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Magazine Excerpts - Jun ~ Jul 2007



My Dearest Friend

It's not easy saying goodbye, as we all know too well, but the time has come when we must part ways. It saddens me deeply, as you have been a very special and valued friend, but we have to move on.

You were a Godsend and a lifeline, during the darkest days of my life, when even God felt distant and out of reach. All it took was a phone call and you have been by my side, whenever I've needed you.

I found you all between the pages of the wonderful TCF Magazine, all of you, special and wonderful friends, the names behind the scenes, behind the poetry and heartrending outpourings of grief, and the many lessons of inspiration and hope. You were all crucial in propping me up, when I was devastated by grief and pain.

I turned to you in desperation, when my world felt out of control, and found complete understanding, and have clung on ever since. I've wept with you over the shared pain and smiled over the wonderful memories.

You soothed my soul and calmed my fears. You warmed my heart and gave me hope, courage and strength to face the future. We share something so personal and private, so holy and sacrosanct, something that can only be shared with very few. You are all special, the Mums and Dads of children who have been taken too soon. We have an unbreakable bond.

Now, after five years, I feel brave and strong enough to take the next step in "the journey" and "move on," (terms I abhor). Whilst leaning on you, I've learned to manage and control this horrendously crippling pain, which will be a part of my life for the rest of my days.

I cannot cut the ties completely, the bond is too strong. I will continue to attend my local monthly meetings, where I continue to find, and hopefully give, comfort and support.

My heartfelt gratitude for your special friendship and wonderful magazine.

May God bless you all.

Rosemary
Frankston TCF, Vic. Aust.
Mother of Randall-drowned 3/6/01.

Be patient.

My child has died.

A light in my life has been snuffed out!

A piece of me is gone forever!

It is said that the depth of love signifies
the depth of grief.

This must be true for my love is deeper than I can say.

My grief is so intense that sometimes moment to
moment is unbearable.

Be patient.

Today I may smile and laugh;

But tomorrow I may be cranky.

I am hurting and I am confused.

Sometimes I am angry that I am in
this nightmare.

Other times I feel totally and completely at peace

Because I sense my child is free
and no longer suffers.

Be patient.

I know I must move on with my life.

I must because others need me and I need them.

The road to recovery is difficult because it has peaks
and valleys.

I know my child would want me to move on as well.

I am afraid. Will I forget my child's gentle voice?

Will I forget that tender touch?

No! I will take all the beautiful memories for I was
blessed to have this child.

Be patient.

I am told and read that grieving parents learn from
their child's death and teach others.

What am I to learn? Who am I to teach?

If I am to teach it should be positive.

Whatever can I learn and teach from this
journey that is positive?

With your compassion and support I can make it.

Along the way I will try very hard to learn the positive
messages to teach others.

More than anything I want my child,
my family and friends to be proud of me.

Be patient.

I may cry; I may laugh; I may be angry;

I may be at peace

At any given time today and today's tomorrow

But tomorrow's tomorrows will bring happiness.

I am trying to seek happiness now but

I am tired and fragile.

I see other bereaved parents who have gone before me.

They have made it down this long hard road.

I will as well.

Be patient..

Susan

TCF/Winnipeg, Canada.

Dedicated to bereaved parents who have travelled this difficult
road ahead of us

This poem is written in loving memory of all our children who
have left our lives but not our hearts.