

## Stories and Memories

At one of my earliest workshops a young mother sat in the front row, holding her young toddler in her lap. Here is her story:

"I remember, as a little girl back in Mexico, even before I could tell the time, I would make myself wake up before the sun rose. I would run outside in my nightgown, no shoes, and sit in the Morning Glory patch. When the first rays of the sun touched the sleeping flowers—poof! They opened up to greet the morning."



A grandmother remembers when she was about three years old. She can see herself lying in the long grass, watching the sun create rainbows in the early morning dewdrops as they danced in the breeze on the tips of blades of grass.



A father, still in his business clothes from a day at work, shares. "After a rain storm I would grab my bike and ride like a wild thing all around the vacant lot across the street from my house. I would hit every single mud puddle, duck under branches, shaking the rain off all the leaves, and come home soaking wet and covered with mud from head to toe. Boy, was that fun!"



A mother came to one of my workshops with her daughter, who was seven months pregnant. When it came time to share her story, the mother told about being a teenager in the Philippines and living near the ocean. Each morning she would go down to the ocean to watch the sunrise. Then, as the sun made a golden path of light over the ocean, she would walk into the ocean and stand in that golden path until the sun was high in the sky.

As she told her story her daughter could hardly wait to tell hers. "When I went back to see my cousins in the Philippines I did that too. I did the same thing. But I never knew about my mother!" Then she looked down and touched her stomach. "We will *both* take this little one there. Then it will be *her* story, too."

