

We are still Mothers...

With empty arms and broken hearts
With beautiful memories and broken dreams
With questions and no answers
Slapped by reality every moment of the day

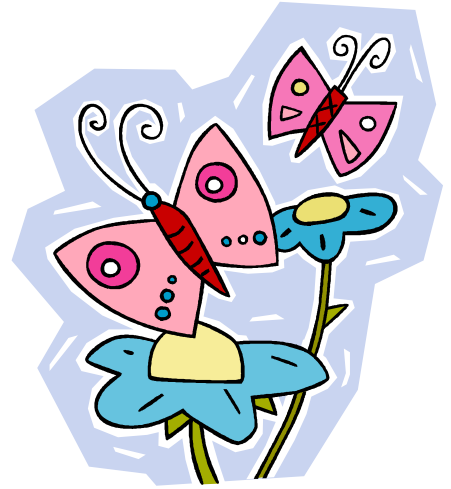
We are still Mothers...

Who ache for the future of our children although they're gone
Outraged that life goes on around us without our children
Wondering how the sun shines so brightly without the lights of our children

We are still Mothers...

Searching for purpose in ourselves and finding only more questions
Who lost the loves of our lives and yet must still go on
With empty arms and broken hearts

The Sacramento Chapter of Friends for Survival, Inc, Northern California newsletter, May 2014
The Compassionate Friends, Sacramento Valley Chapter newsletter, July 2007



To honor you

I get up every day and take a breath, and start another day without you in it.

To honor you

I laugh and love with those who knew your smile and the way your eyes twinkled with mischief and secret knowledge.

To honor you

I take the time to appreciate everyone I love, I know now there is no guarantee of days or hours spent in their presence.

To honor you

I listen to music you would have liked, and sing at the top of my lungs, with the windows rolled down.

To honor you

I take chances, say what I feel, hold nothing back, risk making a fool of myself, dance every dance. You were my light, my heart, my gift of love, from the very highest source.

The Sacramento Chapter of Friends for Survival, Inc, Northern California newsletter, May 2014
The Compassionate Friends, Cape Cod and the Islands Chapter newsletter, July-August 2010