

~Excerpt from Looking In from Outside~

The Choice

IT WAS BLUE. A very light blue with white floaty things swirling around like clouds. I knew nothing of Entities, God, or Angels, but I did know I was comforted. I also remember thinking I didn't want to feel pain. Particularly like I had felt before. In my other life, perhaps? But it was important enough to ask, even though it was a distant memory. The Voice knew all too well what I had suffered. After my question, He answered vaguely, giving me a choice (free will). I remember sighing as my spirit weighed the decision I had chosen. But I was resigned to my fate, saying this was necessary because "I belonged there."

THE VOICE: Do you know where you want to go?

Me: Yes. There.

THE VOICE: Why there?

Me: Because they need me.

THE VOICE: If you are sure.

Me: Yes. ...Will there be pain?

THE VOICE: Not like before, though it will be hard.

Me: No pain?

THE VOICE: There will be some pain, but different.

Me: (Pause as I consider this answer.)

THE VOICE: You must choose now.

Me: That's where I belong.

THE VOICE: Are you ready?

Me: Yes.

I've often wondered if this really happened, but then I catch myself and chase away that doubt. Of course, it did. When I look at babies, I am struck by this memory and wonder if they've had this experience or something like it. And if so, will they remember? My entire life has been spent wondering how I knew I was needed by my chosen family.

Until I find and understand that answer, I know my life on Earth is not yet done.

A Mother's Voice

It's the voice you hear upon conception.
It's the voice like that of doves.
It's the tender voice of acceptance.
It's the unfettered voice of love.

It's the voice that catches you up short,
When naughtiness is near.
It's the voice that you respect always,
When uncertainty appears.

It's the voice that shows concern and fear,
When everything seems all but lost.
It's the voice that echoes in your ears,
When encouragement is sought.

It's the voice you've known all your life.
It's the voice of laughter at its best.
It's the voice of song and sweet caress.
A voice that's better than the rest.

This voice is nectar for your soul,
It's the one you have come to trust...
From Mom.

A Child Is Born

You came in like a whisper.
As quiet as a mouse.
Tiptoeing across my heartstrings,
My love, no one could doubt.

It was easy and so right
To love you right away.
You made me laugh a time or two,
Your smile on full display.

On that day, you stole my heart,
When I kissed your little head.
And since that day, I never knew,
The joy you'd bring instead.

The tears I shed before you came
Are distant memories now.
The long wait for your arrival,
Got me through somehow.

The years have flown, and I can't forget
The moments of that day.
You are my treasure, my hope, and love,
Long after I've passed away.