

# First Light-One

I had a major health problem which nearly killed me in 2013. After coming home I knew that writing was the solution to how shaky I was then. Weak and not able to drive or fend for myself I dove into this story. It has to do with my daughter and how much I love her.

## First Light

It was early morning when Elizabeth awoke. Her husband was already up and gone on a flight to Europe for his business. Carefully, she placed both feet on the floor, stretched, got up and pulled aside the bedroom curtains. She wanted the sun to shine today because today was Margarets 12th Birthday.

Her daughter Margaret was a bright little lass with golden tresses and the sunniest personality that could possibly be for any little girl. She was the apple of her mothers and fathers eye and she easily reciprocated that apple as she dearly loved her Mom and Dad. And why not? Mom and Dad, his name was David, were two peas in a pod. They were always charming to both Margaret and her friends and met each of life's circumstances, be they good or ill, with a positive and common sense attitude. An attitude which had clearly rubbed off on Margaret. She greeted each day with a smile even when feeling less than well. They were a small and loving family of three with a depth of understanding pertaining to the important aspects of life. Each parent handled adversity with aplomb and a steady hand.

This morning there was to be a special birthday breakfast for Margaret due to her Father being away. It had been decided mutually, by Elizabeth and Margaret, to forego the birthday dinner and party with all the friends and, instead, just do breakfast. Besides, breakfast with her Mom and the whole day open for adventure was better than any silly party. For sure

it was!

Elizabeth had fixed a breakfast of pancakes with dollops of blackberry jelly and huge pats of butter making a buttery, blackberry mess that was absolutely delectable to Margaret. Elizabeth thought, *Well, once in a blue moon I think it's Ok.*