



Attachment

Jeepers Creepers – and I feel the tightly curling tendrils of a climbing vine, or the tight squeeze of a baby’s fingers around one finger. I have a bell pull cross-stitch project sitting on a chair, folded with care and placed back into the plastic bag in which it came, quietly waiting for season’s change and a return to continuing on with this beauty. Lovely Black-Capped Chickadees on a vertical vine of Holly, to be edged with a lovely Christmas red!

I had it well underway – an enthusiastic gusto to “have” this again! Years ago I cross-stitched this project and gave it to my Mom as a Christmas gift. **She had such affection** for the dear Chickadees that it remained up in her home year round! I loved it too (sharing an affection for these friendly birdies) and felt a bit of wistfulness as I packed it up as a gift. I thought nothing more of this and appreciated it when I visited Mom.

After her house had been emptied, unbeknownst to me, my covetous Heart grabbed tightly back on to this lovely gift I had given to Mom (and quietly held some attachment to). After some time I began searching online to see if I could find this project (kit) to buy – and, I scored! I felt uplifted, attachment grew stronger and I could not wait to reproduce this to have something to hold, to remember.

The kit arrived and I busily taped the edges, found the center of the cross-stitch, separated and labelled each colour and began – fervor and heart in it! I am not sure where in this experience, something began to unfold in me. I am not sure if it was during a committed time period of stitching or if it unwound in a seasonal change and putting it aside for now (and protecting from dust).

The fervor and heart in this and the hanging it up, keeping it, all of it has shifted. I will complete it as I enjoy doing cross-stitch – the rest remains unknown at present. Will I keep it for Christmas hanging? Will I keep it as a reminder of everything being gone before I even knew it? Does any of this even matter? Do I need to make any “story” about this?

There are other things that I have held a ridiculous attachment to – the Peppermint plant that my Great Aunt Katherine gave me decades ago when we visited. She has moved thousands of miles with us – as if this is a living link of ancestry, love, memory. There are more – as I have an incredible memory!

Yet, I have known people who have lost everything in a fire, refugees whose whole families were killed, and they escaped with their lives and no photos, no mementos, memories of all kinds. Do things and photos bridge/connect us, hold our memories as if in a treasure box?

These wonderings and more float around in my consciousness from time to time. My attachments and clinging’s seem to be softening, unfolding, letting go and more wonderings come forth. This gift of Life is full of mysteries, sticky growth spurts, and so many different possibilities – amazing!

Warm regards,

Shelley & Becky