

MY LOVSE

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Coming to terms with the death of a spouse

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MY LOVE

My Love is silent as the dawn.

My Love went to sleep and followed Jesus home.

All the gentle â sweet I love you gone â except the smell that wefts the calm.

But memories of the times we shared - are still as loud as trumpetâs blare.

Oh so many good times saved â in photo albums and video cases.

My Love still says I love you when Iâm out doors.

In the breeze - and in the dayâs sunshine.

It reminds me of our adored camping, fishing, and hiking trips.

I thank God every day for the time when shared.

We never had much money but we knew that would always be together.

As I write this - it all makes sense. Itâs the same way with God.

We canât physically see God â but we know heâs with us when we feel the
breeze, the sun, the rain, and smell the earth.

The love My Love and I have now is alike the love weâll have in heaven.

As it is written â My Love shared in Jesus baptism, and suffering, and now

As promised â My Love will share in his resurrection.

So My Love is in everything I do, and everything I love so very, very true.

By Patricia Blair

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