

Prelude

Letting the Mist of Memory Settle in My Mind

Some people collect stamps while others collect cards and if they have loads of money, they may even collect cars or houses. I, on the other hand, collect stories. I was around three years old when I lost my mother to Lymphatic Cancer and to this day she remains in my mind as this beautiful, strong, Aboriginal woman, who I wish, with all my heart that I had known longer. Losing her when I was so young left a hole in my life and my heart so big that it has become an ongoing journey to find out who she was, so I can continue my own journey to figure out who I am.

When she died she was very young, and she fought death with every inch of her being but what that meant was that there was no room for her to think of a life for me without her in it. I have long since passed the age she was when she died but I have always hoped I would do it a little differently if my life ended that early. I want to be able to pass on all my memories and stories of the past to my children with this collection of stories. My hope is that they will be able to share these stories with their children some day - little stories of hope in the darkest of times, little stories of love when everyone's heart is breaking, and little stories of joy where there seem to be only tears.

These stories are of my survival, and of how the people around me touched my life and helped me to build and hold all my hopes and dreams together for the future.

Parents hold the stories of who we are, who we were growing up and how far we have come in this journey of life. My father is the only keeper of the stories for me now. Many of the won-