

**Subject:** Fwd: Finding Her There

**From:** webmae@webtv.net (Mae Garcia)

**Date:** Wed, 5 May 1999 20:49:24 -0600 (MDT)

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this is soooneat, just wanted to share

The Lord is my strength

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**Subject:** Finding Her There

**From:** BHostCC@aol.com

**Date:** Wed, 5 May 1999 22:33:44 EDT

**To:** BHostCC@aol.com, BHostMessy@aol.com

Finding Her There

Every year my birthday followed the same ritual. My mother would come to see me, on that late fall day, and I would open the door. She would be standing on the step with wind swirling leaves around her feet.

There would be a chill in the air, and in her hands she would hold my birthday gift. It would always be something small and precious, something I had needed for a long time and just never knew it.

I would open this gift from my mother with great care, then I would tuck it carefully away with all my heart's possessions. How fragile these gifts were, from my mother's hands.

If my mother could come to me today on my birthday, I would bring her into the warmth of my kitchen. Then we would have a cup of tea, and watch the turning leaves press themselves against the windows.

There would be no rush to open my gift, because today I would know that I had already opened it when I opened the front door to find her there, with the wind swirling leaves around her feet.

By Christina Keenan,  
From Chicken Soup for the Mother's Soul  
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**Finding Her There.eml**

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