



Seasons of Grief

*When all the firsts have come and gone
And all the seasons have rolled into one
We have to accept our life is be-draggled
As we take the path less travelled
The tears still fall almost every day
It is part of the healing along the way
There is no time line for our grief
People know it won't be brief
Some support has come and gone
Still, many help us to carry on
Walk beside me, don't be afraid
In times of trouble the best friends are made
As we embark on the second year
Those still beside us have become so dear
We walk in love together
I hope you will be there forever*