A photograph of a waterfall in a lush, green jungle. The water is white and foamy as it falls down a rocky cliff. The surrounding vegetation is dense and vibrant green. The title is overlaid on the top half of the image.

For a Grieving Heart

Terri Ann Leidich

Photography by Glenn Leidich and Bill Hollinshead

From My Heart to Yours

None of us asks for grief, yet every one of us will at some time in our lives feel its sharp fangs and suffer from the aftermath of its attack. When my son was killed in an accident at the age of 20, my world as I knew it collapsed and I was thrown into a black hole of grief that felt like it would devour me. Because writing is a passion and a refuge, I wrote . . . and the poetry in this book is a result of some of that writing.

While the poems in this book are about the loss of a child, a son, grief is universal in that its many twists, turns, and emotions are similar whether you've lost a child, a parent, a spouse, or a friend. To help you in your grief, personalize the verses I've written to reflect your loss and your pain, to express your agony or your confusion. Use these words in ways that work for you.

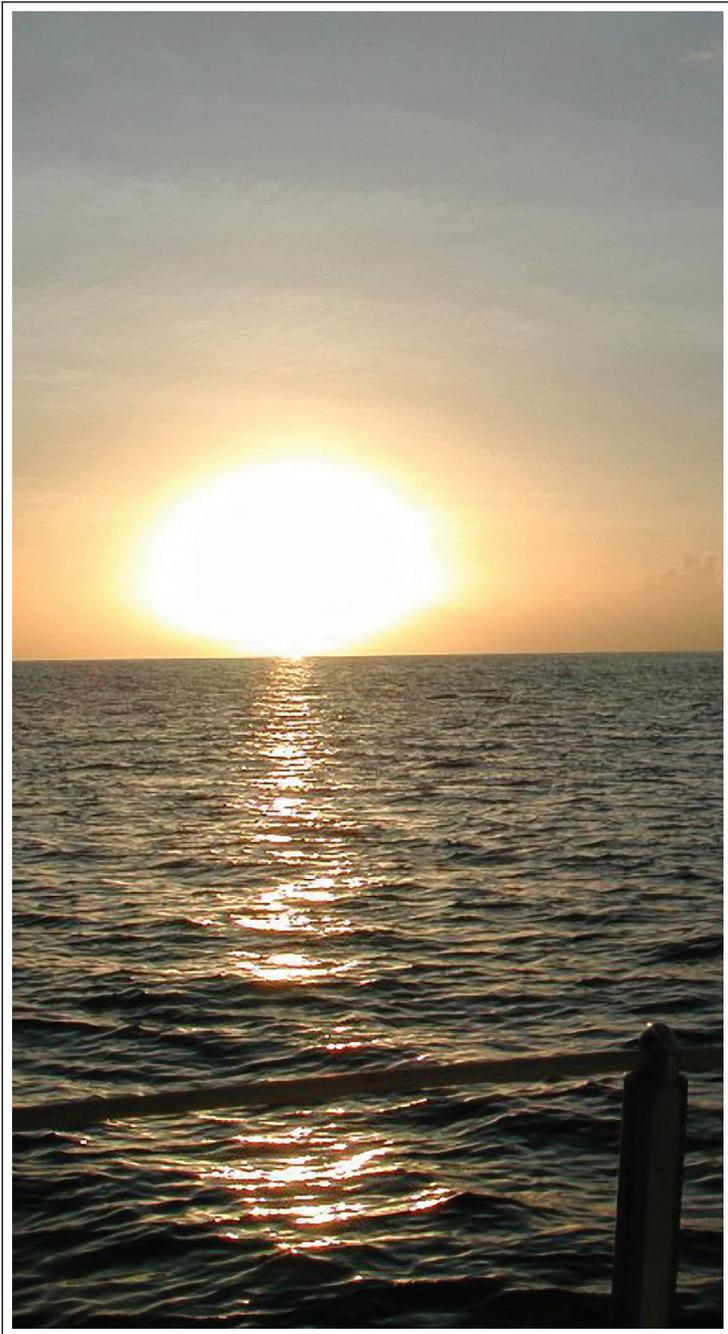
When I was caught in the darkness of grief, I just wanted to know that someone understood because it often felt as though no one seemed to grasp the life-changing, enduring pain that I was going through. I also wanted to be assured that I would survive the experience because I was often convinced that I would not make it through the agony. And I wanted someone to hold on to me during those times that I wasn't sure I wanted to continue on.

My hope is that the words in these poems will help you to know

that I do understand and that you will survive. You will change, and that process in itself is painful, but you will endure and eventually move on to fully live life again. Give yourself the time to do that. Love yourself through the process and hold firmly to the love that you have for the one who has moved on from this earth. Let that love be a blanket of warmth during this winter of your life.

Please know that my heart is with you even though we have never met . . . because those of us who have lost someone precious to us are bonded on a level beyond our understanding. It is at that level that I meet you, I understand your agony, and I support you in your journey.

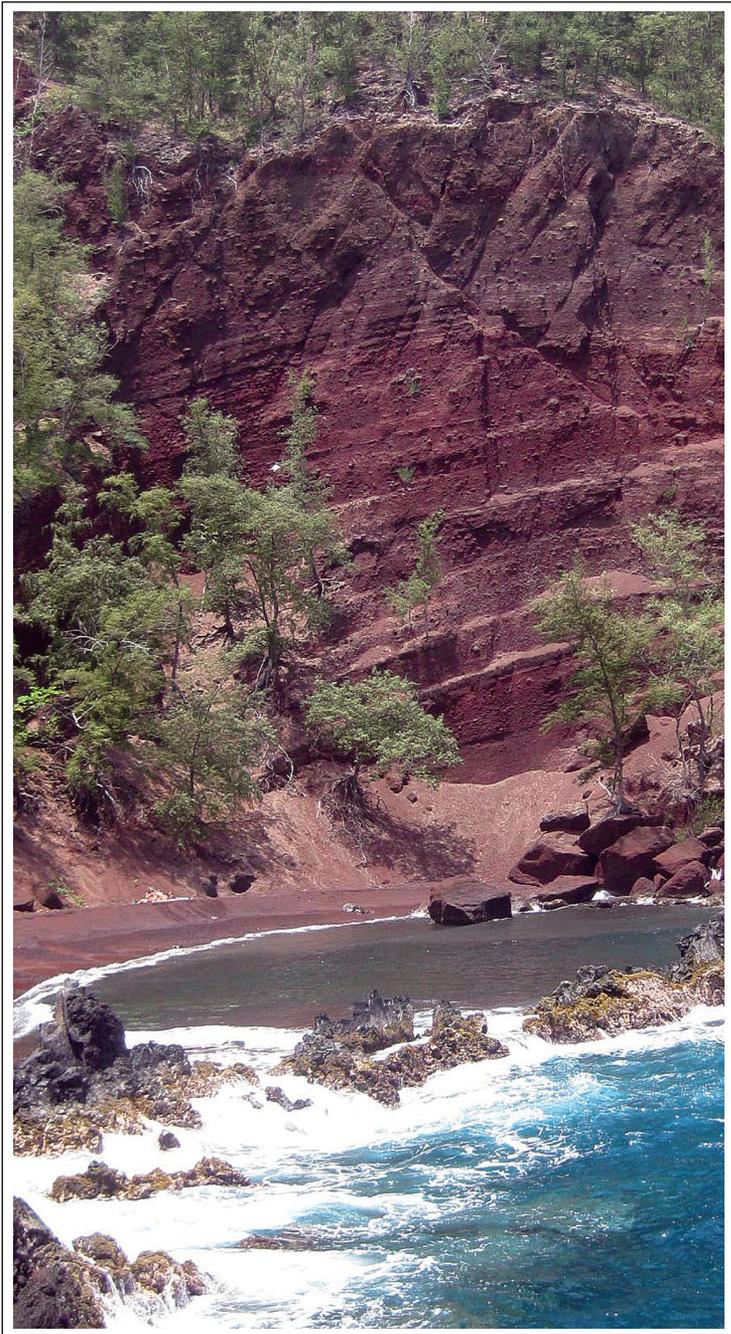
Terri Ann Leidich



I know my son is in heaven, Lord.
I know my child is with you.
I know you are caring for him, Lord,
but what is a mother to do?

My arms reach out to hold him.
My hands long to touch him once more.
My eyes just long to see him.
My heart is constantly sore.

My life is so lonesome without him.
My dreams are no longer there.
My plans have withered and dried,
but my soul still longs to share.



I know you loaned him to me, Lord
my tiny son so sweet.
To feed, to clothe, to guide, to love
until you called him home above.
But Lord so soon?

I question you.
I had him but a while . . .
this son so precious and so dear,
my own sweet youngest child.

I was prepared to say goodbye
as he went out the door.
But I really wasn't ready, Lord
that it be forevermore.