

Amor Vincit Omnia by Alan N. Francis

My wife and I have been married for 23 wonderful years. I sometimes wish I had met her earlier. She was/is my first love. But often times, she lamented that her childhood was so lonely. Her parents worked in a Gulf country, which, in the early years, had no proper school system. So, she was admitted to a prestigious Boarding school when she was 7. Children who join boarding schools at a young age, don't get the unconditional love that parents give them. This makes sensitive kids to be withdrawn and lonely. To make matters worse for most holidays, she was asked to be with her grandmother. Grandma had her hands full with running a home, taking care of my wife's uncles who were younger in those days. So, grandma did not give her the attention she needed for self-assured growth. Her sense of abandonment grew and the abuse began.

Fast forward to the present day. My wife and I have discussed her childhood over many cups of tea. In one of our conversations, I mentioned, "Why don't we imbue the past with color"? She asked me what I meant by that. I told her that past resides only in our minds. It does not have a physical reality. Neurobiologically each experience of the past, with its smells, feelings, music and images resides in the synaptic terminals of one's hippocampus - a region in the middle of the brain. Every time a synaptic ensemble fires, you relive the memories associated with that experience.

You can change the past if you add a protagonist. If I own her "present" and her "future", why not her past too?

Into childhood's faraway place comes a little boy called Shiloh. He was 11 to her 7. Every morning, he would knock on her door and play with her. He would let her win in checkers and snakes and ladders. He would play hop, skip and jump. He would leave every evening. She would tell him all her stories and let him play with her dolls. He would bring her candy every day. Now, my wife and I laugh over the antics of a young boy and girl. He would honor and cherish her, just as I do now, till death do us part. The spellbinding secret of mind bend can help those who's childhoods have been stolen away by evil men.

The sacred sanctuary called childhood can be made whole again through love and acceptance.

Shiloh means You belong to me!

Life can show no mercy. It can tear your soul apart. It can make you feel like you've gone crazy, but you're not. Though things have seemed to change, there's one thing that's still the same. In my heart you have remained. You are not alone. I am there with you. And we'll get lost together. Till the light comes pouring through. When you feel like you're done. And the darkness has won. Babe you're not lost.

Michael Buble (Lost)