

DEAR HEAVENLY MOTHER

Taisha Ostler

Dear Heavenly Mother,

You have been lost to me, hidden from my view behind a veil of professed sacred protection, but I am searching for you—pulling you into the light. Now that I am also called Mother, I know you are strong. I know you do not need protecting, that you are a force of love and life. I believe you have always been with me. Guiding. Directing. Giving me strength in time of need and celebrating my moments of joy. I know you were there as I pushed and breathed and bled my own babies into the world. Yet, I looked past you.

Now, I see how my self-proclaimed “daddy’s girl” attitude has been shaped by the patriarchal system that hid you from me in the first place. I do not pray to you, and until recently, hadn’t even prayed about you. Now I ask Father to help me feel your love and guidance and to understand when you are present in my life. I long to find my way into your arms, to be held up by you.

For so long, I felt unbalanced, but I didn’t understand why until others of my faith began to speak your name. Now, each time you are acknowledged, I feel righted. I see myself as a woman loved by Heavenly Parents, with an inheritance that includes the feminine divine. “Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man” (1 Cor. 11:11).

I wept when you were included (as a Heavenly Parent) in the Young Women theme, Now, when my nieces recite those powerful words, you become part of their identities. I am grateful for this, but the young men, my own boys included, repeat a weekly theme that still does not include you. How long before they will be allowed to acknowledge your divinity too?

I am encouraged by small changes, but change takes time. For now, I will speak your name. I will make you part of our eternal narrative. I will share your love and stop myself from looking past you. I will teach my children to see your light and be lifted by your strength, that they will speak your name as easily as they do Father's—for both of you are part of their eternal makings.

All my love,

Daughter

TAISHA OSTLER {taisha.byu@gmail.com} holds an MFA in creative writing from Brigham Young University. Much of her writing centers around nature, womanhood, and relationships. As a mother of twin boys, Taisha's life is full of knock-knock jokes and Minecraft gaming. She currently lives in Taylorsville, Utah, with her husband and children.