

# ***The Power of Love, Faith & Healing...***

Everyone loses a loved one at some time in their life, most of us more than once. When we lose a loved one the initial pain can be unbearable. It is one of the hardest emotions a person can experience in life. It can ebb and flow like the tide sometimes rising and receding slowly and at other times sneaking up on us and crashing over us unexpectedly with a memory or photo. None of us are ever prepared for losing a loved one even if we've been told the end is near. It does not matter if your loved one is young or old – the pain is the same. Getting through the loss of a loved one takes time and everyone's journey to healing is unique.

I recently lost my father-in-law Glennie at the end of July this summer. He was a wonderful, kind and loving man. He owned a farm in Black River and planted fields of potatoes every spring. Every September we would help Glennie harvest his potato crop and he would give bags of fresh potatoes to family, friends and soup kitchens in the city. Glennie planted his last potato field in May a few weeks before he became ill and entered the hospital in June. He had reached his 89th birthday and was actively working his farm for over 70 years.

It was a very difficult summer. After a few weeks in the hospital Glennie was transferred to Bobby's Hospice. We dug up some of his tiny new potatoes during the summer, cooked, mashed and buttered them and took them in to Glennie before he became too ill to eat. He thoroughly enjoyed them and we were happy he was able to sample the crop he had planted. He passed away a couple of weeks later on July 29th.

In early September, we went down to the potato field in Black River to harvest Glennie's potatoes. It was a difficult afternoon for us doing the harvest without him for the very first time. As my son Matthew was going along the rows filling the potato bag he held, he came across an unusual potato. He picked it up, dusted it off and brought it over to show me. Two potatoes had grown together in the shape of a heart. At that moment, I smiled and my heart felt lighter for the first time since Glennie had gotten sick. I know any vegetable can grow together in the ground as seeds get pushed together in unusual shapes, but to find a heart-shaped potato on the day we were harvesting the very last garden Glennie would ever plant gave me the feeling that it was a sign he was there with us after all, even if only in spirit, and that he will always be watching over his family. We took the potato home and cleaned it up and took it up to Doris, Glennie's wife of 43 years, and she lovingly shows it to everyone who comes to visit her. When you suffer the heartbreak of losing someone you love, always remember...its ok to cry. Our tears are sacred. They are not a sign of weakness but of power. They "speak louder than a thousand voices and are messengers of unspeakable love within a pure heart". Your tears give you the power to move on with life and they help us to heal our grief and make us stronger. Never take life for granted. Savor every sunrise and turn every sunset into memories.

We may not be able to see our loved ones after they pass on but sometimes, if you look really hard, you will see signs they are still with us and still loving us from Heaven. "When you believe beyond what your eyes can see, signs from Heaven show up to remind you love never dies..."

**In Loving Memory Of Glendon Ernest Moore 1930-2019**

