



Boston Catholic Journal

www.boston-catholic-journal.com
editor@boston-catholic-journal.com

Through a Glass Darkly ... a Letter to Mamma



I am *here* Mamma!

Just beneath your belly-button! *Me* !

Sometimes I suck my thumb, and that will make you giggle!

Sometimes I have the hiccups, too! That makes me laugh!

Right now I am surrounded by a beautiful ocean of love that God created around me - and He put that ocean in your tummy! I think that's funny!

Even now I hear the waves of that ocean of life lapping gently on the soft shore of your womb.

To grown-ups the ocean probably seems small, but it gets bigger every day! And so do I! You will be so proud of me!

It is beautiful music, this ocean of love, of life! I wish you could hear it!

I *am* happy where I am, Mamma, but I cannot *wait* to see your face!

Do you know, Mamma, that it seems like yesterday when I whispered all this to you, but kids are like that. We keep saying the same things when they are beautiful to us, or when they make us laugh.

I don't know why, but sometimes I seem to be talking to you as through a glass, a reflection in a pane, and you are looking out, wistfully, at me, and you are fighting back tears. Why, Mamma?

I know I am little and you are grown up, but ... because there is such a close bond between us (and no one will ever love you as much as I do), in my baby thoughts that are not very clear, I know that you are very sad.

Somehow, my little heart feels your big one - maybe through that umbilical cord or whatever you grown ups call it.

Your sadness causes me to suck my thumb a lot because I can't cry just yet.

I do not know why you are so sad, Mamma ... but I will try to make you happy when I come out to you! If you can wait a little while, I will make you happier than you ever were in your whole life, and you will not be able to imagine life without me, just as I will not be able to imagine life without you! I think that is beautiful.

Oh, and Mamma, wait until you smell the fragrance of my breath! It is the closest possible fragrance to Heaven. I don't know why, but God told me to tell you this. He said it's important to you.

Don't be sad, Mamma. Everything will be okay. I will make you so very happy!
Again, I don't know why, but God told me to tell you that, too.

I love you, Mamma! More than I can say ... more ... more than life itself ...
because there isn't any without you.

Your Baby



<http://www.boston-catholic-journal.com/through-a-glass-darkly-letterto-a-hesitant-mother.htm>