

Loveliness

I met my mom out in the woods today. She sparkled on the trees and reminded me to let go. My grip on the ski poles loosened as I turned my face towards the sunlight spilling between the evergreens. I didn't realize I was this tense until I stopped in the path and heard my heart beat replace the crunching of the snowshoes. I leaned back on the poles and snapped the mental picture of splendor.

In spite of being a fairly social person, it delights me to keep these trails to myself. Even Daisy doesn't really share them with me. She is the excuse to leave the house, the vehicle for my stillness- which is ironic when I see her tracks all around mine. But when I stop to rest, to think, or to drink up this display, Daisy always lays down ahead to wait. Like she's giving me my privacy. When I see her closed eyes looking heavenward, I think maybe mom is talking to her too.

I guess maybe my mother is reminding me that life is beautiful. Not when cancer is done, or when her estate is settled, or when the kids declare they are ready for the world. All of it is glorious. Including the flu, another smashed car, the sticky remote control, and 7 degrees outside. Everything can sparkle like my mom. Including these tears that just keep rolling down my face. She lives there too, letting go, feeling all the variations of grief and joy and hostility and fear and thoughtfulness.. and love, the sparkliest of them all.