doubt that he does either. Our hearts seem to rest in nostalgia like this, of times where we were beloved and our lives felt purposeful, or rather we were naive that purpose was something we were missing. And my heart certainly does, and is now. However, I can't dwell on these movies and what could have been with the Pevensies, or with my life. I will leave these stories unfinished, but continue delighting in these when I need them, leading away from the snowy world of Narnia that Lucy first enters. Hello, spring!

