

A Memory I Hope To Have
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Dear God,

I am writing you a memory I hope to have.

I start with a simple scene:

A grassy green meadow, a high alpine meadow in the Sierra Nevada's, graced with abundant wildflowers—the sunny white faces of mountain daisies, the yellow silk of mule's ears, the crumbly red of Indian Paint Brush, and the waxy burgundy of late blooming Snow Plant skirting the pine wood forest edge. The grass a waterfall flowing down the hillside toward crystal blue waters, the frigid snow-fed lake home to rainbow trout and silver bass. White tailed deer come. Black skunks, red foxes and brown badgers come. Water is life. Time mellows in the sunshine. All are welcome. All are loved.

In the middle of this meadow, a sacred circle is created, a community gathers. They hold hands and sway as they sing a joyous song:

“Let there be peace on Earth and Let it begin with me.

Let there be Peace on Earth, the peace that was meant to be.

With God as Creator, Family all are we.

Let us walk with each other, in perfect harmony.”

The circle opens creating a passageway, a portal. A couple, hand in hand, walks to the center. The circle encloses them. Holds them, as if cradled in the palms of God's hands. Once both blond, now both are mostly gray. The male slightly balding; the female sports silver highlights. Her once waist long hair, now shoulder length. Their blue

eyes, open, expectant. Love glistens, mini rainbows refract in their tears. Both tanned and thin, the confidence in their bodies mirrors their heartfelt connection. They commit to one another, to God, to their community. In the background, there is knowledge and acceptance that it's taken years to come to this place, to find their spiritual home within themselves and one another. It wasn't always an easy walk. Challenges kept them alert. Willingness kept them together. Their love the seamstress that sutured wounds—old and new. Their faith the light that guided their way.

They face one another. Hold hands. A smile passes between them. Love radiates. As if a small stone dropped in the center of a still pond, ripples expand outward, ever outward, encircling all who are near, pulling everyone in as if Jupiter's rings, as if wedding rings, the symmetry of union forged in platinum and gold.

Rings. One on her finger. One on his. Words: solemn, humorous, loving, are exchanged. Promises made. Intentions offered. A lifetime together. Peace. Harmony.

Voices rise in song:

“Let peace begin with me. Let this be the moment now.

With every step I take, let this be my joyous vow.

To take each moment and live each moment in peace eternally.”