

My Child

You walked a path so lonely
We would wish you had not trod
Behind the laughter, deep within
Was a soul seeking for the peace of God.

Too late it is apparent the trouble
Of a heart deep in sadness and pain
Not wanting to hurt any other
Who would wish you back again.

Too soon the life span is over
A mother's heart now grieves
For the child she bore and raised
Who suddenly felt the need to leave.

The family must close right now
Lovingly gently hold each other
In unity hang on to memories
Of a son and a brother

Some questions are never answered
Till our life here is done
But bravely we must go forward
Till our race on earth is won.

By Eva Gould, a loving response to a death by suicide.



A Care-giver's Grief

Sometimes my world
Doesn't feel safe.

There is a longing to escape
From the burden of care

The heaviness
Of grief.

The needs never ending
Resources dwindling

And I remember that
For all whom I care for

For that one
Whom I cared for
It was a special gift.

Sometimes that one
Is ME.

-Grace Wulff 2016

Finding Your Way

Poetry for the Grieving Heart



A Broken Heart

It is the heart that breaks
revealing
deep love
Overwhelmed by sadness

It takes time to heal
fueled by hope and faith

that the love once shared
will never leave us.

-Grace Wulff 2016



**Written & Compiled by
Chaplain Grace Wulff**

Hang on to Hope

There are some things
which cannot be fixed.

No,
sometimes the present reality
seems too much to bear.

Hang on
to Hope.
It is the key
to a new
reality.

It takes time to get there
with gifts of
kindness and compassion
you give
to yourself.

-Grace Wulff 2016

Don't take my Grief Away

by Eva Gould

Don't take my Grief away from me
Or try to stem the flood of tears
You may not really understand
The bond of love that's grown o'er the years

Don't use the common sense approach
Of how sick they were or how long
Don't use their age to rationalize
Why they should be gone.

God looks on us with compassion
And gives the gift of tears
To help ease the ache inside
To quench all doubt and fear.

I'm happy they have been released
That from suffering they are free
But as I go through this hard phase
Don't try and take my grief from me.

Turn the Page

Written on Canada Day, July 1, 2013, for my mom
by Grace Wulff

My calendar says June. It is time to turn the page.
I really don't want to...

Mom didn't want to see June, but
we were blessed by June.

Two more weeks to love and talk and smell the roses.
I really don't want to turn the page...

the last of the flowers, those last flowers I bought
for her the Thursday before she died,
bright happy gerbers, yellows and pinks...
I hung on to the yellow ones, and they have
crumpled
Yellow petals and pollen fallen on my mantle
And I can't bear to clean it up.

Leftover food...
Gifts of love
fill my fridge... we eat, not hungry
but grateful..

Reminders everywhere of family love
Of being together
Of sharing these moments together
The house now empty
but full of reminders.

I don't want to change the page.
I don't want to clean it up...
I want to hang on and sit and remember

And as I water the fading flowers
And wipe the tears...

I really don't want to celebrate this Canada Day
My flag flies at half mast

The world more empty
Heaven richer.

And I know that I know
that I am grieving..
and that others grieve with me,

And that she would encourage me
to turn the page.

There is a fine line
between sympathy
and understanding

between wishes well-meant
and pain that is shared

Those who've know the
depths
of grief
who have learned to live
with scars

Offer hope.
Not of an easy path.
but the gift
of companionship.

-Grace Wulff 2016

*A memory is a treasure
in my storehouse*

*I ponder the good times
... and even the sad times teach me
how to live.*

*Yesterday is part of my story
Today is a gift.*

And I can hold on to Hope

*For tomorrow.
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