

Lotus did all that.

There were many contributors, of course. By the fifth and last year, Homeless Women's Slumber Party rented a motel's huge apartment suite, accommodating a mom with a very disabled son so both could be included, and having "children's time" activities that included swimming. Tables full of healthy food, and a few comfort foods, dressed each room.

We celebrated house hunting "graduations." Shared wishes. Got to know each other. I was surprised to learn how often the fathers and uncles were supportive, and pleased to see how easily single women and parenting women connect when given half a chance. Homeless Women's Slumber Party, doors open to both strangers and friends, would have ended the first year if not for Lotus' creative persistence.

And these delights are really Lotus' secondary accomplishments. I believe her willingness to let people into her heart and her home, when she had one, was an example of living by trusting the Great Spirit. She often took in homeless and other people. Fed them. Hugged them. Listened to them late into the night. Earned her nickname, "Lotta Love Lotus" in Robert Norse's street chronicles.

Whatever legacy I give my children and my friends; whatever important projects we moms and grandmas committed in those decades; whatever little consistencies in sleep and dreams and innocence my children knew, I owe mostly to a few good friends, with Lotus Maynor topping the very short list.

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