



YWCA
EDMONTON

A TURNING POINT
FOR WOMEN

A Peaceful Night

Pam Chohan

Could she be any more amazing? Any stronger? Wiser? Braver? And yet, still so kind.
A gentle heart even after all the flames should have hardened her to stone.
A woman I watched like no other, from the moment I was born.
It has always been her and I.

She drove herself to the hospital when she gave birth to me. Drove herself back.
Worked while being sick and suffering, to provide me nourishment and diapers across my bottom.
Raised me with values to be honest and generous and loving.
She, in the face of dark spirits, never allowed the hate to consume her, never crumbled, never fled.

A woman who in spite of being rejected by the world, by her own family and his family,
challenged the Gods and won.
Gaining her education in face of mockery and spite.
Built businesses from the ground up, regardless of her husband's disapproval and malice.
Painted her misery onto a canvas, instead of with liquor and drugs.

A woman, who while working from sun rise till sun set, cared for me like an angel, gave me every-
thing I needed and more.
Starved herself to make sure my sisters and I were prospering.
Faced the wrath of abusive men, women, elders, traditions, customs.
A culture created for good, yet interpreted and carried out by vultures of the desert.
A life of an innocent girl, an innocence taken away by a filthy wolf,
Leaving her feeling used and worthless.

A woman, who in the face of all of this, having a life of a tragic play, a melodramatic drama, exits the
scene with a smile and a laugh, whispering "I am alive. I am free. I am still here."
I watch as both audience and actress, both narrator and watcher of this play.
This impossible yet so real woman.

Even more incredible, she, not a distant being, not a stranger, not a woman known through stories.
But a mother. My mother. My blood, from whose womb I was created in.
Every night I sleep in amazement knowing that a piece of her is part of me.
How lucky am I to have the blood of a soldier course through my very veins.
How honoured can I be to have an angels tears fall upon mine?

I am the humbled daughter of a woman, like every other, in utter amazement I sleep.
In astonishment I wake to see her and know, that in my heart she is mine.

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