

## A Mother's Dream

A mother and father had an adorable little girl. She was the light of their lives. Then one night she was taken from them by a terrible illness. The mother never recovered. She became so depressed she could not eat or sleep. For seven years she mourned the loss of her child. Then she began to have a dream. In the dream she saw children playing. They were laughing, skipping, so happy. Except for one little girl. She struggled towards the happy children, but could not catch up to them because she was carrying two buckets of water. They were so heavy that she struggled even to walk. The mother had this dream many times.



Finally, one night she was able to talk to the child. She asked why she was carrying the buckets of water that kept her from playing with the other children. The little girl looked up at her with big eyes and said, "Mommy, these are your tears. You are so sad."

The mother realized then that she has to let the child go. A month later she had the same dream, only this time all of the children were laughing and playing.

~ Author Unknown

## A Father Writes

"Even when we are apart, I am still with you"  
These words still make me cry.

I first read them on a Father's Day card that Elaine got for me after Sean died. I cherish these words and keep that card safely tucked away.

It is difficult for me to explain the deep feelings that I associate with these words. Is Sean indeed, still with me? He is certainly still in my heart.

I always wanted to be a father that Sean would be proud of. I know I consciously make decisions based on how they would look through Sean's eyes. I still want Sean to be proud of me.

I don't feel any psychic link to Sean, although I wish I did. I do feel he is aware of my actions. I hope wherever he is he is able to say "That's my dad," with a proud smile in his heart.

Sean is still with me and I am with him.  
We will be foreverlinked,  
no matter how far apart.  
Our hearts are together.

~Rom Spray, TCF, Simi Valley, CA



## The Significance of Mother's Day

I don't think I really appreciated the significance of Mother's Day until I myself became one. My life would never be the same, and the death of my only child did not alter the fact that I am still a mother. I still have that intense feeling of love for my child, a love greater than any I had known before. So as Mother's Day approaches, a day on which we recognize the love and pride of motherhood, I too want to be remembered as a mother.

~Ginny Smith, TCF, Charlottesville, VA

## Daydreams

Once a day and sometimes more  
You knock upon my daydreams' door  
And I say warmly, "Come on in; I'm glad you're here  
with me again."  
Then we sit down and have a chat  
Recalling this, discussing that  
Until some task that I must do  
Forces me away from you.

Reluctantly I say goodbye  
Smiling with a little sigh  
For thou' my daydreams bring you near  
I wish that you were really here.  
But what reality cannot change  
My dreams and wishes can arrange  
And through my wishing you'll be brought  
To me each day: a happy thought.

~Stephen A. Wrig, TCF, Champaign/Urbana, IL

## ALIKE

We're so alike, you and I.  
I lost a daughter.  
You lost a son.  
She was eight months.  
He was thirty-seven.  
She never spoke.  
He called you every Sunday.  
She died nine years ago.  
He's been buried two months now.  
I always look at babies.  
You see all the young fathers.  
I miss my daughter.  
You miss your son.  
You see, we're so alike, you and I.

~Cathy Heider, TCF, Algona, IA

## Missing Graduate

Parents' happy faces all around me,  
With a glow from within,  
"Pomp and Circumstance" is playing,  
Now the program will begin.

The graduates are lined up,  
They are coming down the aisle,  
Some have serious faces,  
Yet some have a little smile.

I look down the aisle,  
Hoping for your face to come into sight,  
This is your class,  
It was to be your graduation night.

All the graduates pass by,  
But none of them is you,  
A tug of my heart tells me,  
You are not here, your death is true.

You were called home...  
I wanted you here in such a bad way,  
Looking into your classmates' faces,  
Do they recall you, missing this day?

Memories, sweet memories,  
Now fill my mind and heart,  
There will be no golden tassel,  
This day for my Sweetheart.

The class is, oh, so happy,  
This isn't the time to be blue,  
Now I must go shake a hand,  
And get a hug or two.

*--Emma Valenteen, TCF, Valley Forge,  
PA, for her daughter, Emma*



## One Hand on the Stars

How do we count the lives she touched.  
The light she shed for years?  
How do we see the difference she made  
When we're looking through our tears?  
How do we know the things that are  
That never should have been  
Without her valiant heart that dared  
To fight and fight again?  
How do we know what flowers will bloom  
From seeds of yesterday,  
What songs are sung and dreams begun  
Because she passed this way?  
How do we measure the shining place  
That time can never pale  
In all the hearts that cheered her on  
And willed her to prevail?  
How did her spirit soar beyond  
The suffering and the scars  
To live with one hand clutching hope  
And the other on the stars?  
We may not know what she left behind  
On the difficult path she trod...  
But we know this much: her life's brief touch  
Was from the hand of God.

*~Author Unknown*

*In Their Name  
Who are Gone  
These Young Hearts  
These Flawless Souls  
In Their Name  
Let Our Lives Grow*

*~ Sascha Wagner*