

## **Who can know a woman?**

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Who can know a woman? As a man, I don't imagine I'll never know. Oh sure, there are the usual differences between the sexes, but, I mean, it goes a lot deeper than that.

To be a man is easy, relatively speaking...

Men are driven by testosterone and a few other mystery ingredients that cause them to make plenty of bad decisions based on raw masculinity, and sometimes a little alcohol; and sometimes a LOT of alcohol...

But a woman can be tougher than nails, show more determination, and find more courage within her own soul. Who knows how?

Men will charge into fierce, blazing combat, assault burning buildings, and fly into danger where no sane person would even think about going.

Because there are ribbons. Lots of ribbons. And medals. Big shiny medals; and bragging rights...

But a woman, not so much... which only increases the mystery.

When a woman brings forth life it is a glorious and personal thing. It is her special treasure. Even special from the man who helped her find it.

From the moment of conception it becomes more important than her own life, which she will gladly sacrifice to ensure that her special charge will live...

Something, someone she may never see must continue to live even if she never lives to see it herself. It is that important. It is her charge. It is her sacred duty...

But sadly, she never saw her charge continue. She could only take her so far.

Now she lies in peaceful sleep. Surrounded in colors and fragrant scents;

She is in all the world the most beautiful flower in the garden. Even now, she still has that special glow, Just like the young mother she never lived to become.

Pink... She's wearing pink. But it's hard to see just what it is through the tears...

But there are no ribbons. There are no medals, and God knows she has earned her share. She gave everything so that an unproven life could take its turn at the fountain of hope.

Who can know a woman? Who can know the mystery of a love that begins so deep in a soul that is willing to give herself, her all, to an unborn idea that has such little chance to live? And what takes place in the heart of a hopeless gambler when the stakes are life itself?

Tonight, she rests in peaceful sleep guarding that so precious secret that she, and only she will ever know...

Who can know a woman? Who can know the heart and soul of someone who lives in the dichotomy of self verses unquestionable love?

Try as I might, I am only a man... And God knows I'm sure I will never understand...