

level and tried his patience. OK. I didn't really want to know how to troubleshoot my own computer, so I found a local repair service. Merlin Computers. I chose it for the name. I needed something magical to get me through this labyrinth.

The computer's capacity, more than adequate five years earlier, was now rather limiting, even after Mr. Merlin added more memory. I trudged on.

Then as I was loading a new ink cartridge, the printer went nuts and it got lodged inside the printer case. I couldn't get to it. Argh. I took it to Mr. Merlin, the magician. After performing a C section to remove the breech cartridge, he told me some little piece (he may have actually named it) was broken and would probably cause a slow leak inside the printer. Oh, great. But then he made the mistake of telling me that it would probably keep working for a while, and that was the part I heard, so I plugged it back into my computer and returned to work.

There was, however, a problem that was getting the best of me. I used my computer mainly as a word processor and for e-mail, and after all these years, it had developed an irritating stutter. I would type a story at a passable speed, only to look up and see little red squiggly lines underlining every other word, telling me they were misspelled. Well, I didn't purposely type "seemed" with six e's. This was becoming too much work. I wanted to spend my energy writing stories, not typing them.

So I drove to Office Depot to look at their computers. I didn't really know what I wanted, except that I didn't need the tech support of Dell. I needed advice, and this time I couldn't depend on Carlton. A nice young man saw me reading descriptions of the displays and may have also been able to read the clueless look on my face. (And the word "gullible" tattooed on my forehead.)

"Well, I'm just looking," I said, afraid he would launch into a jargon that might as well be Japanese.

"Do you know what you want?" the nice young man asked.

"Not really. I know what I use my computer for, but I don't want that to limit future possibilities."

Then we went to a monitor to "build" a custom computer. He asked questions, I answered them, and he made recommendations. OK, I realized I was pretty vulnerable here, but this was not an area I wanted a lot of control over. We talked over options, then he gave me some choices and a preliminary price. Well, it wasn't cheap, but still in the ballpark (Yankee Stadium, maybe).

I couldn't make a decision and I told him this, so he printed out the "custom" computer's specs for me to go home and think about.

I left the store, tended to a couple errands, and found myself pulling into the bank, to transfer money from my savings account. I couldn't let go of this thing.

I had no really good reason to put it off. As soon as I left the bank, I headed straight back to Office Depot with my printout in hand, put in my order, paid the cashier, and proudly walked out with the receipt.

Money was one of the issues holding me back, while I insisted my old computer was good enough. When Carlton made and spent a lot of money in California, I worried. Obviously, having a Scottish father who grew up during the depression made a big impression on me.

And the Dell laptop was a link to Carlton. The computer he picked out for me in 2000. That day I understood it was time to let it go.

Consider the Lilies

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin, yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like one of these." (Matthew 6:25)

Another story was coming together, as Princess lay in her puddle across my legs. Relax, she reminded me. It was the gift of her royal presence.

My needs were being met. Not necessarily the way I would have planned. But I had been given an interesting mix of people, places and events, and ideas to sustain me. I had wasted a lot of energy struggling when life didn't match my expectations. I was fighting the Universe and everyone else's plans.

The blessings I was sent weren't always my first or second choices, or any I thought I might have, but then my idea of choices had been based on limited past experiences. There was the teenaged angel Avery, a nurturing group of teacher and writer friends, a fantasy cruise vacation, and enough insurance money to release me from some of my financial worry. I had a quiet comfortable house, a sunny library nearby, and a magical little school that continued to welcome my desire to connect. There were also the new beginnings of weddings and spring, playmates of all kinds, and a curiosity and creativity constantly challenging my former knee-jerk need for control. And a pen that documented everything.

What will I do today, or tomorrow, or next week? All I have to do is look behind me, at where I've been. I recorded it for a reason. It is my proof that I have been given what I need when I need it. And time to understand and appreciate the "present" as a "gift."

As I wrote these words the washing machine in the next room pounded a rhythm for my dancing pen, and the "book" became clearer. By the end of April 2005, I took a final trip to the Rocky Mountains of Colorado to present a draft of my "complete" manuscript. That May, Avery graduated from high school with sights and plans set beyond her hometown. In June I took another cruise with Patricia, but this time to the frontiers of Alaska, without teenagers. And my once

new computer, full of potential, continues to accept and store my ongoing thoughts.

In one week I was part of two different audiences, as real-life authors shared personal experiences sounding much like my own. The nursing students took their math final, and everyone made 96% or higher. And Laura Beth, my precocious third-grade niece, timidly showed me her "writings" - her own journal, recording interactions with her friends. My eyes teared up with joy.

Life is abundant, with more than enough to sustain me. But I had to learn this by letting go of expectations and attachment to my plans, and accepting what is, recognizing that I, like Job, can't possibly know all my choices.

I'm not ready for my journey on Earth to be finished, even though I'm sure it will be full of new challenges. I want to keep trusting that my life unfolds in a beauty and awe beyond anything I can imagine. With the help of my pen, I will continue to welcome the adventure.

Master Teacher

The study skills class for nursing students used a book entitled *Becoming a Master Student*.

What kind of teacher thinks she can teach students to be masters of their own learning? Wouldn't it need to be someone confident about her own ability as a student? One who could assess where she is, and what lessons she needs? One who is able to choose effective methods and materials to fulfill the lesson's objectives, then check for understanding and be ready to offer an alternative method if re-teaching is in order? One who knows how to affirm and guide herself, finding assurance that mistakes are opportunities to learn information that hasn't yet been mastered? Yikes! This sounds pretty self-actualizing.

I was not sure how I could fine tune my first sixty stories and write two more to "finish" this manuscript before I went to the final meeting of my Colorado writing group. What I was looking for was a concise bottom line to wrap up this meandering journey, and I realized that was no small task. But I needed to put words on paper; there was no more time for experimenting. A conclusion was in order.

So the master teacher/student kicked into action and formulated an effective lesson plan, using a standard form from years of classroom practice.

Objective: The learner will write two more stories to complete the manuscript, *Writing Toward the Light: A Mother's Grief Journey*.

The learner will continue editing previous stories to tighten the continuity of said manuscript.

Materials: Pen, yellow tablet, previously written stories, computer, blue-flowered sofa, journal, and watercolors.

Procedure:

Journal - begin with warm-up journaling. Natalie Goldberg's timed writings or Julia Cameron's morning pages are effective exercises to clear out all other thoughts vying for the student's attention.

Sit still. Breathe. Breathe again. Repeat as necessary throughout the lesson.

Journal again to continue clearing out the distracting thoughts that are still getting in the way of the student's focus.

If a creative release is still needed, and words are not yet obvious, paint a picture.

(Recess) Take a walk in the park for exercise, fresh air, centering, and for reminding the student where she gains strength.

Eat lunch. (Do not omit this step.)

Drive to the library. Look through the movies titles or new book arrivals. These are finished products as

motivation for what you are trying to accomplish. Take a sunny seat by the window.

Settle in with pen and tablet and begin writing.

Evaluation: Lesson is successfully completed when the two exercises are written.

Did I finish? Not that day. This was only the plan that needed to be continually adjusted as I assessed how much preparation I needed and how to best meet that need. It got me through the first of two stories. Then I needed to rewrite parts as I typed the story into the computer and revisited it several times over the next few days. When I was somewhat satisfied with this story, I could begin the final one. The one to sum up my experience of searching for light with the help of a pen. Of course, after the final story was rewritten, there would be a zillion other adjustments throughout the book.

It was a beginning to an ending, which was probably just a new beginning. A master student knows her learning is never finished.

A Child's Spirit

Where is Carlton? What happened to the light that was my son? I am introduced to his loving spirit through every person, place, thing, or idea that comes my way (and some have had to come my way many times before I see they, too, are Carlton's light) - those

named and unnamed in this collection of experiences. He is everywhere I use my eyes and ears to find love.

One Sunday he was at the Trapped Truth Society meeting with my writer friends, eager to share their voices. Later that evening he was with us at my brother's house, as Bruce grilled chicken for supper, and Avery, Jake, and Laura Beth reported their latest school news. On Monday morning he was at George's Grill eating a scrambled egg and bacon sandwich and solving the world's problems with me and my brother Buddy.

Tuesday he was sitting in the calm, clean dayroom at the Northeast Louisiana War Veterans Home in Monroe with my mom and dad, a dozen war vets, and several cheerful attendants.

During the day on Wednesday he stretched out with me and Princess on the sofa in the middle of my living room to watch a dancing pen edit another dozen stories. That night he tried a new restaurant with Linda and me, as we shared the communion of our sacred friendship.

On Thursday at Stoner Hill he was with the kindergarteners painting watercolor blossoms for "Miller's Garden," and singing and dancing to the song, "Each of Us Is a Flower." That night he walked a labyrinth, spread out on the gym floor of Linda's church, with a dozen other silent sojourners and me.

Friday he lunched with the nurturing teaching staff from Our Lady of the Lake nursing program at Dena's

sunny country home, and later that afternoon he connected at the circular table at Nicky's Mexican Restaurant with the Steel Magnolias.

He is here and there and everywhere in between - at the grocery store and the park, in the library, on the phone, through e-mail and snail mail. As loving connections are made from one energy source to another, Carlton's light flashes, or sings, or dances, or smiles, or scribbles, or cries. Everywhere I am, he is. I carry his spirit with me. The stirring, the warmth, the assurance I once felt in my womb and found again on the Caddo Lake Nature Trail, where his ashes are now spread, flows through my entire body.

And the void, that incredible darkness on the night of January 11, 2003, was just an illusion, my overwhelming fear hiding the light I had known. Carlton's spirit has been here all along, patiently waiting for me to learn how to see it, hear it, and reconnect with it.

I had my own near-death experience as I tried to follow my son. But there was no great white light for me to walk toward. On that first night I grabbed hold of the two things I could trust, Leah and my pen. Leah provided me with initial safety through connections outside myself, and the ink from my pen identified flickering lights within me and gathered them together to form the brighter light that is my life now. I carry this journey with me - a combination of little Laura and little Carlton and every daughter and son of God we

come in contact with. And that is where I find my child's spirit.

Safety, reaching out, connections, renewed energy, and ultimately new life. It's all God, and it's always there, ready to replace the cold, dark illusion of fear with the warmth and assurance of love. It will always be there, for it is a force death can not extinguish, a force made stronger for me by my own death experience.

It is now my responsibility to continue seeing, hearing, and sharing this connection, this light, this love, this energy spirit I call God, wherever my path leads me.



Epilogue

I approached Carlton's thirty-first birthday, still looking for a way to end this book, when it finally dawned on me. There is no ending. Nothing is really ever "finished." Everything becomes information and experience, a foundation for what is to be.

My focus, to be finished, was my frustration. It's a journey, the wise ones say. And mine is still being recorded in a journal. Daily, one step at a time, one word after another. The acceptance phase of the grief process. Not acceptance because we're "supposed" to be grateful, but with open arms, like the little guy on the cover of this book. Bring it on, God. Let me be immersed in life. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross said, "It's only when we truly know and understand that we have a limited time on earth-and that we have no way of knowing when our time is up-we will then begin to live each day to the fullest, as if it was the only one we had."

And what have I learned from my journey thus far? Better ways to take care of myself and accept the gift of life. The ability to find deep joy in a daily walk in the park, or amazement at the afternoon spent

reminiscing with Ginger, my very first friend. The willingness to continue penning my endless questions and concerns into my journal, then either sitting still long enough to listen for answers, or getting up and participating in the world around me to find them.

The eagerness to find God everywhere, in everything. The Spirit that flows through the Universe, constantly inviting us to reach out, connect, renew and live. A song, a cry, a sunrise, a new moon, a touch, a look, a painting, a poem. A phone call, an e-mail, a circle of friends, a frisky dog. Tears and laughter, pleasures and struggles, routines and new adventures, births and deaths. Emptying and filling. Round and round. Up and down. Everything.

Building on my foundation, I'm back in the public schools again, supervising new teachers in lower socio-economic schools. It's where I began 35 years ago, but this time I have thirty years of teaching experience and a manuscript of recorded anecdotes. My doctorate from the University of Life.

And I'm working with children in after school and summer programs, exploring their creativity and helping them find their voices, based on the experiences from the last six years with my own inner child.

Who am I now? There's that question again. The one that haunted me that dark January night. I am Laura - the teacher, the writer, the lover of life, the nurturing parent who knows how to nurture herself. And the

voice from my pen, sounding so many times like a loving parent, has been with me as a loyal partner through this grief journey, teaching me to trust my unfolding as I write toward the Light.

I offer a final quote from Rachel Carson. "If a child is to keep alive his inborn sense of wonder, he needs the companionship of at least one adult who can share it, rediscovering with him the joy, excitement and mystery of the world we live in."

I take this as my personal challenge. I didn't know how to help my own scared child in his darkness, but the lessons I have learned from helping myself are to be shared now with others.

In honor and memory of Carlton.

216 pages is divisible by 8

