

## The Compassionate Friend

The Compassionate Friends, that's who we are  
We are the chosen from near and far  
Our children have died whether young or old,  
And we pray for their souls as they watch from above.  
Our lives have changed in so many ways,  
And we sometimes wonder if we can make it through the day.  
We meet and plan, we talk and cry,  
And we all ask the same question why oh why.  
We have a great leader by the name of Diane,  
She will hug you and console you or take you by the hand.  
The days turn to weeks and the weeks into years  
But it is still so hard to fight back the tears.  
We miss their smiles, their voice, their touch  
And our many members only know how much.  
I hope that one day our pain will end.  
For we are the chosen of The Compassionate Friends.

Larry Oshel  
The Compassionate Friends of Galveston County

## Nature's Rainbows

We held them in our parent arms  
for days or weeks or years.  
Now we hold them in our hearts  
and cry the darkest tears.

The cord attached to children,  
eternally fine and strong.  
We never leave the missing;  
it holds us all life long.

Our children now inside us -  
our souls tattooed with gold.  
Their love, their words, caresses,  
are hugs that we still hold.

If we open to the knowledge,  
that they aren't completely gone,  
we will sometimes feel their touching,  
sometimes soft and sometimes strong.

When they show us nature's rainbows,  
we can feel their proud delight,  
sending signs to show they're living,  
only far beyond our sight.

### *Memorial Candles*

These candles burning each December,  
Symbols of those we remember,  
Bring forth tears which freely flow  
And mingle with the candles' glow.  
But thoughts of each dear girl and boy,  
Those who no more may bring us joy,  
Now cause our hearts to fill with pain  
As we assemble here again.  
Though tears stil come in times ahead,  
To gratitude we must be led  
That for a while we held our child  
And sometimes cried, but often smiled.  
May every candle lit tonight  
Bring back into the memory's sight  
The joys we knew, mixed with the tears,  
From our dear children through the years.

- Robert F. Gloor

Written for the Tuscaloosa TCF

Candlelight Memorial Service

December, 1991

*Light One Candle*

Light one candle, take my hand,  
Move closer to each other,  
All who want to smile again.  
In this blessed time of year,  
With your sorrow and tears,  
Come together to remember and to light one candle.  
The light is for strength to face  
The pain welled up inside.  
The light reminds us of shattered dreams, not to be denied.  
The light is for courage to beckon others to our side,  
For every tear we've cried...  
We light one candle.  
We all know the reason that we value the flame.  
It's a commitment to each other,  
To remember every name.  
And promise made that in our hearts forever they'll remain.  
Out of love we came  
To light one candle.

-In memory of David

by his father, James Nelson

Minneapolis, MN



Twas the month before Christmas and I dreaded the days,  
That I knew I was facing the holiday craze.  
The stores were all filled with holiday lights,  
In hopes of drawing customers by day and by night.  
As others were making the holiday plans,  
My heart was breaking-I couldn't understand.  
I had lost my dear child a few years before,  
And I knew what my holidays had in store.  
When out of nowhere, there arose such a sound,  
I sprang to my feet and was looking around.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The sight that I saw took my breath away,  
And my tears turned to smiles in the light of the day.  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a cluster of butterflies fluttering near.  
With beauty and grace they performed a dance,  
I knew in a moment,  
This wasn't by chance.

The hope that they gave me was a sign from above.  
That my child was still near me and that I was loved.  
The message they brought was my holiday gift.  
And I cried when I saw them in spite of myself.  
As I knelt closer to get a better view,  
One allowed me to pet it-as if it knew-  
that I needed the touch of its fragile wing,  
to help me get through the holiday scene.  
In the days that followed, I carried the thought,  
Of the message the butterflies left in my heart-  
That no matter what happens or what days lie ahead,  
Our children are with us-they're not really dead.  
Yes, the message of the butterflies still rings in my ears.  
A message of hope-a message so dear.  
And I imagined they sang as they flew out of sight.  
"To all bereaved parents ~ We love you tonight"



## **A DAY, A WEEK, A LIFETIME**

When I wake up in the morning  
I ask myself  
How will I get through this day  
Without You

As I dress and prepare to start my day  
I wonder  
How will I go on  
Without You

As the day slowly slips away  
I remember how you made me laugh  
And I smile  
Without You

At the end of the day  
As I prepare to close my eyes  
I know in my HEART  
I couldn't have gotten through the day  
WITHOUT YOU

Author Unknown

## He is not gone

Ease your grief, he is not gone  
For in your heart he lingers on.  
His smile, his laugh, his special way,  
Will comfort you from day to day.

You'll feel his presence in the breeze  
That dances gently through the trees  
And its his face that you shall see  
When you are in need of company.

At anytime you can recall  
The love you shared...you saved it all.  
And really more than anything,  
You'll find peace in remembering.

© Elizabeth Dent

## The Tide Recedes

The tide recedes,  
But leaves behind  
Bright seashells on the sand.  
The sun goes down,  
But gentle warmth  
Still lingers on the land.  
The music stops,  
And yet it echoes on  
In sweet refrains...  
For every joy that passes,  
Something beautiful remains.

Author Unknown

## A Face In The Clouds

I looked towards the clouds today  
and for a moment saw your face  
And wondered just where you have gone  
With a hope it's a better place

Did you show yourself to me today  
To tell me you're alright?  
Or was it just a daydream playing tricks upon my sight

Then I thought of when you left  
You did not say a word  
No hugs and kisses...  
No good-bye was heard

You have changed our lives forever  
Your time here not in vain  
and hope you know we always tried  
to keep you safe from pain.

We will always feel the void inside  
because you are not here  
But each new thought you send our way  
let's us know you're always near

So until our journey nears it's end  
And we hear the angels sing  
We'll face each new day as it comes  
and live off the love you bring

Unknown

## *The Gift*

I have a gift  
I did not want this gift, it meant suffering and pain  
The pain because of love.  
A love which manifested itself in a child.  
The child brought its love to me and asked for my love.  
Sometimes I did not understand this.  
Sometimes I was too busy to listen quietly to this love.  
But the love persisted; it was always there.  
And one day the child died.  
The love remained.  
This time the love came in other forms.  
This time there were memories,  
There was sadness and anguish.  
And unbelievable pain.  
One day a stranger came and stood with me.  
The stranger said "I understand",  
And did.  
You see, the stranger had also been this way.  
We talked and cried together.  
The stranger became my friend as no other had.  
My friend said "I am always here" and was.  
One day I lifted my head  
I noticed another grieving, gray and drawn with pain  
I approached and spoke.  
I touched and comforted.  
I said "I will walk with you",  
And I did  
I also had the gift.

## WE'RE ALIKE, YOU AND I

We're alike, you and I.  
We've never met  
Our faces would be those of strangers if we met  
We would barely perceive the other's presence  
If we passed on our walk through the mists  
We're unknown to each other  
Until the terrible words have been spoken  
"MY CHILD DIED"

We're alike, you and I  
We measure time in seconds and eternities  
We try to go forward to yesterday  
Tomorrows are for the whole people,  
And we are incomplete now  
The tears after a time turn inward  
To become invisible to all save you and me  
Our souls are rumpled from wrestling with demons.  
And doubts and unanswerable prayers.  
"GIVE ME BACK MY CHILD"

We're alike, you and I.  
The tears that run down your face are my tears.  
And the wound in your soul is my pain too.  
We need time, but time is our enemy  
For it carries us farther and farther  
From our lost child  
And we cry out;  
"HELP ME"

We're alike, you and I.  
And we need each other  
Don't turn away, but give me your hand  
And for a time we can cease to be strangers  
And become what we truly are,  
A family closer than blood.  
United by a bond that was forced upon us ---  
But a bond that can make us stronger,  
Still wounded and not to sure,  
But stronger for our sorrows are shared.  
"WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE"

Written by Judy Dickey

## Angel Moms

We have shared our tears and our sorrow,  
We have given encouragement to each other,  
Given hope for a brighter tomorrow,  
We share the title of grieving mother.

Some of lost older daughters or sons,  
Who we watched grow over the years,  
Some have lost babies before their lives begun  
But no matter the age, we cry the same tears.

We understand each others pain,  
The bond we share is very strong,  
With each other there is no need to explain,  
The path we walk is hard and long.

Our children brought us together,  
They didn't want us on this journey alone,  
They knew we needed each other,  
To survive the pain of them being gone.

So take my hand my friend,  
We may stumble and fall along the way,  
But we'll get up and try again,  
Because together we can make it day by day.

We can give each other hope,  
We'll create a place where we belong,  
Together we will find ways to cope,  
Because we are Angel Moms and together we are strong!

Judi Walker  
(Shane's Mom)

Copyright Dec 28, 1999

Dedicated to all moms who have lost  
a child.

## The Gift of Someone Who Listens

Those of us who have traveled a while,  
along this path called grief, need to  
stop and remember that mile – the  
first mile of no relief.

It wasn't the person with answers.  
who told us of ways to deal,  
it wasn't the one who talked and  
talked that helped us start to heal.

Think of the friends who quietly sat,  
and held our hands in theirs.  
the ones who let us talk and talk and  
hugged away our tears.

We need to always remember that,  
more than the words we speak, It's  
the gift of someone who listens that  
most of us desperately seek.

Written by .....Nancy Myerholts

*IN TIME*

I know you feel your wounds won't heal and your pain won't fade away

That you'll cry yourself to sleep each night until your dying day

Your desire to be with your child will fill your waking hours

You'll feel your faith is wavering and you'll question higher powers

I too felt pain too great to bear and shed some bitter tears

I asked those powers to justify my baby's stolen years

I begged for just a word, a sign, a reason I should live

But my grief had left me blind and deaf to any sign they gave

Today. My heart is filled with peace

There was no blinding light but time, faith, strength and love

Gave me the insight

To understand our allotted time however short or long

Is preordained with reason and bitterness is wrong

I miss my child, I always will

I love him more each day

As you will love and miss the one you are grieving for today

But you'll come to know as I did your capacity for love

Will encompass countless others with the lessening of grief

So take your time and cry your tears as you must surely do

The tears will dry I promise, when the time is right for you

And on that day you'll come to know that you were surely blessed

With the time you were allotted and you'll lay your grief to rest.



In the garden of trees stands a willow,  
a willow that weeps through the years,  
named aptly for heartache and sorrow, each leaf  
represents one more tear.

With grace those leaves blow on a soft wind,  
to remind of our child gone away;  
yet it reaches its branches toward Heaven,  
with the promise we'll see them someday.

It stands in the midst of the storm tossed winds,  
a tree with quiet beauty and grace,  
like our hearts it survives through the worst of it all,  
and will 'til we see our child's face.

In the garden of trees stands a willow tree,  
a willow that weeps through the years;  
just like our child, it's in God's hands,  
and like us, sheds countless tears.

A rose once grew  
where all could see,  
sheltered beside a garden wall,  
And, as the days  
passed swiftly by,  
it spread its branches,  
straight and tall....

One day,  
a beam of light shone through  
a crevice that had opened wide –  
The rose bent gently  
towards its warmth  
then passed beyond  
to the other side....

Now, you who deeply feel its loss,  
be comforted –  
the rose blooms there –  
Its beauty even greater now,  
nurtured by God's own  
loving care.....