

*January 21, 2020*



## ***MY HEALING HEART***

***M****anaging the pain, what else could I do?  
Yet, I knew I'd somehow survive. That's true!*

***H****ow 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.*

***H****ope 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*