

## A TRANSCENDENT MOMENT ON THE DAY OF MY MOTHER'S DEATH

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On the morning, August 31, 2005 I arrived at the nursing home at 7:30 am. My mother was dying but I didn't know if this would be the day.

Around 8:00 in the morning my daughter, Paula, brought my six year old granddaughter, Rowan, to the nursing home. Rowan brought my mother a bouquet of flowers. On the flowers she had attached paper butterflies. The butterfly is of course a symbol of transformation. My mother was conscious at the time and she made a gesture of thanks.

Paula brought a copy of the book, the Velveteen Rabbit. I read a couple of chapters to Rowan and my mother.

At 9:00 Rowan left with her father, John.

At around 9:30 my mother slipped into a coma. I went home to Arlington to get my sister, Paula, and my brother, Tom, who were staying at my house. We got back to the nursing home at around 10:45.

At around 11:30 my mother started to breath with difficulty as her lungs filled up with fluid.

My sister sat on one side of the bed holding her hand. I stood at the head of the bed with my hand on her forehead. I started praying, "Go to the light. Feel the welcome arms of God. We love you and we will always remember you" I kept repeating phrases like these out loud.

At 12:30 my mother's heart stopped beating. My daughter Paula, who is a physician, felt her pulse and said that she had died.

Earlier in the week I anticipate that at that moment of my mother's death, I would break down in tears and be overwhelmed with grief.

But that is not what happened. Rather I felt a sense of bliss, an awareness of peace, and a feeling of completeness. And I said out loud, "All is well. All is well." It was truly a transcendent moment.

My mother had lived a long and full lie. There was so much love and joy that we shared together. Now she was returning to the Source of Life. Even though she had died, I had the feeling that all is well.