

The most important day

What is the most powerful day of your life?

Or - what is the most important day of your life?

Most people have an answer – or two - of a very special day for themselves.

Right???

Some people say it is the day my child was born; or when they graduated from college; or when they got married – or made it out of the Army - alive – or made it out of a marriage - alive. There are a lot of answers to this question. I guess we could question the question and say there is no one day that is more important or powerful. Some people say today is the most important day.

However, I think there is one special day for each and ever one of us. One day that is more important than any other day. Sounds very presumptuous of me – does it not? However consider - the most important day is the day we were born. I have asked this question a lot recently in conversation and most people remark that they do not remember being born. Very true, no one really remembers the day we were born because we are a Tabla Rasa – a blank slate. But, without a doubt, if there were no birth, no subsequent days would exist. Without first being born – all the other important days – would not even exist.

So, does it sound reasonable to say – the most important day of your life is the day you were born?

I have another presumptuous question that I have asked a lot recently in conversation. What is the most valuable thing you have ever received in your life? The answers I got to this question vary widely too. Some people talk about children or monetary gifts or inheritance or husbands or wives; or their consciousness or God awareness. All valid answers, but are they the most valuable gift? I would say no.

The most valuable gift we have ever received is love.

Why, because love allows us to grow beyond ourselves and develop predilections to reach for the stars. Love permits us to dream a dream – and – to discover our hearts desire.

And where does love come from and when do we get it?

We receive love before we are born from our mothers. Love comes from a mother first and foremost. Mothers love their babies because they are one being – when the baby is in the womb. Love is a divine gift, I think, that is a central part of consciousness – and – it grows with babies – and develops our entire life and never stops developing – if you work at it. All of our desires and values are framed from our ability to love. Our likes and dislikes are a reflection and extension of our ability to love. The *raison d'être* of existence is love.

The origin of our love is another thing that most people have forgotten. Most of us don't give credit to our mothers for our very lives and, more importantly, the ability to love. We have forgotten where love starts and we take it for granted. However, love, begins in each one of us - and - comes first - from a mother to a child.

Some people say love comes from God. I would not disagree or argue – but – we can not prove God's existence. So, let's be practical – what do we really know for sure? Mothers touch a baby first. Mothers love their babies. We know for sure mothers exist. The idea of God is not as certain as is a mother.

Love is the basis on which all relationships depend. When I say all relationships I mean: family, community, towns, cities, states, nations, planet and beyond. Love is the glue of human civilization and the basis for all values. You may say that “I love pizza or I love tea”, but you don't love anything unless you love yourself. You get and you learn love from your mother - first. Mother love paves the way for every other predilection in our lives. Yes, a father shows and gives us love, but a mother gives and teaches love first. That first touch in the womb is powerful.

You ever hang around a pregnant woman? All she talks and thinks about is her baby. The bond of love is forged over nine months. I talked to my babies while they were in the uterus and they immediately recognized my voice upon birth. And I showered all the love I could on them after they were born. But I could not compete with the bond my wife had with the babies while in the womb or after with breast feeding. We are loved first and most powerfully by our mothers. Mother love is the spring from which all love flows. Mother love is our first love – it sets the stage for everything that is to come in our lives – likes – dislikes – wants – and desires. What is life worth without love? NOT very much.

Well - What is love? Now this is a tricky question. Poets – philosophers – troubadours and minstrels – and all of us in between, have been trying to understand and answer this question – from the beginning of time. We all have an opinion of what love is – and mine is just that – opinion. I define love as awareness. Awareness of self - Awareness of others - Awareness

of likes and dislikes. Awareness of consciousness – or – being consciousness of self – this is the fulcrum from which love emanates - awareness.

When we become self aware we gain the capacity to love. We begin to become self aware as we differentiate from our mothers. We learn self awareness because our mothers or mother surrogates focus on us and lead us to apprehend ourselves. Self awareness is a growth process. A mother loves sets this complex equation in motion. A mother loves us because she loves herself - and because we were once one “being” with our mother.

My thesis is that our own consciousness is in love with itself. How can it not be? What else do we have? Consciousness is all we ever really own. From start to finish we live inside a box of our own design – our brain. Whether we like it or not, we are responsible for our thoughts – good, bad and mediocre or otherwise. Consciousness, self awareness and love are all the same thing. In my opinion it is a divine gift that is passed down via the vessel of life – mothers.

We forget the obvious - the most important day – the day you were born

We loose sight of the most powerful and important gift – love.

And we do not give credit to the person who gave us both – our mothers.