

The Giver

She is the giver. She purchased the gift, at great cost to herself, and is seeking a suitable and lovable recipient.

She has been spectacularly and painfully unsuccessful in this search.

She is the keeper of the crown. She gave it to him, but that was not her true gift. She gave him so much more. He did not know how to care for her gift. Would he have been a better caretaker if he had been smarter, more generous or more experienced?

By his callousness, he forced her to rescind his title. No more would he be called King. No more would he wear the crown. It was the most beautiful crown in all the world. No other gold, no other jewels shone as brightly. It was studded with rubies that reflected her rich red lips and sensuous smile, emeralds that matched the depth and sparkle of eyes.

The crown was a thing of poetic beauty. But it was merely a thing. A material symbol of a much greater and infinitely more precious gift.

The gift was created from the raw joy and abundance of her childhood, from the intense hardship and loss of her young adulthood. It was purchased with the tears she shed in sheer sorrow and in blissful happiness.

She could not let him keep the gift. He had mistreated and neglected it. Her gift had lost some of its essence in his care. It had lost freshness and fragility.

She reclaimed the gift, and by doing so, renewed its strength and vitality. It was no longer new. But it was no longer his. It was hers. Hers to give again, this time to a more suitable and lovable recipient.

She is the giver. She is looking for a new King, a worthy man to whom she can freely give her heart.