

Written for Dawn Mitchell
1998



To My Mother



I see you each time you shed a tear,
I catch it and kiss you, I hope that you know that I'm near.
This place is so beautiful, There's so much to see!
I know that someday you'll be here with me.
The angels were singing when I arrived!
Jesus was there with His arms open wide!
The snow and the rain are just my confetti.
I know you'll be coming and I want to be ready.
When you feel the wind, it's me walking by.
I can run and skip now, I can even fly!
When the blossoms and leaves fall into your hair,
It's me planting kisses, yes, I put them there!
The birds are singing to keep you company,
They're especially for you with love from me.
I know that you miss me and feel so alone,
Until the great day when you finally come home,
Please remember as the seasons
change from one to another,
I'll always love you.
You're my friend and my mother.

the elephant either, but what we'd like most of all, is to have them at least acknowledge that we're stuck in this

lonely room with this large elephant and it will take a while to learn how to ride it.



Road of Life

How can we know where the road of life will lead?

How can we be sure what's down the unpredictable path of existence, beyond the veils of light and darkness?

How can we see around the corner of uncertainty?

We can't.

Do we continue to venture into the unknown when the known has hurt us terribly?

Do we keep going forward when our past is paved with pain?

We must.

We can't stop in our tracks and hurt forever. We must allow the detours, wrong turns and back roads of our past to serve as guideposts into the future ...

And we do have a future.

We can't stop being mobile.

We can't stand still.

To stop is to give up on the promise of life, the love, the laughter that might also be down the road.

Can we throw up our hands, rather than reach out for help?

We can't.

We can't because others have shown us that we can feel differently than we do today.

We can heal. The tears can dry and the comfort of caring can once again replace the emptiness inside.

The smiles can become real, the love sincere.

The Elephant in the Corner

~Author Unknown

When a child dies, it's like they left us standing alone in a room with a very large elephant.



We've never owned an elephant before. We have no use for it, nor do we want it. But, here we are ... stuck in a room with this elephant. We have no idea what to do with the elephant and we certainly don't know how to make the elephant go away.

People come in and out of our room all of the time. They may notice this large elephant sitting there in the corner, but they try not to comment on it. They walk in front of the elephant, behind it, all the way around it, but they do their very best to totally ignore this elephant.

If we shove the elephant out in the very center of the room where he cannot be ignored, most people will run. They're scared of elephants. It's not their problem and they don't know how to deal with it either. It's best to pretend the elephant does not exist.

For all of us left behind, it would be so much better if people we come into contact with would stop pretending this elephant doesn't exist. We know they can't remove

Author Unknown

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