



Dying Days
March, 2016

Were you there with us?

Did you experience his rapid decline from
stout and sturdy to dying pile of bones?

Did you sit by his side during his restless sleep
as he waved his finger in the air,
counting the days left, or perhaps negotiating?

Were you also there when he took his last breath
and I stroked his head and told him to go toward the light,
that it was safe?

Did you see what I saw
when I was suddenly able to see him walking
the path toward light and family?

Could you feel his soul,
so much larger and grander than imaginable,
finally free from his broken body?

Did you feel his joy like I did?

Were you able to see him enter the Kingdom
after he held the hands of those lined up
to greet him with their solemn handshakes?

Did you feel both relieved and sick as you watched
the sheet float gently down over his empty shell
and they took it away to return it to ashes?

Did you love him the way a daughter loves her father,
unconditionally?

Have you learned to let go
and accept that now the communication is different,
perhaps more complete?

Do you wonder, every moment,
if he is there by your side watching and silently advising,
or maybe disapproving?

Are you also eternally grateful for the love
that surrounded you during those intense last few weeks,
love from friends that held you tightly
from all corners of the earth?

Were you also shocked at how
your parent's friends held you and loved you
like you were their own child,
when the tears would not stop
and they knew that soon you would need an extra parent?

Do you cry now?
Every day?
Do you also listen to the phone messages
you carefully saved, knowing that one day,
that would be the only way to hear his voice?

Do you also wonder when it will be easier?
Do you think to yourself,
"Someday I will just get on with the business of life again"?

Yes, I think I saw you there, thank you. So glad I wasn't alone.

