

September 2004

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## GRIEF, GRACE AND TRANSFORMATION

**Martina Steiger**

### *Holes*

How is it possible to bear the grief of losing  
My companion, friend, lover, husband, and family?  
The holes created in my life are too numerous to be counted  
Do numbers even matter?  
Who am I?  
Once stripped of him, of his presence-  
What is left of me?  
Less than a shell  
Whose lonely spirit is drifting  
More wildly than a little leaf in an autumn storm  
Just as cut off, tossed about,  
No roots, no destination, some inkling of origin perhaps?  
Where am I going?  
And why?  
When every movement appears to take more energy  
Than this fragile leaf can muster  
No memories are easing the strained breath  
Why are you not out there?  
How dare you leave!

Endless minutes, days and weeks have passed  
No sign of you!  
Where have you gone?  
Perhaps now I understand loneliness  
In the middle of a crowd  
Disconnected so completely  
Nothing seems to take hold  
Love?  
Why hold on to it  
It hurts so much once gone  
Is that the root?  
Your leaving has opened up so many wounds  
Where they were before?

Were you the ointment?

(March 1, 2002)

### ***Wounds***

Wounds deeper and more profound than ever imagined  
 Like craters on a glacier  
 Gaping, crying out  
 Did they exist before?  
 Did your leaving cause them?  
 Those holes—the abyss?  
 The loneliness in the middle of a crowd  
 The disconnectedness so complete  
 Nothing takes hold  
 Love—who are you?  
 The villain or the ointment?  
 Endless minutes, hours, days, and weeks,  
 No sign of you, my love,  
 Why let love in  
 When the abyss is what remains?

(March 2, 2002)

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### ***Breathe***

Dead or alive  
 A fraction of a second apart  
 Breathe – stop  
 Worlds apart  
 For you not that hard,  
 Even an exciting journey  
 For me not that easy,  
     The end of my world,  
     The end of my journey?

There lies the question  
 Where do I find the answer?  
 Breathe – don't stop  
 Still worlds apart  
 For you –what does it mean?  
 Are you enjoying yourself now?  
 For me – what does it mean?  
 How can I find a reason to continue?

Breathe – don't stop  
 Still worlds apart  
 Perhaps your love and smile  
 Can reach my wounded soul  
 To find my way back to the fork in the road  
 Then breathe through the rest of  
 What is to be my journey?

(March 6, 2002)



***Belong***

A dreaded word since your death  
 You belonged to me – how foolish a thought  
 You did not belong to me  
 And yet I tried to claim you  
 You fought it before – fiercely independent

You belonged to you – did you?  
 What about now?  
 Where do you belong now?  
 I belonged to you – how foolish a thought  
 Since you are no longer here  
 It has become so meaningless  
 No, not meaningless  
 Does it mean I belong to the dead?  
 Because that's where I feel I belong  
 But I am here – not dead  
 So where do I belong?  
 Am I alive simply because I am not dead?  
 That again is too simple  
 If I am alive  
 Where do I belong? (March 6, 2002)

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***Hands***

Restless hands, strong fingers  
 Softly caressing me  
 A stone-age ago  
 Hands forming a chalice  
 Are they my protector now?  
 Why can I not feel them,  
 See them, or sense them?  
 Am I part of these hands  
 Can I dissolve into them?  
 Perhaps then I can feel you again  
 Restless hands, strong fingers  
 Softly caressing me

I long for you with every breath  
 If I stop breathing  
 Will I be with you?  
 Hands forming a chalice  
 Showing me the rose  
 Why a rose as an answer?  
 If I continue breathing  
 Will I be with you?  
 Sorrow, grief, lament, pain,

Sadness, immeasurable longing.  
Where are you?

(March 11, 2002)

### ***Without you***

Take me into your arms  
 Hold me tight  
 Tell me all will be all right  
 Show me the light and your love  
 Then I won't feel so alone  
 Share with me where you have gone  
 Perhaps that will ease the pain  
 Hearing your joy and happiness  
 Seeing you lost all your sadness  
 Joke with me in your familiar fashion  
 In your own quirky sense of humour  
 That always provided both of us with armour  
 Against the pull from inside the box  
 Where both of our families wanted us to be  
 Yet there was so much more to see  
 Together we managed to be free  
 Without you the pull is just so great  
 And all of my feelings of fear and hate  
 Have returned, stronger than ever  
 Hold me in your arms  
 Let me feel you  
 How can I live without you? (March 14, 2002)

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### ***How Dare You!***

How dare you take him from me now!

How dare you leave me now!!

You never did what you were told.  
 Why this time?

Come back!  
 Don't desert me!  
 Come and get me! (March 16, 2002)

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### ***Worth living?***

Give me the words I need  
 To express how I feel  
 Raw, vulnerable, lonely, alone,  
 Desperate, insecure, sad,  
 melancholic, hopeless

You have gone so far away  
 Such an eternity ago it seems  
 How many lifetimes  
 I stopped living

What now

How do I start living again  
 Is it worth living with the pain  
 Pain more terrible than ever  
 imaginable

Gnawing away at my soul

(March 16, 2002)

### ***Questions***

To answer the question 'how are you?'  
     Seems impossible when I am not even sure I am  
 To answer the question 'how is it going?'  
     Is impossible because I am not sure about the IT  
 To answer the question 'why aren't you calling?'  
     Is easy because I am too exhausted to pick up the phone  
 To answer the question 'why aren't you asking for help?'  
     Is more complex because I don't think there is anything you can do.

That leaves you helpless just like me  
 So ask yourself the question, why you are expecting me to smile or behave as usual?  
 You want your life to return to normal just like me.  
 Except I live with life that's anything but normal every second of my day and night

My life and I will never be normal again  
 So don't ask. Just be and accept.  
 Perhaps in your feeling the lack of control  
 You can understand where I am

So just be there for support  
 Listen and love. Don't offer advice.  
 Don't judge.  
 Don't expect the old me because she has departed and won't ever return

Accept my grief as a token of my love  
 When you want me to smile, realize  
 That it is your vulnerability that is talking.

Don't talk about my lack of strength  
 When I am sad or crying  
 It is your lack of comfort with my journey through the abyss  
 That wishes for me to pretend

To ask me to pretend is asking the impossible  
 The journey of grief is a journey about truth – my truth, your truth  
 It is a journey where I feel stripped to the core,  
 Unable to hide from anyone,  
 Least of all from myself or God

If I appear rude or unsociable,  
 Remember that I barely have the strength to breathe  
 Breathe with me to allow me to be



Perhaps then, together with your presence  
I can become whole again

(March 17, 2002)

**No One**

Strong gentle hands holding my face  
 Gazing into my eyes  
 Affirming life and love  
 Stroking, caressing my cheeks  
 Sending warmth through my body  
 Allowing it to feel vibrant and alive  
 Beautiful breath descending  
 Connecting to the earth and the sky  
 Floating yet anchored through you  
 Accepted, acknowledged  
 Supported and loved

No one holding my face now  
 Dead eyes, lifelessly staring into mine  
 Showing emptiness and a vacuum  
 Cold air touching my cheeks  
 Sending shivers through my body  
 Causing it to flee  
 Fighting the breath that cannot descend  
 Searing all connections to the earth and sky  
 Fragmented mind and body  
 Isolated soul  
 Searching, yearning, mourning  
 Grieving – is there love still?

(March 18, 2002)

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**Mirror**

Looking into the mirror  
 No longer seeing two  
 Only the waving hands  
 Gazing, searching

Looking into the mirror  
 Hoping to see two  
 Yet knowing  
 The veil distorting both

Looking into the mirror  
 Trying to lift the veil  
 Unable to distinguish  
 Even just the one

Looking into the mirror

Through the veil at the reflection  
 Shifting transformation

Shaping to find the one

Looking into the mirror  
 With the veil lifted enough  
 To see the image of the one  
 Clearly without fail

Looking into the mirror  
 Showing the one  
 Through the veil the shimmer of hope  
 Fleeting reflection of the other

Looking into the mirror  
 Both waving back  
 On either side of the veil

Creating together a new image of two

(March 18, 2002)

***Death***

Who are you?  
What are you?  
Where are you?

All around us, in us, with us  
Only to exist because there is life  
The end – the end of the beginning  
Or the end as such

The end of the beginning leaves behind a sea of questions  
Powerful waves to consume us  
Strong and merciless waves to toss us about  
Sweeping us far from where we started  
Barely leaving enough breath to ride out these waves  
Unable to decide the direction  
Wandering silently with anticipation of nothingness  
Will we come through each wave?

Far from the shore, beaten by the waves  
Staring death right in the face,  
Hoping and wishing our beginning has ended  
Knowing that is untrue.

Head under water, coughing, gasping,  
Hands thrown up, mermaids singing, the wind howling  
Furious storms raging even further away from the familiar shore  
Aware and here

Whose death is the end of the beginning – his or mine?  
His spirit is at peace, I hope,  
Mine is wandering restlessly  
Is it my decision to make?  
Will I then see death as the end of the beginning?

How does love deal with death  
Does it transcend it?  
My love for him seems stronger than ever  
How does it feel on the other side?  
And yet you no longer exist

Your clothes say nothing  
Smell nothing of you  
You have changed  
When I remember you,  
Nothing seems real any more.  
Your spirit has moved through  
And left only the shells behind  
Necessary because of comforting habits  
Yet meaningless because they are not you.

Death and love – two enigmas  
 Death has changed my love  
 My love has changed my sense of death.

***Forgiveness***

I remember so many words  
 I wish I had not spoken  
 I remember so many looks  
 I wish I had not given  
 I remember so many actions  
 I wish I had not carried out  
 I remember so many times  
 I wish I had behaved differently  
 I wish I had kissed you more,  
 Touched and hugged you more  
 I wish I had spent even more time  
 with you  
 Instead of beside you sometimes  
 I wish I had argued less and  
 Simply listened more  
 I wish I had the chance to even  
 Say a last good-bye

(Towards the end of March 2002)

I wish I could look into your eyes  
 one last time  
 And ask you for forgiveness  
 For all I did not do  
 And all I did that hurt you  
 And all that did not nourish you  
 Forgive me for not being there  
 When you needed me  
 Forgive me for not  
 Seeing what was happening  
 Forgive me, please,  
 Perhaps then I can start to forgive  
 myself  
 I long for a chance to be with you  
 So I can look into your eyes  
 And see and know that  
 You have forgiven me.

(Towards the end of March 2002)

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***Matter***

Matter, substance,  
 What matters?  
 My journey?

Matter  
 One moment here, one moment gone,  
 Just like you  
 Except matter returns  
 Where are you?  
 What matters now?  
 Without you matter does not matter  
 Living is breathing  
 Breathing is hard work now  
 Why bother though  
 Meaning is lost  
 Nowhere to be found  
 How can it be?  
 Without your presence  
 Nothing matters  
 Simply your presence bestowed meaning on life  
 Continue your journey, they say,

But how and why?  
Because it is your journey, they say,  
And you are alive!  
What irony when all feeling is dead and the body numb!  
You matter – and yet you are silent  
So what matters?  
You are gone! You left! You disappeared! (April 6, 2002)

### ***How can I accept***

How can I accept losing you?  
 All my life and love,  
 My comfort and peace  
 Came through you  
 Through your acceptance of me and my acceptance of you  
 You are gone from this life  
 Leaving a huge hole that seems to swallow up  
 Anything and everything in its way,  
 Including me

How can I accept losing you?  
 My friend, companion,  
 Lover and husband  
 At once loving, romantic, charming,  
 Yet unsentimental real, provocative,  
 Constantly challenging the world we lived in.

How can I accept losing you?  
 Never once were you at a loss for words.  
 You always had solutions.  
 Your creativity knew no limits.  
 Your wit ensured wonderful laughs and surprises for all around you.  
 Your generosity touched so many in unexpected ways.

How can I accept losing you?  
 No one there – emptiness,  
 Darkness ready to engulf me,  
 Struggling to resist temptation  
 To follow you into life on the other side.

How can I accept that I have a life without you?  
 How can I accept that I matter without you?  
 How can I accept that there is meaning in my life without you?  
 How can I accept that my life is truly worth living without  
     your physical presence in it?  
 How can I accept that your absence does not mean your love has disappeared?  
 How can I accept that your death does not mean God does not exist or that  
     God wants to punish me?  
 How can I accept that even I am part of the Divine?  
 How can I accept that your death is just a transformation, not the end, perhaps  
     just another beginning?  
 What will provide me the peace I need that may lead me to acceptance?

(April 10, 2002—8 month anniversary of Paul's death)

***What made me commit?***

I want so much to be with you,  
 Your arms wrapped around me,  
 Blanketing me, giving me warmth,  
 Defining the place I feel I belong.

Death for me so I can join you?  
 Tempting me wherever I am,  
 No matter what I do,  
 Wanting out of here,  
 Leaving the emptiness and the meaningless world behind.

And yet, there is the pull to stay.  
 What made me commit?  
 Who was it?  
 Why did I promise to continue in this world?  
 Where do I belong now?  
 Where is my place?

No one to comfort me, to hold me, to envelop me,  
 Unless God can find me in my wilderness and warm me up,  
 Shower me with his grace and forgiveness that I need so much.

Oh Lord, provide me with the acceptance, love, trust and peace  
 That have eluded me for months—perhaps even years.  
 Make me feel there is a place for me here, somewhere,  
 I need to have a place, a purpose and a reason to continue.  
 Let me feel the love around me,  
 Let it come through me and fill me.

Oh Lord, I need you, your love, wisdom, and help.  
 How can I ever believe I am worthy of you and your love? ( April 11, 2002)

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***Letting go***

There are so many meanings of letting go  
 Because letting go means acceptance  
 And what's that you ask  
 Perhaps to accept that life IS  
 That life is good, all of life is good and has a purpose,  
 Especially when it does not appear that way

Letting go means faith—  
 In me, in you, in the divine plan  
 Letting go means love so deep and complete  
 Everything and everyone is forgiven



Letting go means embracing the NOW MOMENT

Can I do that? NOW?

(Dec 18, 2002)

***Letting you go***

I love you enough  
 That I can finally let you go  
 Are you celebrating the arrival of other spirits?  
 How does it feel to experience true joy and peace?  
 Perhaps now your peace and joy can be complete  
 As perhaps mine will be  
 I am sorry if I held you back  
 I did not mean to  
 I suppose it was the only way  
 For me to survive and stay here  
 Thank you, once again,  
 For allowing me to do so.

I love you so much  
 That I must let you go entirely  
 Whenever I can  
 So you can be you  
 The way I need to learn to be me  
 Each one alone and yet,  
 I do feel we are closer than ever before  
 Or am I just imagining?

(December 19, 2002)

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***Canoe***

Standing at the shore, holding on to  
 the canoe  
 The canoe carrying you  
 Drifts away  
 Unable to hold it back  
 Drifting aimlessly  
 Continuously feeling the pull  
 By all the tears, despair, and  
 desires  
 Yet needing to steer across the lake  
  
 Still drifting away from the shore  
 A little further all the while  
 Gently resisting the tears and the  
 fears  
 Knowing the direction, yet still  
 drifting  
 Uncertain the loved ones can let go  
 Loving them dearly  
 The canoe drifts on  
 Inching away from the shore  
 Into the mist of the lake

Less pulling, more freedom to  
 choose  
 Pointing now directly across the lake  
 Following the light and

The chorus of angels sounding  
 through the mist  
 Looking back  
 Still feeling the tears, the regrets,  
 the memories  
 Yet slowly sensing the release

Waving wings, celebrative voices  
 Another shore, another crowd  
 What a difference!  
 Unencumbered, free,  
 In joy, love, and peace  
 Stepping out of the canoe

Looking back across the lake  
 Seeing the shore

Sending love and light  
 Protecting the loved ones  
 Safely from this side of the lake  
 Infinite love, peace, joy and faith  
 Believe, trust, be

You are love  
 You are loved  
 And loved  
 You are whole

(Dec 19, 2002)

### ***Wedding Anniversary***

We is now I here  
 We is no longer  
 You everywhere  
 I here  
 I must find you out there  
 Believing that you are celebrating  
 Celebrating on the other side  
 I must let go of my fears  
 My fears for you  
 I must believe  
 You are celebrating there  
 Free, joyfully, and peacefully  
 As promised and as always longed for  
 Even when you denied it

This anniversary today—seventeen years ago—  
 What a different world  
 Perhaps I can begin today  
 To celebrate you, all of you,  
 To thank you for all the gifts  
 You brought into my life  
 To express my eternal gratitude to you  
 Because without you I would not be me (Dec 19,  
 2002)

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### ***Your essence***

Even though this is already  
 Your second birthday away from here  
 In your new home where you feel safe  
 I still miss you

I miss you in ever changing ways  
 Somehow it still hurts just as much  
 Or perhaps now even more  
 Despite all I have

More and more can I see your essence  
 All that was clouded or hidden from my view  
 While you were still alive  
 Less focus on the imperfections

I behold the Christ in you  
Now so much easier to do  
Help me accomplish that  
With every person I meet

Enjoy your flight, my love  
Soar through the sky  
Let me feel your presence  
Even though our distance keeps growing

(April 25, 2003)

***Scent (Paul's beloved 'eau de toilette')***

Perfume in the car—  
 Two years later?  
 How and why now  
 All scent gone  
 Soon after you left  
 Nothing lingered even in your clothes  
 Now this

I can see your face light up  
 Simply deciding on the flavour of the day  
 You even returned after having departed  
 Simply to delight in the wafting mist of your perfume

What was it?  
 Your guise, your cover?  
 It made you feel good  
 But what reminds me now?

I feel restless, wanting  
 Though I have everything

I love so deeply  
 I love passionately  
 I trust, I have purpose  
 And yet?

The abyss has become my home  
 Finding the balance  
 Living in harmony  
 The only way possible  
 To negotiate the abyss

So why the scent?  
 Perhaps its conspicuous absence till now  
 Marks the imbalances that left  
 Its remarkable evocation points to the inclusion of all  
 Your presence in the seeming absence  
 Your presence in the void

Another step closer to our final goal  
 Yours and mine  
 Following our separate and seemingly  
 Opposing journeys

(June 30, 2003)

## Shooting star

Dark night, no lights only stars  
All the power gone  
Candles lit, feeling lost  
All the pulse just gone

Looking around, touching, feeling  
Only relying on the knowing  
Nothing else is left  
Only now, right now is here

Looking up into the sky  
Beautiful stars, blinking steadily  
The dark night appears brighter  
The moon touching the sky

The bats are whooshing overhead  
The damp blades tickle my feet  
Drawn to look up again  
Barely catching the shooting star  
A sign from you?

Two years ago I saw your face  
for the last time  
Not really you any more-just a shell  
Now I feel your essence  
Like the brilliant shooting star

It seems you whizzed just through  
A bright light only few could catch  
I was and am the lucky one  
And yet so perfect  
Shooting from the hip  
Know what I mean?

With your radiance in my life  
A shooting star-never would have thought

You like the attention  
When it suits you  
You always knew  
When to make an appearance

A shooting star- once here, now gone  
Quickly, in the blink of an eye—just like you  
Quietly, just like you, leaving all the rest  
behind

I loved the sight  
I know it was you  
Though never would have guessed  
And yet, I am not surprised  
You always found a way  
To get my attention and to make your point

O shooting star, how I love you  
I love you just the same  
Perhaps even more  
Or perhaps it only feels this way  
Because the love is so much purer now

O shooting star, when you appear again  
And you will  
I know you will be different because I will  
have changed again

(August 14, 2003)

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## *Faithful friend and companion*

You are traveling with me  
No longer husband and lover  
Still friend and companion  
Does your journey parallel mine?  
Your presence, often fleeting,  
Yet always comforting  
Like a soft veil enfolding me  
Speaking directly to and through my heart

I long for your voice and your caressing  
hands  
I don't hear your voice,  
Yet hear your words,

I love you still and always  
Realizing I love you more each day  
You tell me you must continue to move on  
Just the way I do.

Perhaps that's why you feel lighter,  
 Your soul becoming spirit,  
 Clearer, more brilliant, more true  
 I am grateful to you

My faithful friend and companion.

(October 29, 2003)

### ***My home – the abyss?***

How can I still believe  
 You could walk through this door at any moment?  
 And yet, that is precisely the felt sensation.  
 You have done it before—  
 Disappeared to come back.  
 What's the difference?

A voice simply states:  
 'Your place is in the abyss!'  
 I look up and I look around  
 Still holding my breath, afraid.  
 Where are you?  
 The abyss is looming again,  
 Shadows haunting me,  
 Where do I go?  
 Nowhere to hide in this vast space  
 Seemingly endless space.  
 I need to breathe.  
 Shadows staring me down.  
 Where are you?  
 I want to see you, touch you,  
 Nothing is in reach,  
 Yet all is there in this emptiness:  
 Silence, sound, emptiness, presence.

I am choking, realizing I cannot breathe.  
 'Speak,' I hear. Who? Me?  
 Do I have a voice in the abyss?  
 Echoes surround me now,  
 Strangely familiar sounds.  
 My voice, anger, despair, disbelief.  
 The void listens, steady presence,  
 Comforting space,  
 Inviting me to to explore.  
 Shadows are melting into the void,  
 Glaring light is warming the darkness.

Realizing I am at the edge,  
 Still feeling alone, not lonely,  
 Yet longing,  
 Suddenly seeing gentle hands  
 Beckoning to take the leap,

Just like you, I disappear,  
 Making room for a greater presence.  
 I can take a breath now,  
 Looking around, wondering  
 Who is the I now?  
 Less ego, more presence,  
 True connection with the abyss.  
 Life, death, rebirth—  
 Continuous process in the abyss—  
 My home? (November 7, 2003)

### ***30 months ago today***

Two and a half years ago today, I felt my body departing from me and leaving just a shell behind. Nine months later it began its journey back. It has taken another twenty-one months to completely renew itself. And that is precisely what seems to have happened. My body, mind, soul and spirit have each one separately and jointly renewed themselves, reinvented themselves. Each year equals at least one lifetime on many levels, it appears. Where have I been and where am I still to go?

I certainly have been to some of the darkest and most hidden, stark, frightening and even terrifying places over the course of these past few months. The journey opened wound after wound, and showed no mercy. And yet, especially during the darkest, most gruelling moments, a miracle occurred every time, even though I did not always recognize it as such then. However, the miracle did happen whenever I could finally connect my heart with my head and they could understand each other. How difficult it is to bridge this truly largest distance in the universe.

Why am I no longer afraid of where I am going? I believe because I am no longer afraid of death—my own or anyone else's.

Paul's death has shown me and continues to demonstrate to me how powerful spirit is and how beautifully it shines. I feel Paul's love more strongly now than ever before—reminiscent only of those rare occasions when he could allow himself to open up his heart fully. Now his heart is open, wide open, and he can embrace the wonderful love I have been fortunate enough to feel and live for so many years of my life.

I have truly learned to believe the Universe provides and provides well, down to the smallest detail. A plan emerges—no credit to me—just 'coincidence.' As right now, where I have the opportunity to sing the Mozart Requiem—that piece of music that so much summarized the day of the funeral for me. Now it is becoming an opportunity to celebrate—celebrate Paul, his life and death—yet only after I just ordered Paul's headstone, which carries the inscription "I celebrate you."

I will always miss you, Paulus, in many different ways. I will always honour you. You are very special to me and you truly taught me a lot. Thank you for looking out for me and protecting me every step of the way.

I know now for certain you tried your very best to accompany me and just could go no further. I can now appreciate those very sincere efforts and am truly sorry for all the heartache and pain our inability to grow together caused both of us. I



am grateful, though, we stayed together until your death. I am finally ready, willing and able to see that you went as far as you could in your life, as far as you wanted to go. Now you are finally able to fly and to enjoy yourself fully. We are still together even though on completely different planes—or aren't they so different after all? Thank you for all the ways in which you keep demonstrating your love and support to me.

I have no idea where LIFE is going to take me. And I know with God's help and yours, I will always have the courage to go where I am sent. My ultimate goal is serving mankind and becoming the best possible person I can be.

I am still not sure I understand how I could live through all those drastic changes the last thirty months and still be at once the same, while simultaneously being a completely different person.

Living proof of the ultimate paradox of the abyss? (February 15, 2004)

### ***Hug***

I would like a hug from you,  
Right here, right now  
I know it is impossible  
Right here, right now.

A hug from you – what does it feel like?  
Will I feel your heart?  
Your grace and understanding?  
Your compassion and your passion?

My whole being needs that hug.  
What can you say instead  
To bridge the distance between us.  
Is it even 'us'?

I know so little and yet so much,  
It seems,  
The more I trust  
The more confused I am  
Since nothing conforms to the rules any more.

'Break them,' I hear again and again  
"And then what?" I ask,  
'Then you'll have the chance  
Of creating what you wish.'

What I wish though right now  
Is a hug  
So help me, what do I do?  
'Feel his presence, breathe, and  
Sink right into it  
Let go, just allow yourself to BE  
Then you will know and feel the hug.'

(February 17, 2004)

***Music and sound***

Music, sound  
Floating, drifting, gently resounding in my soul

Tears, feelings,  
Joyful sadness or perhaps sad joy  
I hear the piano  
Through a fog

I flush, needing to breathe,  
Eyes closed, ears open  
Faintly sensing the music  
Like a cloak lightly wrapped around me

More tears, hot and steadily  
Pasting runs on my cheeks  
I finally know Paul's here

I look and search  
Yet cannot see  
I accept the fleetingness of the moment  
--and there he is

Finally I can feel his touch  
Gentle, soft and firm  
Trusting, caressing, caring

Telling me, assuring me  
All is well  
Paul feels so good now  
"I love my existence-never expected it to be just so.  
I now know the love you have always known  
Thank you for loving me so deeply."

Paul's still here—in my heart  
Now I know  
I sense his touch  
In so many varied ways.

With me forever  
Growing together  
Yet standing apart  
Strong and united  
Now beautiful and real  
Then impossible, unreal

Worlds apart  
Spirits joined  
Supportive, joyous  
Celebrating the arrival of ultimate grace

Finding the elusive joy and peace

(April 30, 2004)

## ***Trusting***

Is this what it is about?  
What is the difference between trust and  
surrender  
Trusting what or whom?  
Surrender what or to whom perhaps?

Is it perhaps the same?  
In the darkness of the Abyss  
For a moment there is fear again  
Fear of falling, failing, being  
Unable to see or to move  
Afraid of the now and the future  
Unable to invoke the past

The darkness is heavy  
Restricting the breath  
What is happening?  
Why is there no light?  
'The darkness is only a reflection,'  
I hear in a voice quite familiar by now

And I know, reluctantly admitting to myself  
It is true—the reflection of my fears  
Fears of fully trusting  
All of the Abyss  
Still holding out, protecting parts of the ego  
Waiting to be in charge

A flickering light emerges  
Deep from within—  
Within me or the void?  
Perhaps it does not matter  
Since it is all the same and part of me

I can look around now  
And realize what I must do—  
Take each step  
TRUSTING I am protected  
While fully aware of my surroundings  
Even when blinded by the darkness

I take a deep breath  
Turn around and start walking  
Trusting I will find my way  
Surrendering my ego, my fears  
Noticing the light shining ever more brightly

The deadly silence now has turned  
Into the most soothing and brilliant music  
Gently soaring through  
Each pore and breath into my body

My mind becomes still  
My body is strangely alert and relaxed  
My spirit is present and free

No more darkness, no more threatening  
silence  
Only light and quiet stillness  
My heart is illuminating the Abyss from  
within  
God is within  
I am in God  
I TRUST and thus I SURRENDER

(May 21, 2004)

Martina Steiger

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