



.....Puddles

Puddles appear after a spring rain, a summer downpour, a white winter snow melt, or from the heavy tears of a broken grieving heart. They appear for a while and all of a sudden, the puddle is gone. What they leave behind is the broken area in the road, a sidewalk, the worn path, or on a well-used playground, a sign that they will appear again someday. We are not exactly sure when they will come back, in a day, weeks, months or years, or where they will show up, or even just how big the new puddle will be.

Some of the puddles of grief I've been in are the '**walk into puddles**', others that come are the '**back into puddles**', or sometimes you find that it's a '**sit in the puddle**'. These are puddles that appear and fill up from the tears of the breaking grieving heart, your shattered dreams, and the lonely nights. The puddle tears are from beyond sorrow, heavy wet warm tears streaming down your face, the tears from loss and grief.

The 'walk into puddles', are the ones you can see coming. These dark puddles are from days like his birthday, your wedding anniversary, the anniversary of

the day he stepped into Heaven, or even the day the wedding ring is no longer on your finger. It could be that trip to the cemetery where you know you'll see his name written in stone or even holidays, Christmas, Valentine's Day, or Thanksgiving. You knew in your heart you would be encountering these puddles; you could see them coming, and you'll find yourself stepping into that pool of grief. Here you will find yourself standing alone, adding your tears to that, sometimes already deep, 'walk into puddle'.

'Back into puddles', they just appear seemingly 'out of nowhere' you didn't see them coming. You're adding tears as you stand in that puddle just from turning on the radio and hearing a special song, opening a closet and seeing his work boots, or maybe smelling his aftershave on someone walking by. It could be seeing a bumper sticker he would have laughed at with you, or when you walked alone into his favorite 'man's store'.

Back into puddles can even come when you drive by a restaurant he often begged to go to (the one that wasn't your favorite). As you see it maybe now a subtle pang of guilt now mixes in with your tears as you remember maybe you could have gone there just a little more often. It's maybe when you're handed a form and you have to check "widow" or "single", or when you come across a special photo, read a card or letter he wrote you. There are so many 'back into puddles' and they show up not just for a few weeks or months after he has no longer been your dear husband, your great companion, but they keep coming from one year to the next year, and on and on.

Oh, those 'sit in the puddles', they are just as hard as the others, as you sit in them you just can't always figure out how to get up and get out of them. Sometimes it feels good to just sit there and let the tears fill up around you, sometimes you can't even remember what put you in the puddle. A sit in puddle can be when you find that a family member, a friend, or co-worker just doesn't understand what your loss feels like, what lonely means. They aren't able to relate to the empty seat next to you in the car and the empty side of the bed each night. That puddle can fill up just because it's time for a good cry, or just because you've lived with this heavy grief long enough. It can be a puddle where someone who loves you comes to sit down next to you and stays with you for a while, they don't mind puddle sitting and for you it's a feeling of sweet comfort in the tears of real pain and profound loss.

I cry aloud to the Lord; I lift up my voice to the Lord for mercy. I pour out before him my complaint' before him I tell my trouble. When my spirit grows faint within me, it is you who watch over my way. Psalm 142: 1-3


Have mercy on me, Lord, for I am faint; Heal me, Lord, for my bones are in agony...The Lord has heard my cry for mercy; The Lord accepts my prayer. Psalm 6: 2,9

I was pushed back and about to fall, but the Lord helped me, The Lord is my strength and my defense he has become my salvation. Psalm 118: 13-14

Yes, there is someone who understands my grief, knows my broken and shattered heart, my loss, and my tears. He is always with me in my puddles, I have found that I am never standing or sitting alone when I have a God who is my strength, my peace, and my comforter. I still miss being a couple, it's still hard to watch couples walk by me together, I even miss seeing his toothbrush, and oh how I miss those trips and days of retirement we didn't get to share together. What I do have is seeing the clouds above me reflecting in my puddle, reminding me of heaven and this is not my home, heaven awaits me, with the promise of no more pain, no more grief, no more tears, and no more puddles.

..... i think the dictionary says a puddle is a small pool of water..... now what is the definition of 'small' ?.....especially when it comes to the size of grief puddles....and i am either walking into them, backing into them, or sitting in them?

i am thankful for the days when the warm sunshine has dried up a big puddle and i find myself enjoying a beautiful day of sunshine!

.....puddles, they used to be so much fun when.....i was little.....  renée