

# Suffering a loss

Today touched on many memories for me. Today I went to a funeral to support someone I've known for a few years. I knew him through the theater and her through church. Our interests, outside of the community theater are different. Even our views in the theater are different, but today that makes little difference to me. Today we share a common bond. Today we are both widowers. Will that make us close friends, not likely, but I guess it could happen. Things like that happen everyday, but it isn't what I mean.

He is at the very start of his journey of widow/erhood. I've been on the journey for 4 years and almost 8 months. We became brothers in the same journey. It is very much a journey. The trouble is that, as in life, we all journey this path in our own way. Today, I offered any support I could give. I made this offer from my heart. I know as well as any man could some of the things that will occur for him in the next few days, weeks and months. But I don't know how he will approach or handle the events that will happen. I can only be around to listen. It is a lonely journey that he faces. A journey where you take help when you find it, but all the choice you make must be the right choices for yourself.

The funeral was in the church my wife and I attended for over 10 years before she died. She had many wonderful talents, and the church was her place to share them. I see her touch in many areas of this church. Things have changed, but they remain the same.

The funeral was for a lady that also touched the church in many ways. She had been there for close to 30 years. For years to come her legacy will remain with the church. Things have changed, but they remain the same.

Today I saw again a sister in the same journey. She lost her

husband a year before I lost my wife. We still have that bond. It unites and separates us. Grieving is different for all.

People dying at much too early an age. But then again, I see where I've been and I have a sense of where I am heading. Not the life I would have chosen, but the one I was given. Mine to do what I can. Things have changed, but they remain the same.

When i can I offer support to those on this journey. The best support I can offer is that I have been on the journey. There are many lights to guide you on the path. Many come before, and many follow. Drop a light every now and again to guide those who follow. Follow the lights of those that when before....