

A Story of Loss, for Those Who Are Lost

Hannah C. Quandt
Cedarville University, hannahquandt@cedarville.edu

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A Story of Loss, for Those Who Are Lost

Mara was a girl filled with happiness and light. She loved to spend her days in the sun, basking in its rays as she embraced her warm Heart. Heart was bright and comforting. She gave Mara relief and joy. As she squeezed Heart close, she felt enveloped by the sense that everything would be all right.

One day, word came that Finis was on the prowl. Finis was the lion, cruel and cold, feared by all. His mane was matted and dirty, his eyes were filled with darkness. He was heartless and dragged out the killing, leaving the victim holding on by a thread. At the word of his coming, all ran for cover. Mara searched for Heart but found her nowhere. She ran out to the street but was already too late: she saw Finis stalk around Heart, playing with her one slash at a time. By the time that he was done, Heart was frigid, blue, and bleeding. Mara was hurt and confused as she held Heart close. This time the touch was cold, not warm. She grasped for a way to close the gushing wounds but every idea alluded her. All too soon, Heart was gone, but she was left still holding on to her lifeless frame.

Presently, a passer-by approached, her eyes firmly planted on the ground. Mara cried to her, saying that she missed the way Heart used to be. The woman kept her eyes down and said, "Do not speak of Finis, he may hear and take me next." The woman quickly walked away, leaving Mara standing alone with Heart bleeding all the more in her arms.

A friend could be seen nearing from a distance. When he got closer, Mara called out his name, begging him to listen. He looked past her as Mara did her best to express the consuming anger she felt inside. She felt angry that things were different, angry at Finis, and angry sometimes for no explainable reason. He continued his averted gaze as he said, "You are freaking me out! You need to work on that; being angry is a sin." The friend looked past Mara, pulled out a bandage and firmly attached it to Heart. This bandage was made of lead, however, and caused Mara's arms to quake at Heart's added weight and size.

When the next friend approached, Mara tried a new tactic. Out of fear of her feelings being rejected, Mara decided to play it cool and express herself more casually. She smiled saying, "Man, this thing is getting so heavy, my arms are getting ready to fall off!" The man closed his eyes and chuckled at her joke, tossing a lead bandage on as he left. Mara felt hurt that this friend had not heard the cry

for help behind her dark joke. In disappointment, she cast this ineffective facade aside.

Mara was wondering how much longer she could continue, when a woman approached her from behind. Mara called out that the burden was getting so large and heavy that it was blocking out the sun. Her voice shook as she wondered whether the sun was even there at all. The woman looked to the side and said, "You know the sun is there! Look harder, then you will see it." She tossed a lead bandage on the load and walked off. Heart was gushing blood now and was growing so large that Mara struggled to keep standing.

Another woman could be seen walking around the corner. Mara decided she would make one last attempt. She cried out, begging the woman to stop. Mara sobbed as she said, "All I can see is the darkness." She groaned, "I can't hold this anymore, it's too heavy. I want to give up and just let it crush me." Disgusted, the woman looked past Mara and said, "How could you say that! You are so selfish to think that way." With that she threw several bandages of lead on top of the growing Heart and briskly walked away.

Mara stood with legs and arms trembling, struggling to breathe under the weight and river of blood. She decided that no one could ever understand. It was not that she wanted to be crushed by the load; she felt it was beyond her control. At that moment, Mara's best friend approached. Mara did not have the strength to cry out so she just stared helplessly. The friend came near looking Mara in the eye, and without a word grabbed half of the load. Mara could finally take a deep breath. A second friend followed the first and helped peel off some of the lead. Mara's legs quivered a little less. Another approached and supported her weakened arms from behind. Mara could feel her weary muscles relaxing. Others followed and soon Mara was surrounded by people who silently held the burden with her. Each one gazed into her eyes and did not look away. They saw her pain yet did not try to fix it. Only then could Mara feel her wounds begin to heal. The blood and tears still trickled down, but she was not alone.