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The Story Of Two Hearts

Once upon a time there was a man and a woman who lived with great sorrow in their hearts. Their son had died and though they believed he had gone to Heaven they missed him so greatly that they could find no happiness.

The winter was long and dreary. The man wore his heavy heart on a chain around his neck tucked into his jacket to be out of sight. He was so weighted down by this that his back was stooped, his poor head throbbed, his neck ached and his once broad shoulders became narrow. Silent tears fell from his wife's eyes whilst his burned dry.

'Please Husband Dear', said his wife. 'Could you lift your heart from its chain and wear it where it can be seen?'

Slowly the man lifted the weight of his heart away from the chain. He put the chain into a box and closed the lid. His heart became lighter in his hands, so taking needle and cotton from his wife he sewed it onto the sleeve of his jacket.

The sun is shining Wife. I will walk into the village and greet my neighbours', said the man.

On the way he passed children playing in a field.

'Enjoy your play Dear Children. May your lives be long and happy', he called.

He entered the marketplace where he recognized old friends and acquaintances from happier days. He raised his hand to them, inviting tidings. People passed by him looking away or looking down after a glimpse. They busied themselves with the stock at market stalls. They held conversations together, but not with the poor man who had lost his child. On his return journey people crossed to the far side of the road or turned their backs and pointed at the distant mountains.

'Wife', he said, 'I cannot wear my heart on my sleeve. It makes my days longer and lonelier'.

He removed his heart from his sleeve and folded it ten times making it as small as he could. He placed it inside his boot and walked upon it all day long.

'My dear husband you are limping. Please let me help take this pain from you', said the woman.

'I have no limp', replied the man. Pain showed in his face but he insisted again. 'I have little pain'.

One night as he slept by the fireside the woman gently removed his boot and took from it the hardened and shrinking mass that was the breaking heart of the man she loved. She held it to her face and let her tears moisten and soften it. She set it on a cushion by the hearth to let it warm.

The woman sat close to the man and whispered, 'Let me share my heart with you'. They held each other close and could each feel and hear one steady rhythm. They watched the firelight glow and noticed the man's heart gradually join in as its beating grew stronger and its colour deepened.

Together they placed the heart back into its cavity and filled it with stories of their son and of their love for him.

The man smiled as he said, 'My heart is in its right place now. Rest your head, Dear Wife, on my chest, where our son lies and when you weep I will weep with you.'

So they lived lovingly ever after.

Judy TCF Vic – Aust.
Loving mother of Patrick



Hope For A Day

Sometimes the waves of sorrow wash over us and we feel like we are drowning in a lonely sea of tears. It feels like we've cried until we can't cry any more, and yet another day comes and the tears flow even more. We're left wondering if this pain will ever end.

When we experience a loss, two things happen. We lose a big part of today, and also have our dreams for the future suddenly snatched away. Life as we once knew it no longer exists, and we can't even bear to think of the future.

We find ourselves struggling to find our place in the foreign land we now must call home. Nothing looks or feels familiar, and we long for the warmth of joy and familiarity that was once ours.

In time, we begin to understand that grief is a journey, and it takes time to adapt to our new surroundings. While life as we once knew it has changed, there are reminders that the sun is still shining.

Every morning when the sun rises there is an opportunity to be warmed by the sunshine of a brand new day. Every evening as darkness covers the sky, the stars shine brightly.

Hope is alive, even in the midst of our deepest sorrow. Hope reminds us that sorrow will not last forever.

Our hearts have been changed by our grief, but comfort is to be found with each new day. With each new day, I am reminded that one more step has been taken towards the sunshine.

Written by Clara
Lovingly from TCF ACT, Aust.

Two Wolves

One evening an old Cherokee told his grandson about a battle that goes on inside people.

He said, "My son, the battle is between two "wolves" inside us all

One is Evil...

It is anger, envy, jealousy, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority and ego.

The other is Good...

It is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion and faith".

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather
"Which wolf wins?"

The old Cherokee simply replied
"The one you feed"

Author unknown

Soft as the voice of an angel
Breathing a lesson unheard
Hope with a gentle persuasion
Whispers her comforting word
Wait till the darkness is over,
Wait till the tempest is done
Hope for the sunshine tomorrow
After the shower is gone.

Whispering hope, Oh how welcome thy
voice,
Making my heart in its sorrow rejoice.'

Septimus Winner
1868 .