

Open Letter to Mace's Mama

I am so sorry for your loss.

You have not been far from my mind or my heart since I heard of the tragic loss of your little boy.

I close my eyes and I ask the universe (God, Papatuanuku) to pour into my heart, and the hearts of all us kiwi mamas, some of your pain. I wish we could help you carry it. I can only imagine that you are feeling such sadness and heaviness and I would like to share some of the load of the sadness that you feel.

And I suspect that many of us would be willing to carry a bit of that grief for you - probably not just kiwi mamas but global mothers too.

Because I imagine the intimate details as you care for your boy in these raw and weird days. I dressed the body of my dear mother after she had passed, and felt such a parallel between this act of love and dressing my wriggling infant that same day.

Family, love and loss. The price of great love is great pain, and oh, sister how great yours must be.

We would help you carry this if we could. Because I cannot help but feel that you have paid the ultimate price for a disease that we are all afflicted by to some degree. All of us living a life that is too often like running on a treadmill. It grows incrementally faster, and the world praises those who go the fastest (or document their ascent most effectively).

All of us spin plates, *so many plates*. Sometimes one drops. And oh, dear mama, we are all praying to keep a-spinning the one that holds our most precious. And yours fell. And we ache for you.

I ache for you.

We would like to help you carry the sadness.

Arohanui,

Miriam xx