

A FAMILY GRIEVES

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The old expression "not all there." is true when said of me,
for time has not consoled my mind, - nor made my heart grief-free.

Most days I cannot concentrate, or do things I should do.
The simplest task seems just too hard to try to make it through.

I dread the long and sleepless nights, I hate to face the day.
The sunshine does not chase the clouds of sorrow from my way.

The world continues just the same, it thinks I'm "Doing well."
It doesn't seem to know or care I really feel like Hell.

It cannot see that deep inside a part of me is dead;
How much the rest is hurting, or the silent tears I shed.

For no one really wants to see the pain and grief I bear.
I walk a long and lonely road that seems to go nowhere.

The greatest comfort that I have is my remaining son.
And he is just as dear to me as the departed one.

So when he sees me crying hard and hurting to the core.
I tell him that I love him now, not less but even more.

He too is hurting from the loss. He loved his brother so,
He mourns that brother deeply as his dad and mother do.

When we comfort one another we remember happy things,
Thus an inner strength and courage, to each other brings.

But even though that sharing helps, to ease the heavy load,
In deepest grief, each walks alone along a lonesome road.

"I am wearied with sighing; every night I flood my bed with weeping; I drench my couch
with my tears. My eyes are dimmed with sorrow;" Ps 6: 7-8