

I don't know why.

I'll never know why.

I don't like it.

I don't have to like it.

What I do have to do is make a choice about my living.

The choice is mine.

I can go on living, valuing every moment in a way I never did before,
or I can be destroyed by it and in turn destroy others.

I thought I was immortal.
That my family and children were also.
That tragedy happened only to others.
But I know now that life is tenuous and valuable.

So I am choosing to go on living, making the most of the time I have left,
valuing my family and friends in a way never possible before.

(From the book *My Son...My Son* by Iris Bolton)

Distributed by SURVIVORS ROAD2HEALING
www.road2healing.com