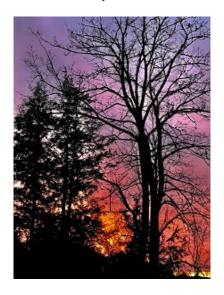
January 21, 2020



MY HEALING HEART

Managing the pain, what else could I do? **Y**et, I knew I'd somehow survive. That's true!

How would I? Would someone come to my rescue?

Eager to recover my strength, I had to see this through.

All I could do was be mindful of what happened within me.

Life had been good to me prior to being challenged by tragedy.

I could barely control my grief. Thank goodness, people loved me.

Nostalgia frequently reared its head. It warmed my heart to a degree.

Gees, I just couldn't suppress my grief. I was encouraged to embrace it.

Hope for full recovery resurfaced within my wounded heart bit by bit.

Even though I knew it would take me a long time to completely heal,

At least my heart believed I would. I had to try. That was the deal.

Resisting to face my feelings of sadness was no longer an option.

Trust in unconditional love replaced it; so did self-compassion.

Poem written by Raymond D. Tremblay Photo courtesy of Irma Van Oirschot

November 9, 2019