

## A February Love Story

Written by Janet Cargill

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All the forms had been filled out and I sat quietly with my paper jacket on hoping I didn't have it on backward while I waited for the technician to come in. The door opened and a very lovely young woman with a beautiful smile and happy eyes greeted me warmly. She settled me into the lounge type seat, adjusted my paper jacket, I did get it right, and began telling me how she was going to proceed with the test. It was fairly straightforward and nothing much required of me except to relax. She turned off the lights and as she clicked on her machine it purred into action and its small screen glowed with a soft light. She held something that looked like a small microphone in her hand and then placed it on my chest over my heart, after a few clicks on the machine she said "Look, there is your heart".

I know the word awe is over used, but there really is not another word to describe how I felt in that moment. A wave of emotion came over me, not unlike the feeling I had when I looked at the tiny face of each of my brand new babies. It wasn't just a heart, it was MY heart and I knew I would always love it. The young tech and I spoke quietly to one another as she showed my marvelous heart and explained just how it was working. I was fascinated. I thought about my marvelous heart and how, from the day it first fluttered to life in my Mother's womb announcing that I indeed was there, it has continued to beat, never stopping beating the rhythm of my life, unseen. Having met my heart and watching her perform the ceaseless task of keeping me here, alive in my world, I made a new and deeper commitment to pay attention to and take excellent care of her. We take care of what we love, I love my heart.