

I Don't Wear Make-up Anymore

I still shower every morning,
Brush my teeth just like before,
Comb my hair, polish my nails,
But I don't wear make-up anymore.

There's a black dress in the closet,
Wore it once, but not once more.
Not today, perhaps tomorrow,
And I don't wear make-up anymore.

I still want to look professional,
Check the mirror on the door,
Heels and hose and matching jewelry
But I don't wear make-up anymore.

Turn the key and start the engine,
Slowly exit the driveway,
Shifting gears, slide into traffic,
So begins another day.

Just another day without you,
You, the apple of my eye,
Who gave me joy, now sadness

"Oh, God, why did my son die?"

I can feel the pressure building,
And I know what is in store...
Gushing forth the tears of heartbreak,
That's why I don't wear make-up anymore.

By Alice C. Osborn, Rolla, Missouri
Reprinted from Northshore/Boston, Dec 1993/Jan 1994



Right now ...
take a moment,
close your eyes
and remember
the smile of your child.



By Sascha
Reprinted from TCF Northshore/Boston Nov newsletter 1992

Did I Love Him Enough?

~excerpts

I hope I did. It's sad that now I'm only able to look back and hope I did. There are no do-overs. There are no, "I'm sorrys." There are no thoughts of, *I'll do better next time, or, I'll spend more time with him*

today. The lesson I've learned is so valuable, but it's a lesson you learn only when you lose a child.

Oh, I wish I could tell him that it was okay that he lined his shoes against the entire wall of his bedroom when I sent him in there to clean his closet. I should have said it was ingenious maybe commented on how long it must have taken him to do this. Any of these things would have been better than the way it actually played out. I can't remember the exact words, but I can remember the disappointment in his eyes. Oh, how I wish I could do it over. This is one of the guilts I can never undo. I can only whisper, "I'm sorry, Rick," and hope he hears.

When he had a fever and came and sat next to me to chase away the fever-induced villains, did I hug or reassure him that I would always be there to care for and protect him? Or did I continue to watch my soap opera, knowing that this episode would never be shown again, but they would continue with the next chapter of the story tomorrow?

We are human and we tend to have a selfish side. However, when we have children, that side is usually put up on a shelf to be taken out and dusted off and appreciated in the days after our children leave to begin their own lives. When the child leaves, a parent has time to reflect and distinguish between our good memories and our bad. "Others" who haven't lost their children for good have a priceless opportunity to correct any wrongs that haunt them. The wrongs are slight in the eyes of many and would be in my eyes, too, if my son were alive. But what could have been learning experiences are now my nightmares. I could say that those episodes were a part of life.

I might even pride myself on my accomplishments as a parent, given myself credit for his wonderful outcome. What do I credit myself for now? That he didn't live? That it didn't turn out the way I had planned when he was born? Do I give myself credit for any of the good things I did?

No, I can't remember many. What stands out in my mind are the regrets, the things I wish I could do over. If only I would have known that each day was a blessing. Each minute was priceless. Each smile was a gift from heaven. I can only hope that he hears me and believes me when I say, "I'm sorry, Rick." And I can only hope that he knew how much I loved him because there are no do-overs in my life regarding my son. I ask myself daily, *Did I love him enough?*

By Dana Rogers, TCF Galveston County, TX
Reprinted from *We Need Not Walk Alone*, Autumn 2011