



Thanksgiving



I remember –
the inability to chew or swallow
that first Thanksgiving after Linda
died; the choked-back tears, the sick heart, the
hollowness, the painful memories of Thanksgivings
past, and the blessed relief sleep brought to my pain.

I remember –
the busyness of working as a volunteer the second
and third Thanksgiving after Linda died;
and the good feeling it gave me of “running away”
from it all, and the blessed relief sleep brought to my
pain.

I remember –
the inability to prepare any of her favorite foods that
fourth Thanksgiving after Linda died;
the tears that fell at the smell of turkey cooking, the
parade, football games, the emptiness, the
incomplete family, and the blessed relief sleep
brought to my pain.

I remember –
awakening with a lightness and joy in my heart that
fifth Thanksgiving after Linda died;
the thankfulness for having my remaining family
together, the beautiful memories of past
Thanksgivings, the “wholeness” of me, and the
blessed relief peace brought to my pain.

By Pricilla J. Norton, TCF Pawtucket, RI
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The First Monday of the Month

It's here again. It is time to go to my Compassionate Friends' Meeting. I don't want to go. Why rake up all the pain and sorrow? The awful memories of that late night phone call? Why talk about it again?

But, I go. Many familiar faces greet me. Men and women I have gotten to know through these last seven pain-filled years. Men and women who have shared their grief and recovery with me.

Then it kicks in. I see the tears steaming down the face of a newly bereaved person – or the empty eyes and I reach out my hand – ever so gently. They open up just a little and pour out their grief to me. They tell me about their child, their grandchild, their brother, their sister. They tell me about the “phone call.”

They are safe here. No one expects anything more of them than they can give. They will be listened to. Really listened to.

They will learn ways to live one day at a time from those of us who have had to learn to live this way too. How to make a plan to survive birthdays, holidays and weekends. They'll hear stories about surviving that first, second and third year. They'll hear that, yes – grief is a physical pain in the heart, in the gut. Yes, it feels like you are dying.

They'll hear that, after a while, some times a long while, they may choose life again. That perhaps it is OK to laugh and sing and smell the beautiful roses again. After a while the memories get less painful and will bring a smile to their hearts.

Now I remember, that this is why I come to my monthly meeting of The Compassionate Friends. This is why!

We end the meeting reading our solidarity prayer. I feel a little more peaceful now. Like I'm one of many sharing a grief so profound and deep that only someone in the same circumstances can truly understand. I am not alone.

By Deniece G. Pendleton,
TCF Northshore/Boston Chapter
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My Child Did Exist



I've lost a child, I hear myself say,
And the person I'm talking to just turns away.
Now, why did I tell them, I don't understand.
It wasn't for sympathy or to get a helping hand.
I just want them to know I've lost something dear.
I want them to know that my child was here.
My child left something behind which no one can see.
My child made just one person into a family.
So, if I've upset you, I'm sorry as can be.
You'll have to forgive me, I could not resist.
I just want you to know that my child did exist.

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This a website created by a bereaved mother who lost a
month old child that devastated her and her fiancée. For
all parents who have lost an infant, please copy and paste
the website address. It is beautiful.