

THE LONG ROAD BACK



Lost in a pit of deep despair,
Darkness and grief and pain,
Searching to find someone who'd care,
Who'd give me hope again.

I saw a sign like shining gold,
Found where the rainbow ends,
Pointing towards a rocky road,
It said "Compassionate Friends".

Thinking, it would not hurt to try,
For what could hurt me more?
I sadly made my weary way,
And gently tried the door,

A flood of warmth came out to me,
Soft voices seemed to say,
"Come in my friend and share your grief,
We'll help you on your way.

We too have walked the same sad path,
And sought a helping hand,
And we have found so many friends
Who care and understand."

My long road back began that day,
And though it often bends,
My love and thanks go out to all
My dear Compassionate Friends.

By
Betty Kenna
TCF UK

Melissa's Song 2



When I see a rainbow I will always think of you
And any little kitten will remind me of you too.
And horses of all kinds will always bring me tears
No matter when or where in the passing of the years.

Teddy bears and unicorns for your sake I will love
And know you're watching over me from heaven up above.
Making sure that I am safe and taking lots of care
Of all the precious memories and your favourite teddy bear.

I will remember every day to say good night to you
And know that safe in God's sweet care you wish me good night too.
And in the morning hope that I can make it through the day
Knowing that you're really not all that far away.

I only wish that I could hold you in my arms so tight
But I can only pray for you and pray that God was right.
To take you while you were so young is very hard for me
But the Lord has done his will and what must be will be.

My love for you will never fade but grow on through the years
And I will learn to face my life with peace as well as tears.
My Lord will help along the way to take away the pain
Then sometime in the future I will see you once again.

I guess I'm really lucky that I had you for so long
To not have had your love at all would be so very wrong.
So now I lay me down to sleep it's time to say good night
And pray the Lord my soul to keep until the time is right.

Deb Gates
Loving Mother of Melissa

TCF Vic, Au

SHOULD! SHOULD! SHOULD!

I will not **SHOULD** on myself today! I won't let others **SHOULD** on me today either! Immediately after my daughter, Julie, died, I was bombarded with lots of **SHOULD'S**:

You **SHOULD** keep a stiff upper lip; be strong for the rest of the family.

You **SHOULD** not dwell on it.

You **SHOULD** accept it as God's will, he knows best.

You **SHOULD** not cry about it.

Julie left a 22 month old daughter. You **SHOULD** live for Autumn.

You have three other children. You **SHOULD** live for them.

You **SHOULD** not keep her paintings and photographs out in plain sight as a constant reminder. Above all, you **SHOULD** keep busy, if you kept busy as I do, you wouldn't have time to think about it.

You **SHOULD** work in the yard, work in the house, but keep busy.

You **SHOULD** go back to work.

You **SHOULD** keep so busy you won't have time to think about it.



It was fate. It was supposed to happen. You **SHOULD** think about all the people killed in wars, earthquakes, tornadoes, floods, airplane crashes, and all kinds of disasters.

You **SHOULD** think about Rose Kennedy, who has lost three sons, and Anne Lindberg whose baby son was kidnapped and murdered. They have survived.

You **SHOULD** not say such things; you **SHOULD** not even think them.

One of my best friends now is a 'new' friend. She came by the office one day and invited me to go for a cup of coffee. Immediately after being seated she said, "Jean, I don't know what you are going through. I haven't experienced it. If you'd like to tell me how you feel or talk about Julie, please do." I can tell her anything. She is never shocked. She never says **SHOULD** to me, I value her friendship.

I feel many people have awarded themselves Doctorates of **SHOULD**. One woman is particularly full of **SHOULD**. If I ever catch her mouth shut long enough, I'd really like to apply a generous amount of a good brand of super glue. This Doctor of **SHOULD** knows exactly how I **SHOULD** feel and exactly what I **SHOULD** do to get better. But this same Doctor of **SHOULD**, upon hearing one of her children or grandchildren has or is planning some triviality she doesn't agree with, is so upset she's flat on her back in bed (and on occasion has had to be hospitalised over it).

Of course, I'd like to do something about this sort of person, but it's probably illegal, or at least unseemly. However, it **SHOULD** be perfectly permissible to put a bug down her blouse or a mouse up her pant leg.

I'm sure you've all had this problem. You've heard the same or similar **SHOULD**s. Most of my experience has been with 'her', but I'm sure bereaved fathers have had a lot of **SHOULD** from 'him', too. Have you noticed that all this **SHOULD** comes from people whose children are living?

Just for today, don't let anybody **SHOULD** on you!

By Jean Corley Lacy, TCF Lindsey OK
From 'We Need Not Walk Alone'
(Extract from TCF Newsletter Oct/Nov 03)