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As I walked along the road of life
a special boy was born in May,
a baby with Down's we were told,
how he'd turn out - no one could say.
We knew that he would need our help
going down the road.

He face was different,
but his feelings were the same.
He laughed and he cried
and he took pride in his gains,
going down the road.

We watched him grow, this gentle boy.
We watched him play and learn.
We gave him unconditional love.
He gave us his in return,
going down the road.

He walked the road of life with us.
He needed our help along the way.
How we loved our sweet little boy.
No-one knew he would not stay.

Then one day an accident,
no way we could have known!
That special boy passed away
and left us all alone.
Now we need some help to keep us
going down the road.

I thought I saw you the other day,
it looked a lot like you.
I turned around and you were gone
like the sun melts away the dew.

Where are you now our special boy,
who ran and played and laughed out loud?
Are you singing songs with John and George
or playing on a cloud?

Now we need some help to keep us
going down the road.
Yes, we need some help to keep us
going down the road.

by Gary, TCF Winnipeg, Canada
bereaved father of Russell



I FEEL AS IF I'M ALIVE ALONE

The grief of a single parent

If you were to ask me what it's like being a single parent, due to the death of my husband at a very young age, and the mother of an only child, who was instantly killed, I'd take a deep breath and try to hold back the tears and not reveal the heartache that is constantly a part of me. I am so thankful for friends and their caring, but often I feel as though I'm alive alone.

My son Doug was 39 years old but still my child. We had a great mother-son relationship, but it ended so abruptly. My memories of him will never fade. I cherish them in my heart. Time will heal a deep wound, but when a loved one dies, we lose part of our very selves.

When I realise I have no descendants, no grandchildren to cuddle and sing lullabies to and be able to watch run and play, to take pride in their accomplishments, it tears at my heart. However, I realise that I was blessed beyond measure when God loaned us our son and in spite of the grief I am going through because of his death, I am so glad he lived and I had the privilege of being his mother. The joys he brought into my life can never be taken away. You see, he was my most treasured possession on this earth.

His hugs aren't mine anymore and I can't cook his favourite meal or look into his smiling face. The tools that we used over his many years of restoring old cars hang idle. He loved music and his guitar is a special keepsake. Every day I ask the Lord for strength and courage for the day, and to help me to be a source of comfort for someone else. I don't ever want to be a victim of self-pity and I desire to be able to reach out to others and offer compassion. I feel I have begun to learn the true meaning of compassion - your pain in my heart.

A task remains for me - to reflect on those qualities in Doug's life that I want to emulate. He had a gentle spirit, a caring attitude, a great love for people, a zest for life and most of all, he gave of himself.

It may take time, but God will mend my broken heart, but He must first have ALL the pieces. He knows me better than I know myself.

Hopefully, I'll be a better person as I journey through life, knowing that He is in control and I can look to Him for guidance any time. My prayer is that I can be used by Him to comfort others. We all need each other and if my smile brightens some else's day, perhaps I can help by sharing their burden and then my life will continue to have greater meaning.

We need to look for life's little sparkles even in the midst of life's most crippling sorrows. Pain is inevitable, but joy is optional. I want to choose to be joyful. 'A merry heart doeth good, like a medicine.'

by Ruth
TCF Ottawa OH USA