

# Love Never Dies

## 'Two Years'

From the very first moment,  
I've known you  
would not be coming back.  
Still I wait.

When I hear the door open,...  
When I see your head bobbing  
above others in a crowd....  
And when your scent fills the space around  
I hold my breath.

I wait for that moment when sleep ends  
and I can celebrate..."it's only a dream"  
A nightmare of enormous proportions;  
Given as a gift to teach me of love,  
remind me of wonder,  
and fill me with compassion.

I wait endlessly...  
But alas,  
there is no awakening,  
no revelation.  
The horror is true.

It is but the wind at the door...  
a stranger's bobbing head....  
and someone else's scent, drifting in the breeze

I am left with--  
Only a realization that even  
harsh reality.....  
can teach of love,  
remind of wonder,  
and fill with compassion.

A gift wrapped in barbed wire  
Is as precious as one in tissue.  
It is the anguish of finding the center  
that strengthens our souls

By

Sandy Goodman.

Sandy lost her 18 year old son Jason in 1996 when he was electrocuted.  
Her book 'Love Never Dies' tells her journey from loss.  
Her web page is well worth a visit so please have a browse at [www.loveneverdies.net](http://www.loveneverdies.net)  
Sandy gave permission for her poems to be used to find solace in her wonderful words.

The following poem was written for my daughter by Robbie Newton Drummond M.D.

Doctor Drummond was a family doctor in the Crowsnest Pass, Alberta for 20 years. He now works in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada as an emergency room physician.

Robbie is a beautiful person who is a talented, published poet and doctor. He was a special friend of Debbie's.

# AFTER



Back to the gloom  
The mossy green, the moist  
A waterdrop  
Crystalline, impeccable  
Holds the moment  
Suspends time  
Between  
Sky and the mirror  
Water  
In itself  
A jewel so fluid  
It breaks  
Light into light  
Anticipates the embrace  
The penetration  
Of the serene  
Sphere becomes circle  
Becomes plane  
Becomes the delicacy  
Of skin  
Quiet  
Quiet now  
Quiet  
Just you, just me  
Water holds true  
Quiet  
Quiet now  
Quiet

These are some excerpts from his eulogy.  
Debra Marie Townsend

Sept 20/1965-March 18/2006

I have come to see our lives like the lives of the flowers in a broad, grassy meadow. We all have our day in the sun.

We have our beautiful beings like the scarlet poppy or the cobalt blue iris or the white and yellow daisy and the fragrance of our joy wafts into the air and we dance in the summer breeze for a day or a week and the bees and the cows and the dragonflies visit us and the rain falls and then we are gone...gone back into the rich black soil. All that is left of us is a fleeting perfume of perfect grace.

We are the ripples on the surface of a deep ocean and we flash silver across the top and then we are gone. But the ripples are the outward manifestation of a deep, abiding, full, silent, eternal meaning deeper than the deepest ocean.

Here, we are the beautiful circling ripples but in the end we are the deep blue sea. Debbie was one of the most beautiful people I have known. She was that delicate forget-me-not in the middle of the garden. She made the wind dance and the clouds gathered to watch before they flew free over the Livingstone range.

Debbie left behind her husband Mark, son Corey and her adoring parents Nestor, Willie and her 3 sisters, brother and nieces and nephews

Willie, Loving mother of Debbie.  
TCF Canada.