



5-19-2014

"Set Controls for the Heart of the Sun"

Jesse A. Silk

Cedarville University, jsilk@cedarville.edu

[DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#) provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of DigitalCommons@Cedarville, the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to dc@cedarville.edu.

Recommended Citation

Silk, Jesse A. (2014) ""Set Controls for the Heart of the Sun", *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 15 , Article 7.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol15/iss1/7>

"Set Controls for the Heart of the Sun"

Browse the contents of [this issue](#) of *Cedarville Review*.

Description (Optional)

The nonfiction short "Set Controls for the Heart of the Sun" calls upon the inspiration of a Pink Floyd song to recall an out-of-body experience from my childhood.

Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](#).

About the Contributor (Optional)

Jesse Silk is a native of Northeast Ohio and an avid fan of many types of music and clever comedy. He aspires to continue to write in the fields of creative writing, academia, and music.

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview>



Part of the [Nonfiction Commons](#)

“Set Controls for the Heart of the Sun”

Jesse Silk

*Witness the man who raves at the wall
Making the shape of his questions to heaven
Whether the sun will fall in the evening
Will he remember the lesson of giving?*

— Roger Waters, *Pink Floyd*

I felt accomplished after building a Thomas the Tank Engine track that wound around most of the basement, so ventured upstairs to the living room. Other than my tiredness, I'm not sure what prompted my seven-year-old-self to merely sit down. But there I was, seated in a plush blue armchair, when I began to rise up from that place.

I don't remember closing my eyes — what I do remember is floating above my body like Casper. And after I passed through the roof of our house, I was immediately on top of the clouds. But they were different clouds — not like the ones I'd seen out of the airplane window.

Then I saw God approaching me. He didn't look as much like the wobbling weeble toys as I had pictured him in those days. He walked toward me in a sea of blue as I treaded upon a cloud and looked below, seeing an endless expanse of universe. About all I can remember from our exchange was that I was in a part of heaven, and that I was negative four years old, waiting to be sent to earth to be born.

When my Pauline tour of God's front yard had concluded, I was sent forward 11 years, right back into that cozy cerulean chair. About an hour later, we ate dinner.