

For those who don't know what to say...

PLEASE, don't ask me if I'm over it yet.

I'll never be over it.

PLEASE, don't tell me they're in a better place.

They aren't here with me now.

PLEASE, don't say at least they're not suffering.

I haven't come to terms with why they had to suffer at all.

PLEASE, don't tell me you know how I feel,

Unless you have lost a loved one this way.

PLEASE, don't ask me if I feel better.

Traumatic loss isn't a condition that clears up.

PLEASE, don't tell me at least you had them for so many years.

What year would you choose for your loved one to die?

PLEASE, don't tell me God never gives us more than we can bear.

PLEASE, just say you regret what has happened to us.

PLEASE, just say you remember our loved one, if you do.

PLEASE, just let me talk about them.

PLEASE, mention my loved one's name.

PLEASE, just let men cry.

*Poem by Rita Moran/Compassionate Friends Fort Lauderdale Newsletter
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