Somewhere along a lifetime most are broken but we pretend we are not taking up armor and masks as if so doing we could fool the rest as if a state of brokenness was something to be ashamed of. Contorted behind a smiling and daily polished patina we bend ourselves into pretzels for fear a glimmer, warm and needing, might shine through and blow our cool. As if no one could read the details running ticker tape across our foreheads. As if none could see our clumsy antics tripping over bloated and rotting unattended business. As if our single-minded hypocrisy caused no pain. As if we could hide from who we are, as if who we are was hiding. And still we are loved by those who see us better than we see ourselves love letting go of face forever and taking up the heart of us however broken. Perhaps it is time to accept that broken is a part of place that within these learning fields on earth broken is a state of grace wherein opportunity exists to learn the best and the worst of it.

Perhaps it's time to recognize and embrace the way we feel. Picking our broken pieces off the ground of being learning to knit them together again with compassion for ourselves larger than we were before, larger than we ever imagined building with a new awareness that somehow broken opens a door invisible before. And with newfound wholeness, expansive, that embraces the broken and the mending we become alive to the possibility of sharing our humanity. Unbroken we can never know this. So let go of fear of falling, stubbing pride and dignity embrace the lessons a lifetime brings laughing and crying wholeheartedly. To ride our time without a bump in our imagined being would be to live an epoxy bubble, brittle, indifferent, and unmoved by beauty untouched by an ocean of love surrounding, beckoning us to jump.

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*Passing Reflections V. 3: Surviving Suicide Loss Through Mindfulness*