

## “WHAT IS IN A LIE?”

She woke this morning from another night of wind swirling its howl across the desert floor, echoing the haunting cry for truth within her mind. She keeps asking herself, “How could my very own mother do what she has done? All her life she has purported to be the peacemaker, yet in truth, she has caused an unreal amount of unpeace among the family.”

The wind is haunting and makes her emotions even more raw . . . as raw as her memories make her. She thinks about how she and her siblings, all adults now, are all struggling to resolve their childhoods. “That's not the way it should be,” she groans in harmony with the wind. “It's certainly not the way any of us wanted it.”

So what is peace? she wonders. That's all her mother ever said she wanted. Peace. But peace is merely a result of a specific action or series of actions. Peace is the result of a truce. Peace is the result of an armistice. Peace is the result of integrity, truth, and trust. Peace is the result of these actions between two or more people. If mom really wanted peace in her life, why did she surround herself with dishonesty? Why has she lied to us, as well as herself?

She rolls to her side, hoping the pillow will block some of the howling outside. She shakes her head at the noise. It sounds like a symphony of coyotes singing the minor chords her heart was feeling. She tries to think again.

Integrity implies an incorruptible soundness of moral character, especially as displayed in fulfilling trusts, and mom talked a good show of integrity but never allowed it to guide her life. Again, another horrible lie. I would never want to be inside of her mind. More than anything, I feel that her body, heart, mind, and spirit are all ruled by utter chaos. She searches for the cosmos but instead find chaos, all because she has allowed lies to rule her life, destroy her children, and create a life void of laughter, friends and family.

“So what's in a lie?” she groans, trying to out-sound the howling wind. It's darkness, unhappiness, aloneness, despair. A lie is everything that God is not. Is it any wonder why her life is filled with pain and desolation? Sadly, the lies she surrounded herself with has indeed blinded her to the fact that she has four adults who once were her children, and we are all asking for the same resolution of our past, a past that she created. Four people who cared so much for her but she nearly devastated us by her lies.

All these years we thought we were protecting her from dad. Yes, she did need protected, but what we didn't know was that she was part and partial for the reason behind his anger.

Her lies manipulated us, all of us, everyone she ever came in contact with, and now the seeds that she sowed years ago are beginning to sprout. Rather than a beautiful, lush garden, she will be surrounded by thorns and weeds. Surrounded by what she has always feared the most, unhappiness . . . a life void of peace.

She pulls the pillow over her head then crawls deeper under the heavy blankets. Finally, she thinks in exasperation, finally, silence. Now if only I can muffle my heart and mind!

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