I'M SURE THAT GOD HAD YOU IN MIND

Marilyn's 37-year-old son Randy and 16-year-old granddaughter Sara died in a car accident in 2006

BY MARILYN ROLLINS, adapted from the book, Grief Diaries: Poetry and Prose & More ISBN: 978-1-944328-55-9

I look down at my children, sleeping in their beds, I can almost see the halos floating o'er their heads.

But oh, when they're awake, what devils they can be,

Alive with the joy of childhood, and everything they see.

Riding on their bikes, spending the night with a friend,

A bright and new adventure at each and every bend.

The wonder on their faces, seeing a tadpole turn to a frog,

Or walking across a flowing stream, balancing on a log.

Wondering why the grass is green, or why the sky is blue,

"Mommy, why don't cows bark, and all the dogs go moo?"

Blowing out the candles, making a birthday wish, Yelling for all the world to hear, "Daddy, I caught a fish!"

Marbles in their pockets, baseball cards to trade, Pant legs rolled up to their knees,

as through the puddles they wade.

Lemonade stands and mud pies, running in and out the door,

Out with the mop and bucket, to scrub the dirty floor.

Self care articles for the bereaved

From the award-winning Grief Diaries book series



An iCare Aftercare resource International Grief Institute

INTERNATIONALGRIEFINSTITUTE.COM

Bubblegum on their faces, treasures in a box, "Mommy, these darned old tennis shoes are eating up my socks!"

Yes, I look down at my children, sleeping in their beds,

And I can almost see the halos, floating o'er their heads.

Enjoy it all my little ones, don't let the wonder fade,

I'm sure that God had you in mind, when this Great earth He made.

AUTHOR NOTE:

I always felt my children were special, as I'm sure all of us did. I wrote this after a very trying day in 1978. I was an exhausted young mother who had run out of patience after a whole jar of tadpoles had been knocked over in my kitchen. I cleaned the kitchen, bathed the boys, and put them to bed.

As I checked on them before I went to bed, they looked like little sleeping angels. I instantly regretted my anger. I kissed them both on the forehead and ended up writing this before I went to sleep. I so wish I could go back to that day.