



*Shattered Dreams,
Suicide,
Victims & Heroes*



Comes the Dream (A Prose of Reflection)

Author Unknown

After awhile you learn the subtle difference
between holding a hand and chaining a soul,
And learn that love doesn't mean leaning,
and company doesn't mean security,

And you begin to learn that kisses aren't contracts,
and presents aren't promises,
And you begin to accept your defeats with your head up
and your eyes open with the grace of a woman,
(or man) not the grief of a child,

And you learn to build your roads on today because
tomorrow's ground is too uncertain for plans and
futures have a way of falling down in mid-flight.

After awhile you learn that even sunshine
burns if you get too much.
So you plant your own gardens and
decorate your own soul,
instead of waiting for someone
to bring you flowers.

And you learn that you really can endure....
that you really are strong and you
really do have worth.

And you learn and learn...



Death of an Innocent

Author Unknown

I went to a party Mom, I remembered what you said.
You told me not to drink, Mom, So I drank soda instead.

I really felt proud inside, Mom, The way you said I would.

I didn't drink and drive, Mom, even though the others said I should. I know I did the right thing, Mom, I know you are always right. Now the party is finally ending, Mom, as everyone is driving out of sight. As I got into my car, Mom, I knew I'd

get home in one piece. Because of the way you raised me,
so responsible and sweet.

I started to drive away, Mom, but as I pulled out into the road,
The other car didn't see me, Mom, and hit me like a load.

As I lay there on the pavement, Mom, I hear the policeman say,

"The other guy is drunk," Mom, and now I'm the one who will pay. I'm lying here dying, Mom.... I wish you'd get here soon.

How could this happen to me, Mom? My life just burst like a balloon. There is blood all around me, Mom, and most of it is mine. I hear the medic say, Mom, I'll die in a short time.

I just wanted to tell you, Mom, I swear I didn't drink. It was the others, Mom.

The others didn't think. He was probably at the same party as I. The only difference is, he drank And I will die.

Why do people drink, Mom? It can ruin your whole life.

I'm feeling sharp pains now. Pains just like a knife.

The guy who hit me is walking, Mom, And I don't think it's fair.

I'm lying here dying, And all he can do is stare.

Tell my brother not to cry, Mom. Tell Daddy to be brave. And when I go to heaven, Mom, Put "Daddy's Girl" on my grave.

Someone should have told him, Mom, Not to drink and drive. If only they had told him, Mom, I would still be alive. My breath is getting shorter, Mom. I'm becoming very scared.

Please don't cry for me, Mom. When I needed you, you were always there. I have one last question, Mom. Before I say good bye. I didn't drink and drive, So why am I the one to die?



Healing

Author Unknown

Healing is about opening our heart,
not closing it off.
It is about softening the places in us
that won't let love in.

Healing is a process.
It is about rocking back and forth
Between the loss of the past,
and the fullness of the present.
And being in the present
more and more of the time.

It is rocking that creates healing.
Not staying in one place or another.
The purpose of healing is not to be
forever happy; That is impossible.

The purpose of healing is to be awake.
And to live while you are alive.
Instead of dying while you are alive.
Healing is about being broken
and whole at the same time.



The Seed

*By Renate Rooney, in memory of
Lynn Alan Rooney, 1965-1995*

And you had sown a seed of hope
But we did not know how to nurture it and let it grow
And you felt our helpless ignorance
But we could not see the signs and take action

And you delivered thoughts through music
But we would not hear to recognize the message of urgency
And you broke the cycle and made your choice
But we hesitated far too long and therefore lost you

And you had us plant the seed of hope
So that we now can nurture the memory of you



Wings Restored

*by Kathie Winkler, in memory of
James Winkler 1960-2001*

**Like a wounded bird, longing to fly
free from the earth....the allure of the sky.
Bound to the struggle, unable to break free
from the troubles and conflicts that tormented thee.**

**Lost in your pain and unable to find
a path to the freedom of healthy, clear mind.
You chose an alternative, to set yourself free
that wouldn't be my choice for emancipation to be.**

**You ended your life and flew from this earth.
Your wings finally healed, at last knowing you worth.
Your soul free and bright, your pain gone for good.
Gliding so high, like you knew that you could.**

**And those left behind are reeling in pain.
For not understanding, your decision - a stain.**

**But when I look to the sky at a bird in quiet flight
I remember your spirit has won it's harsh fight.
I try to take comfort, as best that I can,
in knowing that you are soaring again.**