

Mother's Story

By Faye Wallace

Time never existed until I was born.

My birth started **Time**, the ultimate gift from the Creator of all, to set life into motion.

The eldest of many, I was considered the most vibrant, full of life with dazzling future. Forever and a day, I have been here, rotating in total silence by giving up everything I had, watching over you to grow, prosper and achieve the impossible.

The shadows of the past painful memories pursue me often. Allow me to enlighten you of times of yore—stories that are forgotten so long ago.

At the beginning at the foundation of our galaxy, I was not alone. I had many siblings. In the very center, the gases still were forming. From time to time, a ray of light casted its warmth and reached my skin. His touch was awe-inspiring, passionate and unpredictable. I could not wait until he was ready to pull the curtains of gases and show his handsome face.

Two of my younger sisters and I decided to help our youngest and most eccentric siblings to calm and slow down. They were not young enough to be controlled and not old enough to understand self-control. In order to do so, we decided to move close enough to guide them. Under our gravity and watchful eyes, they were safe to experience life in the new born galaxy—so we thought.

All was going as expected when one of the two young adolescents spun out of control and caused mayhem. I sensed it before I saw it. In horror, I turned my watchful eyes away from the roguish sibling under my care and cried out my sisters' names in vain—before my horrified eyes, they all shattered in the silence space. Nothing anyone could have done to change the outcome of the accidents.

Dismayed, I came to a total halt. Suddenly, I became aware of my own demise.

The out of control sibling under my care, collided with me causing the most painful experience of my lifetime.

Not much has left from him. And I, well, I am just an empty shell of the splendor I was once. What followed petrified the remaining sisters and brothers so much so that in order to stay intact and whole, they decided to move away.

I do long for my late sisters, and from time to time, I glimpse at their remains—a hauntingly beautiful but mighty solemn ring of stones in the distance space. I cried their names and shed many tears feeling all alone.

Until beyond the colorful gas clouds, I got a glimpse of his brightness and sensed his sheer warmth. I remembered him from the time of bliss when I was beautiful and whole. For a long while, he stood by and allowed me to grieve. Slowly, he turned me around to see the child that had been created from my

being. All of which that had left me had landed on a new born planet desperate for care and love. She lived; he helped me see I was still alive. I realized I had a reason, a purpose to live. I had become a mother and my child needed me.

I am and forever will be so grateful for his guidance and strength.

My gratitude and admiration for him does not mean I am blinded to his shortcomings.

My lifetime partner's sheer brilliance and warmth creates food to sustain the living. Like most men and fathers, he is full of himself and somewhat limited to that of a provider. In the many cycle of successions we have shared, I have observed and realized that there is no rhyme or reason to his madness. In some regions, he enforces his power so much so that his potency torches everything that may sustain creatures, creating nothing less than drought, famine and death. And in some other parts of the world, he is so lazed and aloof that causes bitter cold and limitation endangering all living.

In the history of some of my child's two-legged beings, foolishly or perhaps out of fear of his wrath, he has been favored as the ultimate God.

The Almighty Universe knows I have quarrel with him to acknowledge and mend his insufficiencies. Yes, we have had a passionate and stormy relationship from the blaze of realization of my living child. His lack of depth in wisdom, enormous masculine self-image and flawed judgment has prevented him to see his many blind spots to this day.

In one of our major disputes, out of spite, he started to block my light at night. Darkness was new to all living; I felt their fear of unknown and decided not to fight him back. What was the use of the war when the only ones hurting were my offspring's entire creature children? My love for my child and all the living upon her is eternally infinite.

Eventually my life-long partner backed off too. I recognized and grasped the opportunity to teach the *youngens* the four cycles of life—*The Unknown*, *The Beginning*, *The Fruition* and *The Initiation of the End*.

Every 27.3 of my partner's self-glorifying phase, I start the cycle of life to remind all to consider—with every darkness, which is called 'The Initiation of the End', there comes a rebirth and a fulfillment of life. Simply put, the purpose of every death is creation of a new start—a beginning.

After all, isn't that what happened to me? When I thought I was dead, I began a purpose for a new life.

For opening my eyes, for allowing me to see my purpose and for being patiently supporting me, I shall always love that dazzling self-centered pompous ball of light!

And my child and all those living upon her have also taught me many valuable lessons.

From the Glacier, I have learned to react thoughtfully slow.

From the Sea Turtle, I have learned to swim with the current and think long term.

Watching the Polar Bear, I have learned to be fearless and thick skinned.

From the River, I have learned to cherish now not what has passed under the bridge.

The Wind has taught me to let go of all heartaches.

And Earth has shown me that everything and everyone deserves the second chance to grow and change.

Like most, I have come to accept my lot. After all, I am still here. When one notices my content smile during *The Fruition* nights, one knows how much I love thee.