

A weekend with two sides

I had a longer weekend than most since I took Friday off. The day was filled with some time of quiet reflection for me. I was in need of some time and space to think. That evening and well into Saturday morning was filled with friends and companionship.

Since I was up so late, Saturday was one to recuperate until the evening. Then on to my oldest daughter's house for our regular Saturday gathering. It started late, and went long. The end of the day was filled with a strong sense of family. We were there to support each other when it was needed.

There was laughter and fun this weekend. We shared food and good times. We shared in common interests. We shared fun in the life of others. In that, life continues.

One year ago on the 13th of August, future laughter was never heard. Sadness filled many hearts. Other loss was averted, but the anxiety was left behind.

It has been one year, but the loss is still there. The loss remains and will remain.

It has been one year, but the love is still there. That love seems to grow daily.

It has been one year, you are gone, but not forgotten. Memories remain, however short they were.

It has been one year, and that is not a magic number. Time heals, but scars remain. Pain fades, but the hurt is still real.

Friends, family and love continue. In those things there can be strength. It is not weakness to shed tears, it is strength and love.

We miss all of those we lose, but on some days a special one is remembered.