

The Compassionate Friends Victoria, Australia

267 Canterbury Rd., P.O. Box 171, Canterbury, Vic. 3216

Telephone: 03 9888 4944 Freecall: 1800 641 091 Fax: 03 9888 4900

www.compassionatefriendsvictoria.org.au Email: support@compassionatefriendsvictoria.org.au



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Fathers Day



Every father believes in his role as protector of his family. He has been assigned the job of fixer and problem-solver. He has been told since his youngest days that he must be strong, must not cry. But each father among us has had to face that point where no amount of fixing, problem-solving and protecting has been able to stop his child's death. Inside, we must ask ourselves about our failure and we must face our lack of omnipotence.

Fathers' Day is often a forgotten holiday, over-shadowed by the longer standing tribute to mothers. But for the bereaved father, it is a poignant reminder of bitter sweetness; sweet in the memory of a loved, now lost child, and bitter for the death and pain and recognition of the inability to stop what happened.

Fathers do not often have a chance to share their hurts and concerns. Often they are unable to do so - a remnant of childhood learning's about strength and stoicism of 'big boy'. A father may even be uncomfortable opening up to his wife and the wife who pushes him to talk may be pushing him too hard.

Fathers' Day does not have to be a time when everyone pours out of the woodwork to say, 'I'm sorry we haven't talked. Let's do it now.' It can be a time when the family gives Dad a hug, does something special, helps with the chores and mostly lets him know how important and needed and loved he is; some of this has been lost with the death of his child.

Like Mothers' Day, the day set aside for fathers does not have to be limited to a Sunday in September. It can be any day and every day.

Fathers hurt differently, often internally, but they do hurt.

by Gerry Hunt
TCF Vermont USA

Men Do Cry

I heard quite often 'men don't cry',
'though no-one ever told me why.
So, when I fell and skinned my knee,
no-one came to comfort me.

And when some bully boy at school
would pull a prank so mean and cruel,
I'd quickly learn to turn and quip
'It doesn't hurt' and bit my lip.
So, as I grew to reasoned years,

I learned to stifle any tears,
though 'Be a big boy' it began
quite soon I learned to 'be a man.' I could play that stoic role
while storm and tempest wracked my soul.

No pain nor setback could there be
to wrest one single tear from me. Then one long night I stood
nearby and helplessly watched my son die.
I quickly found to my surprise all the tearless talk was lies.

And still I cry and have no shame.
I can not play that 'big boy' game,
and openly without remorse
I let my sorrow take its course.

So, those of you who can't abide
a man you've seen who's often cried,
reach out to him with all your heart
as one whose life's been torn apart.

For men do cry when they can see
their loss of immortality.
Tears will come in endless streams
when mindless fate destroys their dreams

by
Ken Falk
TCF, Northwest, USA



I rode upon a magic stallion
far beyond the clouds,
through a rainbow coloured arch
towards angelic sounds.

I saw an angel floating down
from where I could not see.
He came and wrapped me in his arms,
his wings enveloped me.

The golden sun surrounded us.
It warmed my saddened soul.
A heart that had been broken
now suddenly felt whole.

He said he'd stay a little while,
but soon he had to go.
I begged him not to leave me
and wondered did he know

how much I missed him in my life,
I begged him to come back,
but someone beckoned from above.
He left, then it turned dark.

When wakened from this mystic dream
with tears upon my face,
I knew I'd seen an angel
who was blessed in heavenly Grace.

by
Christine
TCF Vic Au