

Memoirs of a Bodhisattva

Short stories by Skip Nelson



GROWING UP AROUND STRONG WOMEN

My mother grew up during The Great Depression. Her family was poor. Her father was not around much of the time due to his philandering. And when he was, he was both physically and sexually abusive.

My mother had every reason to grow up bitter and angry. But she chose not to.

She instead decided to give us what she never had.

My Mom taught me about never giving up. You see.....she had every reason in life to quit....but she never did. She and some of her sisters were sexually abused by their philandering and mostly absent father. She was homeless at age 17 when her mother died of cancer. She just held her head high and moved forward, regardless of the situations.

My Mom taught me about honesty. She encouraged us to come to her when we did something wrong and admit it.....and followed it up with the standing threat that if she found out about it from someone else.....we had to deal with her.

My Mom taught me about fairness. She taught me about sharing and giving. Nothing was more important to her than her family. Possessions meant very little without harmony and balance in the home.

My Mom taught me about travel and meeting people. She loved to travel, far and near, and always came home with a new friend, acquaintance or story.

My Mom rarely talked negatively about anyone.....unless directly provoked or disrespected. Then she stood her ground without shame.....a practice I inherited from her and carry on to this day. Her motto was "If you can't say something nice, it's better to say nothing at all.....a bit of advice I follow about 90% of the time. I did not inherit her patience when it comes to rude or insensitive people.

My Mom taught me about Spirituality vs Religion. It has been the backbone of my existence my entire life. She always said "My church is in Nature"

My Mom taught me what love for others is by example, because she was relentlessly selfless. She taught me that, regardless of a person's background or upbringing, I should always show respect....until and unless respect was not returned in kind.

My Mom was a strong woman. Her sisters were strong women. They raised strong daughters. And those daughters raised strong women and sons. But they were never

I come from a generation that cared for women, opened doors for women, carried heavy loads for women and a family that never disrespected women in any way. I have been surrounded by strong women my whole life. I mean or angry.

These things helped to form the foundation of the person I am today.

Yes, I was raised around strong women. As such, I learned to respect them. Not fear them.

Those women got more accomplished in a day than most of the men in their lives, and still remained caring, loving ladies.

Peace and Love,

Skip Nelson