

PONDERINGS ALONG THE PATH

By Nadine Boyd



Dear Compassionate Friends:

Do you remember the lyrics to the old song by the Bee Gees, "How Can You Mend a Broken Heart?"

I can think of younger days when living for my life
Was everything a man could want to do.
I could never see tomorrow; I was never told about the sorrow.
And how can you mend a broken heart?
How can you stop the rain from falling down?
How can you stop the sun from shining?
What makes the world go round?
How can you mend this broken man?
How can a loser ever win?
Please help me mend my broken heart and let me live again.
I can still feel the breeze that rustles through the trees
And misty memories of days gone by
We could never see tomorrow; no one said a word about the sorrow.

This song makes me remember the kind of blind trust I felt before the loss of our son. Somehow I felt that if we tried to be the best parents we could be and prayed the hardest we could things would turn out all right. Aaron deserved a miracle-WE deserved a miracle. It never occurred to me that he may not live. I realized he would probably always have health problems, but we would take it one step at a time and get through it together.

After Aaron went to Heaven I could not understand why the world went on. Why DID the sun come up in the morning? Why DID the world keep spinning? We felt our world had ended and it felt like the ultimate cruelty that the rest of the world went on as usual, completely unaware that our world had ended.

The song tells us we can never see tomorrow and no one ever tells you about the sorrow. Would we have chosen to be vulnerable through love if we had known it could bring great sorrow as well as great joy?

So as the song says "how do you mend a broken heart? How do you live again?" I think you need to be aware that grief and loss changes us forever. Your life will never be the same and you will have a new normal, but you CAN live with a broken, mended heart. You CAN live with your sorrow, but you have to make that choice to live. It takes a long time to mend a broken heart and it hurts a lot for a long time, but the same love you feel for your children that makes you grieve so deeply for them can also heal your broken heart. We were given a very precious gift when we were blessed with our children. That love made us vulnerable to pain, but the sweetness and great joy that their lives brought us transcend death and sorrow and pain. Love cannot die. Love knows no distance or barrier or limit.

I wish you comfort, healing and strength in the memory of the love of your child.

In friendship,

Nadine