

Poem of Healing

Sadness, an ever-present companion these past few days, leaves me wanting.
Wanting respite from my sad thoughts.
Wanting to feel alive.
Wanting to be freed from the burden of sorrow.
It is time to take leave of my sadness, if only for
a brief interlude.
It is a time to let my wounded soul rest.
It is a time to just heal.
So I walk in the sun among trees adorned with
fragrant blossoms.
I hear the rustle of leaves as small creatures go
about the business of living.
Birds sing.
The wind whispers.
Life is truly a miracle.
A miracle I have shared with loved ones, some
whom I can no longer touch.
Their legacy to me: Life and their commitment
to honoring life through living.
They will always be with me.
They will touch all the lives I will touch in the years to come.
Out among nature's beauty I go, to once again let the miracle of life renew my soul.



Deborah Fletcher
Four months after her mother's death

Sadnes

Hi my name is Nicholas my granma diyd on Sunday Nov. 29 1998 and I am stil sad. So think about what makes you happy and you will be happy but you will stil feal sad at times.

Nicholas Fletcher, age 8
A year after his grandma's death