

Some Things Remain

I do not think of all the misery, but ...
of the beauty that remains. Anne Frank

My Mom, “Mumma”, lives in a LTC home and I visit with her weekly via Skype, thanks to the assistance of staff. Last week the worker’s cell phone went black and I could hear, “Oh she’s giving you a hug.” My heart gushed warm love for my Mumma and I felt her hug and longing love. I could have wept, if I had allowed myself.

This week Mumma started crying inconsolably. The loving worker remarked, “I’ve never seen you cry before Shelley” (yes I am named after Mumma). She hugged Mumma and wiped tears from her eyes and again I could have ‘cried a river’. Mom’s words were not all coherent and her ‘story’ was neither; however, the feeling tone of Mumma was perfectly coherent, and was fully, her feeling tone. For all of my memory Mumma has had an overwhelming sense of sadness, of loss, of having tried ‘so hard’ and life just being a hard go.

And then – Mumma said, “everything has to go sometime, right? even me”. “Yes Mumma, every one of us – all people and trees and animals – all of us go sometime, and even you, even me too Mumma”. All said in love, in a quiet tone, Mind quietly knowing and noting, and Heart swelling and heating up – in love and sadness – and my longing to hold Mumma again.

Some things remain.....

Warm regards,

Shelley & Becky