

In His Ultimate Wisdom

God is Love. I don't know why the world is so confused by such a simple statement. Maybe we are to see it as a logic problem. If God is Love, and since Jane loved so many, then Jane must be one with God.

I am one of those people that our culture calls a hypocrite. I go to church when it's convenient, I read the bible when I remember, and I drink too much, laugh too much, eat too much, cry too much, and gossip most all the time. But, I thank God everyday... for everything. I get the gift of gratitude from her.

Sean got her generosity. He is sensitive, nurturing, compassionate, and gives unceasingly. He steps backwards to see the whole picture before reacting, and steps lightly while walking in to offer help. His diplomacy and caring has been well-honed by Mom.

Our mother regaled us with stories of her parents tucking her into bed at night. When she would fight sleep with one more glass of water, or a missed "Our Father," Pop reminded her that prayer was making good choices and showing appreciation to others. So she made sure to remind her kids that politeness was more than please and thank you.

Sean and I were loved unconditionally. She handled first crushes, booze, stolen cars, ski slopes, soccer gear, and college room mates with the same accepting and forgiving rolling eyes- I mean... smiles. We were safe. We were loved.

As such, Sean and I were shocked that our mother had a life outside of us! What did we know of Bethany Community School, Southern University, and Naugatuck Youth Services? Why would we bother to pay attention to Rotary International, AAMFT, or Headstart? We knew we were the only important people in her life! However, when all those people showed up to celebrate her (and her character, and her warmth) for her 50th birthday party... we were proud.

The effects of her generosity and inspiration are boundless. Look around her. In therapy, Mom says that you must "meet people where they are." Jane is powerfully aware of where each of us is. (Kinda creepy, actually.) How many of us have felt heard, and understood, and comforted by her listening? How many of us have moved away from her safe haven with some courage to find our own paths?

Jane is a daughter, a sister, a mother, a grandmother, a godmother, a cousin, a friend, a boss, a therapist, a whiner, a nurse, a taxi, a hotel, a bank... a prayer. And most of all... She is the embodiment of God's love for us. In His ultimate wisdom, He gave us Jane.

Together, we stand stronger for knowing my mother. I am honored that she is also my best friend. And all these years later, I find it no coincidence that she boasted about being part of the holy family... Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and Jane!