

Anniversaries

Earlier this week, I posted about my father, and missed the anniversary of his birth by one day. Oops. Kind readers that you are, no one commented on my blunder.

Today is a different kind of anniversary - the anniversary of my mother's death one year ago. It's the kind of anniversary that one finds inescapable, especially because the days leading up to it are harder than usual. Add in, in my case, leading Ash Wednesday services where, in anniversary mode, we ponder the meaning life and death through a service featuring ashes, and just to make sure we get it, we note that we will all turn to dust some day.

Anniversary actually means "annually returning" in latin, although I am tempted to ponder whether the annual "return" might be to see whatever is commemorated from a new point of view. This year March 7th is likely to be hard, five years from now, I suspect that somehow I will feel different about it all.

At one year, I realize how far I have come. There are days when I still acutely miss my mother, while on others I simply celebrate who she was and the gift of life that she gave me.

At one year, I realize how recent it has been. There are days when I still find myself thinking how much Mom would like to see/hear about something. I still have some of her boxes unopened in my apartment. There is plenty left in the journey to work through.

Today, I feel her spirit today, washing over me, a tide of love that I cannot but cry with. I walk lighter because of it.

