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Magazine Excerpts - Apr ~ May 2006

Sweet Dreams Judy Dowling, TCF Vic. Au.

I miss my mum. I will especially miss her on Mother's Day. I want her to put her arms around me and tell me that she too loved my boy. Years and years ago she also lost a son, a wee baby. People seemed to forget. Friends and family barely mentioned him again. Much more so than now, it was generally thought that to speak of the passing of a child would only make the mother grieve more. How much sadder it is not to be able to speak of your sorrow.

To me, being able to converse about my son makes me half-happy.

Yet did these people really forget? I think not.

For sure there are those who will be thinking of us and our longing for our children on Mothers' Day. Others remembering our daughters and sons and will shed tears for them and would love to hold us tight and take away our pain. It is just too hard.

Sometimes I look for a cushion to hug. I shut my eyes, imagine and remember and try to be grateful that I mothered the fine young man I lost. I am so proud to have been his mum. I did the best I could. I sure was good-enough. Weren't we all.

Our precious children knew love and they loved us. So many children exist in this world not knowing the love of a mother. Surely we should be grateful for the baby-hood and childhood we nurtured our loved ones through.

I wish us all a Mothers' Day Dream – to close our eyes and sleep soundly with a lovely story going through our heads. That would be so nice. Almost as good as luke-warm tea and burnt toast in bed.

For James

'I love you, Son; I whisper, 'Merry Christmas
and God bless you.'

Away from me in body, but your spirit still remains,
In my even' waking moment, the sorrow and the pain.

Christmas, a time for giving and I'll not succumb to grief,
For if I do, then surely, I'll wither like a leaf.
With emptiness inside me what can I give to others?
Store-bought gifts are meaningless.

I'm asking, my dear son, Dylan,
Be with me today.
Help me give the gift of love
To those who've walked my way.

First there is your sister,
I love her very much.
She'll be happy with a kiss and hug
and time we spend together.

My family, so many of them,
I love them very much.
They'll be happy with a laugh and chat
And time we spend together.
My work colleagues, from classrooms,
I love them very much.
They'll be happy with a garden plant,
And time we spend together.

My dear friends, from TCF,
I love them very much.
They'll be happy with a cake and tea
And time we spend together.
Thank-you Dylan for showing me
The way to open my heart
And share the true spirit of Christmas,
I love you very much

Mariette
Mother of Dylan
18.7.74-12.01.97 and Alison TCF Vic. Au.

She Is Gone

by
David Harkins

You can shed tears that she has gone,
Or you can laugh and smile that she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she'll come
back
or you can open your eyes and see all that she's left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her,
or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live
yesterday, or you can be happy for tomorrow
because of yesterday.

You can remember only that she has gone,
or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,
be empty and turn your back,
or we can do what she would want:
Smile, Open Your Eyes, Love and Go On.

Submitted by Pat
TCF Vic. Au
on the anniversary of her daughter,
Kerrie Anne
8.4.74 - 14.4.03
TCF Vic. Au