

PRECIOUS STONES

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,
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I stand among the most precious stones, yet I do not see the vivid colors of emeralds, rubies or sapphires.

No diamonds glint against the morning sun. Only the gray of cold marble and granite grace my eyes, as I look around me.

I finally see the ones I am looking for. I walk toward them, my precious stones. Precious, because lying beneath them are my son and granddaughter.

I see their smiling faces, etched in marble for eternity, and I smile back.

I kneel, touch my fingers to my lips and tenderly touch each etched face.

I stand, stretch, and look around. There are so many precious stones here, so many etched faces, names and dates, staring back at me.

I wipe away a tear and begin my journey back through this garden of precious stones, but I do not see the vivid colors of emeralds, rubies or sapphires. No diamonds glinting against the morning sun.

AUTHOR NOTE:

I went out to the cemetery on Mother's Day. It was so difficult standing there looking at my son and granddaughter's names on the stones. As I looked around at all the stones and all the names and the etched faces, it inspired me to write this.