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A Chest Full of Lessons

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urge to wax preposterously poetic about the effrontery of being compared to a stalker, but there is another thought as well.

The part of me that used to be eight years old sees a photograph and, having little concept of history, decides that she wants to get to know its subject. She does so in the only ways she can. That part of me is the part that now smiles at lightning storms instead of ignoring them, the part that knows the capital of Serbia, and the part that jumps at a chance to read any biography it can find. If the effect of any relationship is the subtle changes we pick up along the way, I certainly owe a deal to mine with the man Edison despised.

Recently, I woke up to find another crystalline bank of fog settled over my house. Rather than contemplate it from my window, I took a book and joined the faeries outside. Time never made much sense to me anyway. Nikola Tesla died over half a century before I was born. He was one of the greatest men I now know.

A Chest Full of Lessons®

SHARON ORSBORN

There's a chest in the sunroom that I don't open much.
It's full of dog tags and medals, and report cards and such.
It's a box not much bigger than a suitcase is.
And it's filled with things that once were his.
What the box really holds is a story too brief
of happiness and memories, and a whole lot of grief.

Grief is a process that takes time and tears.
It's not over in weeks or months or years.
It takes as long as it takes, I would say.
It gets a bit better with each passing day.

It ebbs and it flows like the ocean tide.
As time goes by it begins to subside.
A tide that once raged becomes a mere neap.
Occasional tears replace a great need to weep.

The chest in the sunroom will always be there,
a reminder of life and things that aren't fair.
But it's tucked away now; it doesn't take too much space.
And what I've learned from it will not go to waste.

The learning is a part of the me I've become.
It's a piece of a puzzle that's nearly done.
I have had other lessons, too many to list.
But up until now this one had been missed.

And as much as I hate it I have to say,
it has helped me become all I am today.
Who I am today is not the same as before.
The chest has led me through a different door.

It's a door to knowledge of the human spirit
with a lesson for all who would listen and hear it.
Each of us is a product of what we've been through.
We are the end result of the old and the new.

Memories and grief are stored in that chest.
And the lessons it taught me may be the best yet.