

2001: My Mother's Death

I haven't gone through the passing of my mother yet. I hope I'm blessed with having her die before me. Your openness and pain touched me and made me think of my feelings about my mother's death and how I anticipate I would handle it. Thank you for bringing that gift to me at this time. It was a gift.

One of the things I realized was that her death would change our relationship, but it wouldn't end it. My father died 6 years ago [1994] and that's what happened with him. Our relationship changed, but did not end, when he died. That was curious and satisfying for me. In fact, I haven't lost any relationships in my life. They've all changed.

Many people who are out of my life entirely come to mind from time to time. Their presence today in my life is still a growing experience for me, since "I" am still growing. My mind doesn't seem to be able to reject or destroy any of my love for others. It merely rearranges that love from time to time in the form of memories coming to consciousness.

Death often seems to be a terrible, terrible idea of God's, but slowly I'm learning to see that I've been given gifts to deal with death. I haven't been abandoned or forgotten. I'm not orphaned – and never was. I only thought I could turn my back on those I love. Not even death can make me turn my back. I'm fixed in the light of God's love. I'm forever seen and seeing. My love shines through all and is immutable. I cannot lose myself, my love, or anyone else. I can only face or deny my ever-growing love.