

## THERE'S A HOLE IN ME

There's a hole in me. You see, a part of me is missing. I keep looking for my son, and all I find are bits and pieces of him - something he wrote, a picture he took, a book he read, a tape he made, something he drew - but there is an emptiness in me that these bits and pieces cannot fill, that nothing will ever fill. I wander around, and sometimes without realizing it, I shake my head in disbelief, thinking it can't be true. But I know it is. My son is gone and he is never coming back.

There's a hole in me and it hurts terribly, much worse than I ever imagined anything could hurt. I am angry - not at God or at my son for leaving me as some have suggested, I am not angry at anyone or anything in particular, I am just angry. I want to scream and strike out at something. Sometimes I feel as if I am going to explode and I expect to see pieces of me flying in all directions.

I want to fill this hole in me so that everything that is left within me will not spill out. I want someone else who loved him to hug me when I cry and tell me it will be all right, even though I think it will never be.

by Johnie Maxwell  
TCF Lake Jackson, TX

“Pain Sorrow and suffering is but the kiss of Jesus. A sign that you have come so close to Him that he can kiss you. May God give you all the courage to accept your cross with resignation and love in union with the passion of Jesus.”

Portion of text of a letter from  
Mother Teresa to Gilbert Ortiz, Cheyenne, WY  
Printed in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer  
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A million times we've missed you.  
A million times we've cried.  
If love could have saved you.  
You never would have died.

Things we feel most deeply,  
are the hardest things to say.  
Our dearest one, we loved you  
In a very special way

- Unknown

Seattle-King County Chapter TCF  
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## NO VACATION

There is no vacation from your absence.  
Every morning I awake.

Every noon I feel the hole in my heart.  
Every evening my arms are empty.  
My life is busy now but not quite full.  
My heart is mended but not quite healed.

For the rest of my life every moment will be lived without you.  
There is no vacation from your absence.

Kathy Boyette, Gulf Coast Chapter, MS  
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