

HOW DOES IT FEEL?  
WHAT'S IT LIKE?

by Sister Stella Kelly  
(after the death of her brother)

It's like:

A hole with no bottom .  
A hill with no top.  
A road with no bend.  
A night without end.

It's as if it's not happened.  
It's as if it's not true.  
It's as if it's a dream.  
Yet a numbness seeps through.

There's a feeling of emptiness. A gap to be filled.  
There's a feeling of loneliness that cannot be stilled.

They say that times a healer. How long will it take?  
I can't see it ending. It's a permanent ache.

Life has no meaning, yet it has to go on.  
I find it so hard to feel so alone.

No one will ever know the depth of my sorrow,  
I just have to trust there'll be a better tomorrow.

May God give me strength to keep on going;  
to get through this pain - to feel real again.

I'll never get over it, of that I am sure,  
but I'll give time a chance, and hope for a cure.

Time's without end. Love is too.  
I'll never forget you. I'll always miss you!

Submitted by Pat King, TCF Seattle Chapter