

## SAY THEIR NAMES

The time of concern is over. No longer are we asked how we're doing. Never are the names of our children mentioned to us. A curtain descends. The moment has passed. Lives slip from frequent recall. There are exceptions - close and compassionate friends, sensitive and loving family.

For

most, the drama is over. The spotlight is off. Applause is silent. But for us the play will never end. The effects on us are timeless. Say THEIR NAMES to us.

On the stage of our lives they have been both lead and supporting actors and actresses. Do not tiptoe around one of the greatest events of our lives. Love does not die. Their names are written on our minds.

YOU feel they are dead...we feel they are of the dead and still they live. They ghost walk our soul, beckoning in future welcome.

YOU say they WERE our children. We say they ARE. Say their names to us and say their names again. It hurts to

bury their memory in silence. What they were in flesh is no longer with us. What they are in spirit stirs within us always. They are of our past, but they are part of our now. They are our hope for the future.

You say not to remind us. How little you understand we CANNOT forget. We would not...if we could. We understand you, but feel pain in being forced to do so. We forgive you, because you cannot know. And we would forgive you anyway.

We accept how you see us, but understand that you see us not at all. We strive not to judge you, for yesterday we were like you. We love you, will make no expectations toward you. But we wish you could understand that we dwell both in flesh and in spirit. The mystery is that you do too, but know it not.

We do not ask you to walk this road. The ascent is steep and the burden heavy. We walk it not by choice. We would rather walk with them in flesh, looking not to spirit roads beyond. We are what we have to be.

What we have lost you cannot feel. What we have gained you cannot see. And we would not have you.

Say THEIR NAMES for they are alive in us. They and we will meet again, though in many ways we've never been parted. They and their lives play light songs in our minds, sunrise and sunsets on our dreams. They are real and shadow, were and are.

Say THEIR NAMES to us and say THEIR NAMES again. They are our children and we love them as we always did. Say THEIR NAMES!

By Olin's Father