

### SOMEDAY

Someday, it won't hurt so bad and I'll be able to smile again.  
Someday, the tears won't flow quite as freely whenever I think of what  
might have been. Someday, the answers to "why" and "what if" won't be  
quite as important. Someday, I'll be able to use what your death has taught  
me to help others with their grief. Someday, I'll be healed enough to  
celebrate your life as much as I now dwell on your death.  
And someday, maybe tomorrow, I'll learn to accept the things I cannot  
change....

But for today... I think I'll just be sad.

Steven L. Channing  
TCF/Winnipeg, NB

A cut finger --  
is numb before it bleeds.

It bleeds before it hurts.  
It hurts until it begins to heal.  
It forms a scab and itches until finally, the scab is gone and a scar is left  
where there once was a wound.

Grief is the deepest wound you have ever had.

Like a cut finger,  
it goes through the stages...  
and leaves a scar.

"Don't Take My Grief Away From Me"  
By Doug Manning