

Sometimes

Sometimes,
Memories are like rain showers
Sprinkling down upon you
Catching you unaware.
And then they are gone,
Leaving you warm and refreshed.

Sometimes,
Memories are like thunderstorms
Beating down upon you,
Relentless in their downpour.
And then they will cease,
Leaving you tired and bruised.

Sometimes,
Memories are like shadows
Sneaking up behind you,
Following you around.
Then they disappear,
Leaving you sad and confused.

Sometimes,
Memories are like comforters
Surrounding you with warmth,
Luxuriously abundant.
And sometimes they stay
Wrapping you in contentment.

By Marcia Updyke

Memories: they are gifts.

*from Darcie Sims, author and bereavement counselor, from Marcia Updyke,
from the wisdom of the John A. Gentleman Mortuaries' support groups*

John A. Gentleman Mortuaries