

I Forgive...

I've heard advice for the bereaved that forgiveness is an important part of "healing." I've worked hard at the elusive forgiveness and came to the realization today that I am actually able to forgive quite a lot.

- I forgive myself for not forgiving the people that caused my daughter's death. Some things are just not "forgivable," and she would understand.
- I forgive others for sharing their "miracles" with me, not understanding how cruelly this attacks my heart, as I wonder where my daughter's miracle was.
- I forgive others for not understanding me. I don't understand anything anymore so I can't expect others to understand me either.
- I forgive myself for not being able to do all of the things I used to be able to do, I don't function as well as I used to, and that's okay.
- I forgive others for continuing to live in that other world where I once lived with my daughter. It's a good world and I miss it a lot.
- I forgive myself for no longer fitting into that world and not always being able to fake it. I am different now.
- I forgive others for avoiding me. They don't know what to say and, quite frankly, that leaves me with nothing to say to them either.
- I forgive my daughter for leaving me. She loved life and she loved me. I believe she loves me still.

This is probably not what people mean when they say we need to "forgive," but it's the best I can do. It's enough that I can do anything at all, and maybe they will forgive me as well.



By Debbie Ortega, TCF Central Valley, CA
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Mixed Feelings On Father's Day: One of the many mixed feelings a father will have on Father's Day will be one of failure – failure as a protector of his child who has died. The roles of protector and father are synonymous. The father's duty is both to love and protect that child from harm. A man may intellectually know he did his best; but the child, his charge, is still painfully absent on this Father's Day.

By Dick Moen, TCF, Indianapolis, IN
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Husband



I see the grief
behind your earnest eyes.
(You would give anything
to have your child again.)

I feel the helplessness
behind your silent anguish.
(You would give anything to take this hurt
away.)

I know you learned
to keep your tears in hiding.
And you were taught
Few words to speak for solace –
Not yours, not mine.

I see the grief
behind your earnest eyes.
And I will know
to understand and trust you,
Loving father.

Sascha, "The Sorrow and The Light"
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A Message to My Wife

The years of our marriage are few when
measured against a lifetime.

We have encountered joy and shared
confidence in our future.

We have known hope's ending and have
borne the death of dreams.

We have, together, been diminished.

Even minor aspirations have eluded our
grasp in the cruel shadow of the loss of our
child.

Yet, we still share our lives, and though the
brightness we once knew has fled,

We have grown enough to sense a return of
laughter – an uplifting to shatter the dimness,

To remind us that tomorrow will come and
dreams may again be born.

By Don Hackett, TCF South Shore Boston
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