

Dear Mother,

As I served in the temple today, that holy place where heaven meets earth, I looked for you.

My heart ached with loneliness for your presence. I missed you so very much and I wanted you near by. I wanted to sit beside you on a sofa and hold your soft, warm hand. I wanted you to pat my hand as we talked as you have in the past. My eyes welled up with tears as I thought of your loving face and your pleasant smile.

So...I looked for you in the temple chapel, but, you were not there. I looked beyond the mirrors that represent eternity and I did not see you. I looked in the other sacred rooms of the temple and you were not there. I secretly hoped to see you come around a corner or spot you conversing with a friend.

Later that day I sat in quiet solitude, pondering. The thought came to me, "she is here". I opened my eyes and looked around.

I saw an older, beautiful mother attending to her daughter as they were about to go on an endowment session. There I saw you. I saw the radiant smile and heard the gentle laughter of another woman. I saw you. Later, I held the hand of a lovely sister temple worker. She was so kind and warm. I saw you. I also saw you as another sister was helping a handicapped patron. I saw you as a sister worker bore her testimony of the gospel during prayer meeting. You were there in so many places.

For the present, those images will have to do. But, as sure as the sun will come up tomorrow, I know that the day will come when I will see you again. We will sit together. You will hold my hand and gently pat it as we talk.

Mother, I love you.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "CHRIS". The letters are bold and slightly slanted, with a horizontal line extending to the left from the start of the word.

(Written the week before Mother's Day, 1997)