

Our Mother, the Lake

By Breanna Mekuly

The way she moves is like a woman. A strong woman. A peace-filled woman. A woman who knows what she wants. A woman that holds so much life within her, that sustains life and nourishes life and brings life about. But also a woman that is there at the end of life.

Like a mother, she is. A mother to go to with all sorts of joy and concerns, love and sorrow. And she takes it all. She soaks it in. And some days her energy matches ours. Maybe she too is furious when her waves crash up against the sandy shores or the strategically placed rock walls. Maybe she too is calm, she wants our hearts to be peaceful, when she shows us the most beautiful of sunrises amidst her body of water.

She is always there. To listen. To be. To comfort. To nourish. To celebrate our joys. To sit with our sorrows. To surprise us. And to love us. To love us whatever and wherever in life we are. She will always accept us to sit alongside her. Like the best of mothers. Like our Mother.