



Rumblings and Ruminations



Newsletter from Sharon Snir for March 2007

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Do you have a Heart Murmur?

A heart murmur in the medical sense is a quiet but audible sound emanating from the chest in addition to the normal heart sounds.

In Latin *murmur* means to whisper.

When we use the word murmur, however, we are usually meaning a soft-sounded utterance and generally speaking that is the language of the heart. When life becomes too busy, too raucous and overfilled with things to do, the soft murmurings of the heart are often overlooked or simply not even heard.

Yesterday for example, I was celebrating my cousins 60th birthday. This cousin is very dear to me and indeed has an ear for heart murmurs.

My cousin's mother is my aunt, (who by the way is deaf unless she wears her hearing aid) was at the celebration too and at the end of the lunch my mother went over to her and with arms around her she whispered, I love you Doris. The tears that fell from my aunts eyes were full of joy and yet came from a well of pain.

My mother has never been able to express her love for this sister. I never knew why that was.

As dementia has crept into her life, however, it has surprisingly awakened

her ability to hear her heart murmurs and yesterday she fulfilled my aunt's deeply held longing to be held and loved by her only remaining sister.

As my aunt was crying, my cousin stood beside her in total silence. Although I couldn't hear what her heart was saying I could see her listening with a deep and ancient wisdom that comes when we are silent.

Others came over to my aunt and tried to stop her tears by 'there-there-ing her, patting her back, talking to her as if they understood. My cousin however stood in silence, arm in arm with her mother listening, listening, with the ear of her heart.

I watched this happening and realised how easy it is to miss our heart murmurs.

Deep inside the heart is our inner ear. It is one of the reasons it is hidden inside the word itself.

The whisperings of the heart share with us our longings, our grief, our pain and our joy. Our heart murmurs know no niceties, no polite gestures. They have no masks.

And to hear, all we have to do is be silent, breathe gently and listen.

Notice the words S-i-l-e-n-t and L-i-s-t-en

There are no coincidences.

With Love and Light,

Sharon