

8/1/19 – August arrives. 42 years now the anniversary of Mom’s death. She was on her way to 45.

I am on my way to 61. I have had the gift of a magnificent stretch of years past hers.

Last evening at the lake I thought of judgement day with Marion. The 4 of us kids, and how she would look upon us that day. That is, from the Self she was by 7/31/77.

We show up grown, old even – well-past her own earthly age of 44. We huddle together as human souls filled with love, understanding, and the knowledge and recognition of each of our own’s human plight.

The immensity of love and loss and the impact these had on each of our lives.

Short time at the beach last evening. A butterfly, large, black with yellow trim, drowning in the waves.

Actually still able to urge its wings, trying in vain to lift itself out of the water.

It took me two tries amidst the oncoming waves for me to scoop it out of the water and onto the sand. Once there, so water-logged that the heavy sand immediately suctioned to its delicate wings and body. A new disaster unfolds. I tried not to panic. Tried to lightlylightly brush off some of the sand without tearing this wondrous thing. Two attempts—then gently picked up the gorgeous water and sand-logged creature. Set it softly on the grass by the fence, where at least it would not be immediately trampled and smothered for sure.

At first there seemed to be movement from Inside. Life. Then my hopes sunk—such a vast recovery to make. Only uncertainty, or doom.

I took my walk.

I thought of the analogy of our lives to this butterfly. My life. Drowning when Mom died.

A few small acts of rescue.

But still so heavy in sand that I could not move and did not know I would make it. A little help from others.

And then uncertainty.

Walking has always helped me clear my head and spirit—shake off the heavy sands of Life.

40 minutes or so later, I come back to the place by the fence, this time I am on the street-side to the beach.

I locate the little patch of grass. No butterfly.

My eyes comb the tiny areas of sand and grass and fence, until alas, not quite in camouflage, my friend is at right angle on the fence, in silhouette to grass and sand. Mostly clean and softly sleek once more. Waiting to alight when ready. Until then, triumphant in its solitude. Waiting to be strong enough to move on.

Last day of July. 42 years since.