

How might your life have been different?

The Innocent

*Being able to trust your mother
for loving comfort*



The Whyte Museum

How might your life have been different,
if,
deep within,
ever since you were a little girl,
you carried an image of your mother,
a simple yet wise woman
comfortable in her substantiality ...

a woman sitting cross-legged
who nurtured
in a gentle,
elemental way,
who provided an ample lap to crawl up into ...
warm, loving arms to hold you ...
and a mellow,

throaty voice that said, as she rocked:

"There, there, now. There, there.

Oh, all those fears, yes, you feel so bad.

Oh... Oh... Oh...

All those fears ...

You just cry it out! Cry it all out!

We will just sit here and rock while you cry it out!

That's it! ... That's it!

There, there, there. Let's put this blanket round you.

There, there."

A voice to hum,

to croon while you cried out all your fears and were comforted.

A voice that said, as she rhythmically rocked back and forth

"It's going to be all right! You just have a good cry, yes, it's going to be all right!

We're just going to sit here and rock till you feel better. You just cry it all out till
it's all better."

And rocking

stroking

"There, there, now. There, there.

"Aye, aye, aye.

There, there now. There, there."

How might your life be different?

Loving Kinswoman *Generational* *Undergirding*

