

DEAR MUM IN HEAVEN

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LOVING SOMEONE TO DEATH IS MORE POWERFUL,
THAN LOVING THEM WHILE THEY ARE ALIVE

Chapter 1

A Masterpiece of Love

He hears me cry at night and he doesn't touch me. A feeling of total isolation and my thoughts wander and think about you. It's in this moment that loneliness creeps into my body and it penetrates me deeply. I feel tired and exhausted as images of you flood my mind and the memories overwhelm me. There were thousands of moments and memories, each one of them carving a wound in my heart as images of you dying appear in my mind's eye. I see your facial expressions as they torture me. The fear in your eyes scares me and I watch you hide behind the wall you have built, but you can't fool me mum because I can see you. I see your suffering and I know it hurts you and I want to help you escape the fear that has entered your life, but I can't. I see you fading away, drifting from one reality to another and I scream on the inside.

I open my eyes to escape the images and I feel you in, and around, me. A tornado of emotions swirl in my body as I capture the mood of loss in the room. It's as if we are together in the hospital room reliving your death all over

again. I feel powerless and weak as I sink into my own body. Losing you haunts me daily, but it's the nights that set in motion the flood of memories and I feel like I am drowning. I can barely keep my head above water. Every time I close my eyes, I see you and the imagery is torturous. Closing my eyes at night was once a time for peace, rest and rejuvenation. It is now replaced with sad memories of you.

I take a moment and step back in time as I reflect on the years I have spent trying to evolve my soul and cultivate that little seed that was planted at my conception. I think about the moment my soul entered your body, the moment that we became one, that special moment I got to call you "my mum". It was this very moment that I chose you to be my mother and the most significant person in my life. You became the woman who modelled strength in the hardest times of her life and the guardian who looked over me. You always had me in your thoughts and often spoke the most important words a human can hear "I love you" whenever we spoke. You never ended a conversation without telling me that you loved me.

If I could imagine that moment of my conception I would see my beautiful little soul resting peacefully in your womb. I would imagine your womb as a warm and safe place for my soul to develop, as it prepares for my birth and this new incarnation. I imagine your physical

body preparing itself to nurture me, to meet me spiritually and expand our connection that would last for 44 years of my lifetime.

My cells are forming in your womb and I am no longer just a soul, there are physical aspects of me now. My spine is developing, I am growing arms and legs, and my little heart is now beating. Our souls are blending and we are getting to know each other on a level that cannot be expressed in words. It's a connection that only souls recognise. It's beautiful and enchanting, it's loving and secure and it transcends far beyond human consciousness. We are forming a deep relationship, a divine connection, we are becoming one, yet soon, we will become two. You will birth me, our life together as mother and daughter will begin.

What an incredible day, the day you gave birth to me. I often think about how our souls came together on that day. The moment you laid eyes on me, the beginning of our journey here on earth. What was our purpose? Did we come here to teach each other the importance of love? Did we come here to learn and expand our soul for this lifetime and for the many lifetimes thereafter? What I do know is that our souls crossed paths and our journey has been challenging. Loving you was a beautiful gift, losing you has been so painful. If I could imagine unwrapping the gift of life with you, it would be filled with hundreds and thousands of little moments, colours

and miracles that filled my life with hope, joy and at times, challenges.

We were the master creators of our life and how blessed were we to have created a masterpiece of love. Your love was so intense at times. You loved so much that worry sometimes got in the way. Your love was warm, cuddly and nurturing and filled the room at times. I remember my friends commenting on how they felt like you were going to crush their cheekbones by kissing them so hard. I love the fact that you shared your love so openly and that people around you felt your genuine love.

I remember the day I left home at sixteen. I can literally feel my heart breaking as I type these words. I missed you so much mum, I cried myself to sleep every night, imagining that you were there holding me. I remember talking to you on the phone and barely being able to understand your accent, it was so strong. I used to listen to sad songs and they made me cry a hundred thousand tears because I connected to the words and because I missed you so much. I couldn't wait to see you again, to wrap my arms around you and to be held by you. I just needed to be in your arms. I needed that kiss that nearly broke my cheekbone and that voice that made me feel safe in the world. I needed to look in your eyes, to see you. I grieved the distance of you for months after I left home, I so desperately wanted to come back to you, but my rebellious personality didn't let me. The grief I felt as

a sixteen year old is nowhere near as intense as I feel for you now that you are gone. There are no words on this planet that could express how I feel now that I am living my life without you.

