



Weaving a New Fabric, by Anonymous

[_Below is a contribution by a reader who recently lost a loved one and wrote this in a spontaneous email to friends and family._]

a new fabric ... the old one is torn with a huge hole in the middle ... what fell out .. taken away by those nasty cells was wonderful and unique ... full of love and compassion ... bursting with giving and caring ... and all we have are memories to fill that huge vacant hole ... but memories are not enough ... they don't talk back ... they don't touch back... they don't smile back ... they are just there ... set in our own memory banks ... and stored in a special place in our hearts ... protected ... honored ... but they are not enough ... but they are enough ...they must suffice ...

and each of us, with our own needle and thread will weave a new fabric ... it will be different ... and we will learn to wear it ... it won't fit at first ... feel clumsy and odd...but with time it will fit ... be it a different shape and color ... and the memories wrapped and woven in it will give us comfort and peace ... we love you ... we will miss you ... but you will not be forgotten ... you are in a safe, loving and secure place within the hearts of all you touched...

--Anonymous