

One day you wake up and realize you must have survived because you are still here, alive and breathing. But you don't remember the infinitely small steps and decisions you took to get there.

Your only awareness is that you have shed miles of tears on what seems to be an endless road of sorrow.

One day, one glorious day, you wake up and feel your skin tingle again and you forgot just for an instant that your heart is broken ... and it is a beginning.

(~Susan Borrowman~ TCF Kingston Canada)

When I was born everyone in the room  
was laughing and happy.  
I was crying.

When I died everyone in the room was crying.  
I was the only one laughing and happy.

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