



## YOUR COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

by Steven L. Channing

I can tell by that look friend, that you need to talk,  
So come take my hand and let's go for a walk.  
See, I'm not like the others - I won't shy away,  
Because I want to hear what you've got to say.

Your child has died and you need to be heard,  
But they don't want to hear a single word.  
They tell you your child's "with God", so be strong.  
They say all the "right" things that somehow seem wrong.

They're just hurting for you and trying to say,  
They'd give anything to help take your pain away.  
But they're struggling with feelings they can't understand  
So forgive them for not offering a helping hand.

I'll walk in your shoes for more than a mile.  
I'll wait while you cry and be glad if you smile.  
I won't criticize you or judge you or scorn,  
I'll just stay and listen 'til your night turns to morn.

Yes, the journey is hard and unbearably long,  
And I know that you think that you're not quite that strong.  
So just take my hand 'cause I've got time to spare,  
And I know how it hurts, friend, for I have been there.

See, I owe a debt you can help me repay  
For not long ago, I was helped the same way.  
As I stumbled and fell thru a world so unreal,  
So believe when I say that I know how you feel.

I don't look for praise or financial gain  
And I'm sure not the kind who gets joy out of pain.  
I'm just a strong shoulder who'll be here 'til the end-  
I'll be your Compassionate Friend.

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The Compassionate Friends  
Winnipeg, Canada

### About the Author:

This poem was written by Steven Channing after the loss of his daughter Kimberly Susanne Channing, April 15, 1973 - February 23, 1987. He is a former member of The Winnipeg Peer Counselling Service and started up several Survivor's of Suicide Groups since Kim's death.

He credits the love, guidance and understanding of TCF (The Compassionate Friends) in helping him through a difficult period, and summarizes his work as follows:

The more I reach out to help others, the softer and firmer her memory comes back to me.