

## *I CANNOT MAKE IT ON MY OWN*

*I come to You, my Father, so grateful You are here  
When the times seem so unbearable, yet I cannot shed a tear.  
The pain runs deep and lingers, so near and yet so far  
And my one and only comfort is to come to where You are.  
My only son was buried a year ago this day,  
I do not understand it; I don't want to hurt this way.  
I come to You so boldly, for I know You know my pain.  
I lean on You, for it's Your strength that helps me to sustain.  
Tell me please, my Father, as Your son died that day,  
Did You turn Your face in anguish- is that why You looked away?*

*My son is all around me, yet he's nowhere to be found  
For memories linger everywhere, but he is not around.  
I know he walks in meadows far beyond what I could dream,  
A place where all the earthly cares give way to things serene.  
His heart's no longer heavy with a weight too large to bear,  
And now, at last, he finally knows how much we really care.  
And so I've come to ask of You, this prayer that fills my heart,  
As holidays approach this year and merriment seems tart.  
Father, walk me day by day, to that place we'll meet again,  
For I cannot make it on my own, I need to hold Your hand.*

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