



We bring hope and healing for the loss of loved ones.

You are a song as yet unsung,
Your opening melody has warbled just a few notes.
There's music ahead, waiting in the wings,
Breathlessly poised to swell its symphony
Onto the stage of your life.
You are not done;
You've only just begun.
A few sad notes
Have played their melancholy minor chords.
You long for more—more music, more life,
And just a little more hope.
You are not done;
You've only just begun to breathe again
The air of hope.
Unfold the corners of your heart
Where you've wrapped yourself in tight.
Breathe in the new day
While you cling to memories past.
Whatever has been will still be firmly planted
Even while your feet dance to a new song.
You are not done;
You've only just begun
To breathe, to dance, to dream, to create.
Wrap up all the old stories
In the truth of who you are now.
You can speak you here
And we will understand.
Begin again to breathe, to dance,
To be who you are meant to be.
You are not done;
You've only just begun.

This poem was written after sitting on a bench visiting with an amazing millennial who was grappling with incredible grief and pain. I hope this encourages anyone who might be feeling down or done: By Annette Osborn Brennan

