

# Do They Know ?

**Do they know what its like to lose a son and have to go on living?  
For him to lose the future that he was supposed to live  
For me to lose mine.  
Do they know?**

**Do they know what its like for every day to be a lost dream?  
To see others reach the pinnacles that should have been his  
His dreams left to die  
Do they know?**

**Do they know the sadness that I carry for what is forever lost?  
For the shared moments that make up a life together  
Never to exist now  
Do they know?**

**Do they know the physical pain of missing him every single day?  
To yearn for a hug, a spontaneous gift of love given so easily  
Never taken for granted again  
Do they know?**

**Do they know that I now live in a world forever changed?  
That I know a moment lost can never be regained  
Never waste a moment  
Do they know?**

**I hope with every breath in me that they never have to find out for themselves.  
That they get to watch their children grow up and grow old  
To see the dreams yet to be lived.  
I hope they never know...**

by  
Sue McCubbin  
April 2010

Taken from Work Related Grief Support Newsletter July 2010.

## May Love Be What You Remember Most.



Together, we shall join hearts and hands across the earth and decorate the world with hope and healing and remembered laughter. We shall remain forever linked through the love of our absent children, parents, husbands and wives, siblings, grandparents, friends—all of our loved ones who dance across the rainbows ahead of us.

We are a family circle—broken by death, mended by love. May this day, and every day, be days for us to laugh and sing, to dance and dream. May this day, and every day, be days of celebration and the chance to give one more hug, to say one more, “ I love you. ” May love be what you remember most!

Darcie Sims, TCF Albuquerque, NM



# The Memory Of You

Today I stood and looked into the past.  
I went to the house where you lived and I saw you last  
And there with tears in my eyes I knew  
The beautiful memory of you.

I remembered the kids playing in the park  
Opposite your old house, right up till dark.  
As I stood there, again I knew  
The lovely memory of you.

I have yearned over the past years few  
To plant a white rose tree to catch the dew  
At the house where I last saw you,  
To perpetuate the memory of you.

But your family has moved  
From opposite the park.  
I thought, "Sweet child, what can I do to mark  
"The memory of you?"

So I planted my beautiful posy  
At the edge of the park where it's rosy,  
To bloom under a gum tree blue  
To symbolizes my memory of you.

I thought no-one had noticed me  
As, quietly under the palm tree,  
I stood at the front of your house  
Reliving my memory of you.

But a lady emerged from a house quite near  
And she said, "Why are you here?  
"I'm quite concerned—you look so sad."  
Then I recalled memories of you so glad.

I said, "I'm Caroline's mother,  
"Perhaps you knew her.  
"I'm placing these flowers right here  
"Because she lived in the house just over there."

Caught by surprise, she said that  
She had known my daughter.  
She said, "We often used to chat."  
She asked after your five children

And we talked of this and that.  
This again refreshed my memory of you.  
She said, "I'll watch the flowers—  
"It's good to have spoken with you."

Now those beautiful flowers  
Planted under the sky so blue  
Will continue to bloom in glorious memory of you.

By  
Joy Reddey,  
mother of Caroline Wise 4.8.69 to 1.5.01



As I live each day,  
may I do my part  
to make one difference,  
to touch one heart...  
and through each  
day may it be my goal...  
to encourage one mind  
and inspire one soul.

-Author Unknown

