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Love was Lost but then was Found

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Love was Lost but then was Found

I believe that love can sometimes be misplaced, cast aside, and forgotten only to be picked up by another exceptionally caring individual. I believe in my Grandmother; I believe in Mamaw.

To say it bluntly, I became the result of a very unsuccessful marriage at quite a young age. By the time I was two, my mother had weaved a fairly extensive web of lies with my dad and me at the epicenter. So guileful were her intentions that she succeeded in cashing checks intended for my medical expenses, refused to let my dad see me on his allotted partial custody weekends, and refused to let my grandfather even so much as hold me after randomly bumping into him in town. By the age of seven, my father had won full custody. It was the last year I saw my mom, and this past spring I celebrated my 21st birthday. It's been 14 years since I've seen or heard from her. However, these 14 years have not been empty or sad; they weren't filled with late nights yearning for love from a mother who never had any love to give.

You see, my grandmother, who I affectionately deemed 'Mamaw' at a very young age, has remained with me through the dark and the light; the happy and sad. It was my grandmother who packed my lunches and shepherded me onto the bus in elementary and middle school, it was she who sent me care packages and called me every week when I decided to go to boarding school at age 14, and it was she who continues to help me pay for my textbooks and helped finance my semester abroad in Copenhagen. She's been a consoling voice, a

comforting embrace, a mother, a grandmother, and a friend all conveniently wrapped in one neat package.

Inadvertently, she's also softened the deep seeded emotions locked away in my heart that I bear for my mother. I don't yield bitterness, anger or resentment for her, only a sense of sympathy, for the memories we could have created together, if only she had given us a chance. I believe, that one day Mamaw will pass on, to a bigger and brighter place where her love and compassion will not seem out of place. I believe that on that day, the world will seem a little less bright, but I'm consoled by the fact that her brightness will be reflected in each and every individual that had the pleasure of making her acquaintance. I know that she has helped shape the young woman I have become, and I am a better friend, daughter, student, and person because of it.

It is love like hers that keeps this world together; that binds us to one another, and helps give us purpose. No one can go it alone. Instead, it's those hands we grasp along the way that steady our footing and guide us along the road untraveled. I love you Mamaw, more than words can ever say. This I believe.