

## “My One True Love”

Since I was a child I knew I was lacking something, but I didn't know what. I never felt complete, never felt whole. I was always missing something, some piece of me, and I was sure that whoever looked at me could see I was an incomplete person. It all made for a very low sense of self-esteem, self-worth. I felt less than everyone else. I grew up lacking me.

My maturing process always seemed incomplete but only I knew it, only I suffered from it. To compensate, I created imaginary characters to mime, mimic and in general have company with, but even they could not fill the horrible missing piece I struggled with. I took up guitar playing because the music and words filled a tiny corner of that gaping chasm of a void. I learned dozens of hobbies, did more sports than my peers, dated, even married, traveled the world – but nothing worked. At night when I lay in bed the silence consumed me like the ocean reclaims the beach at high tide. I was suffocated by the horrible aloneness that only an incomplete person knows and understands.

Then one day when I was but a young woman of 23 my eyes made contact with a man whom I knew I would love for the rest of my life. We were two halves who had found each other; two halves to make the whole. It was totally unexpected when it happened. When our eyes met it was like looking in a spiritual mirror where you both can see the true reflection of self, a oneness, a three dimensional whole, complete self. For the first time ever, I saw the true color of my eyes, every hair in my eyebrows and eyelashes. I saw the curve of my lips, the shape of my mouth, the squareness of my jaw. I saw me, yet it was he I was looking at. It frightened me. I was staring at a man's face that I had known all my life, that I had known belonged to me. At the time I couldn't put my feelings and perceptions into words and that even frightened me. The longer I stared at him, the longer he stared at me. He was seeing the same thing I had seen in that spiritual mirror we each reflected from.

I was not a loose woman by any stretch of the imagination, but I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that we would be together before the days had a chance to be called a week. I felt the rush of blood through my body, the pounding of my heart thundering its message of love through my mind, the thrill and excitement of finding my completeness, my wholeness. There were no words to describe what I felt, what we felt.

We knew we had our beginnings in a universe without the spoken word, that is why there still are no words to describe all the feelings and emotions that we felt at that moment.

When we did get together that too went beyond description. I know we were together, I saw him that evening, and I saw him the next morning, but the in-between hours were a blur. I could feel him holding me, making love to me, caressing me, but never was it with my physical senses. It was beyond. It was as though we had released from the physical bonds of this earthly existence and had transcended all that we know to be real. We had gone back to where we came from. Every time we were together, it was the same. We shared hours, days, weeks, and months but it has the physical tangibility of a minute.

I had given myself so completely to him, and he in return, that we became the whole that two halves create. I didn't hold back anything. I gave my heart, my body, my mind, and our spirits became one. And I knew that he in turn gave his heart, his body, his mind. Our oneness was consummate. It was supreme. It was divine. It was inevitable. Our life long search for self had ended, and the beginning of a new life was embraced with a fervor such as we had never known before.

Before we knew it months had passed. He returned to America and I remained in Germany, but only until he could arrange for our marriage, then we would be together for the rest of our lives. Two weeks before the wedding, when I was packing and preparing for, and living with the thrill of a lifetime, my world of love and completeness came to a crashing, life-numbing halt. One night I was consumed by nightmares only to be followed the next day by a phone call. It was his family. They were grief stricken and struggled with the proper way to tell me the news. The love of my life, the love of my soul and spirit had been killed in a car accident. He had been hit head on by a drunk driver who crossed over the median of a freeway.

As quickly as my life had begun, it had ended. Not only did he die that day, but so did I. My other half had taken the remaining half I had floundered with all my life. Suddenly, again, there was nothing to call *me*; no halves, no quarters, not even a piece was left after he died. I was empty. I was devastated.

Whatever grip he had on me when he died was suddenly gone. That safe and secure hold he had on me had disappeared and I started to fall. I could feel myself tumbling, falling, and screaming for help, but they were silent screams as the emotional gyrations continued. No one heard. No one knew my pain. No one could relate to such an incredible loss. They were all halves and had no idea what it was like to be whole. They had no idea what it was like to suddenly be nothing. That day in May 1974, two people died, one went to heaven and the other slid into a living hell.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, the passing time created years. My fall was out of control as I continued tumbling through time, alone and empty. I lost myself in work, in play, in short relationships that I alone could govern. I kept them short because there was absolutely nothing inside of me to give so I kept my lovers out, and I remained as emotionally distant as the nearest star. The saddest part of all is that I really did want a partner, a husband. I wanted a lover. I wanted children. I wanted and desperately needed a family, but I was unable to give an ounce of what it takes to get one. I didn't have an ounce of anything to give. I was void. I was an empty human being and I knew it.

For the next fourteen years I had married and divorced twice and endured too many miscarriages. Two special miscarriages may have been easier for me to deal with if they had happened early in the stage of pregnancy, but they did not. I carried each one of them for seven long, glorious and wonderful months, but both ended in utter tragedy. They were two more deaths that piled heavier onto my already broken spirit.

In 1988, I decided, or it was decided for me on a higher level, that I could not take another heartbreak. I set out on a journey to try and find me. Although he had taken all I thought I had, I rationalized that somewhere out there I must have had something that mattered. If not then I didn't want to live another day. I couldn't take another day of pain. Somehow I had to find me, even if I only found the remnants of me. I rationalized that it would be something to work with. Anything was better than nothing.

People wonder how I did so many things in my life and how I had so many close calls with death. The answer is simple. I didn't care, and I didn't care to be alone. I couldn't stand the silence, the quiet, because I could hear my tears haunting me from the distance. I didn't want to live. To live life without a healthy respect for death puts us in dangerous situations. I know—every day of my life I wanted to die and would volunteer for the most dangerous missions I could get. I even created dangerous situations, hoping that somehow I would not live through them. I always did.

By 1993, I had to admit that I was still faltering in life. I had to admit what I was doing to myself and why. I thought I had lost everything that was important to me and I just got tired of the struggle to survive. What I didn't know before was that there is a Higher Power and it has a wonderful plan for each and every one of us. The plan for me obviously entailed living.

I have already lost more than anyone could ever dream possible. I have already loved more than anyone could ever dream imaginable. I've done it all and ironically, I have survived. So what's the next step?

I knew I had to get out of the survivor mode and back into the thriver mode. I love to write, I'm rather good at it, and I have things I want to do with my life, and say about life. I also know that the Source of all has something planned for me. He never would have developed my character in such a devastating way if it wasn't to equip me with some very potent tools. Well, I've been taught, equipped, and am now ready to move on to whatever that may be. Only He knows.

It has taken 35 years to finally be able to talk about the love of my life, of all my lives, and it still hurts, but not in the way an injury does. Those memories have been profoundly imprinted on who I am and always will be. I'll never be free of them. I don't want to be. Without that experience I could never have said that I touched the intangible side of love and lived to talk about it. I could never explain how I traveled to the starry gateway realms of the outer bounds of the universe and returned . . . to talk about it. I have neither loved like that since nor will I ever. And I don't care to search for a love like that again. I had it, I touched it, I had it consume me as tenderly as a morning mist and as totally as an atomic bomb. Such a love does not happen twice in a lifetime, and I'd be kidding myself if I thought it did. His memory stays with me always. I have been touched by the eternalness of love, and by the true spiritual and everlasting marriage that will eventually bring us together again no matter where we are.

Yes, I miss him, and it hurts as horribly now as it did back then. It still feels as though it all happened this morning. Pain like that will never go away. Love like that will never die. Sharing your light with another light will never dim. Never. My love is as present in my life today as he was back then. There is no room for another and I have finally come to understand that.

I also believe that when my life on Earth is over, that he and I will be together again. Because of that I can wait. A lifetime on Earth is a drop in the bucket compared to a lifetime with your eternal other half.

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