

Call your Mother- Star-search Level 4

By: Kyle Higgins

Hey mom. It's been a minute. How you doing?

Sorry it's taken so long to get over here. Stereotypical I know, "I never call my mother." I've thought about visiting every day. But when I've tried to come, something always stops me.

My therapist, Dr. Goldblatt, said it's normal, that I'm "*going through the stages.*" But I really do want to visit and not leave the maintenance work to dad, he's never been great at that.

Do you like the flowers I brought? Chrysanthemums. Your favorite. Of course I remembered. You always sang that silly song,

"Whenever mum is feeling glum
No glee will come from chewing gum
Remember from this anthem hummed
The answer's some chrysanthemums!"

(Laughs, maybe a little overcome by the happy memory)

You say it was an old radio jingle but I think you made it up because I've looked all over the internet and I can't find those lyrics anywhere. You've always been the "creative" in the family.

(Beat)

I'm sure dad told you but I went on a mission trip this summer.

It's been difficult for me since... it happened so fast. It didn't feel real. Then it was too real, and I stopped acting like myself. I was angry; I lashed out at Dad, Dr. Goldblatt, God... Especially God.

I couldn't sleep. I stayed up praying that He'd stop this, that things would go back to before. Why wouldn't God do that for me? I've followed Him, listened, my whole life. I just wanted one thing, that would fix everything. He didn't do it, and I felt so disconnected from his presence. Like He had left me because I was angry with Him.

I'd lost my mom. I'd lost myself. I'd lost God.

So I thought I'd go on this trip and work really hard doing "good things" for other people and I'd *feel* Him with me again. But I noticed the busier I got, the more isolated I felt. Like there was no amount of work I could do that would make Him come back to me. I reached a point one day where I was lugging a cement bag across the road to the school's building site and as I was crossing the street, I just froze. Right in the middle of the road. I couldn't take another step. Luckily, our team leader noticed I was stuck before I was run over by a car. She pulled me aside and sent me home telling me to, "Take a day to myself, relax." So I did. And when I did, when I finally stopped working for God's presence. Something happened. He was there. I was filled with an overwhelming feeling of release and acceptance. I just sat there and cried. I realized that He had never left me alone to grieve. I had just been unwilling to share my grief with Him. He was with me the whole time.

It didn't fix everything. I still miss you terribly. But being here now, I know I'm not alone. I know you are with Him and He is with me, and I know I'm going to be OK.