



*pathways*  
through grief

*memories*

I walked a mile with Pleasure  
She chatted all the way,  
But left me none the wiser  
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,  
And ne'er a word said she,  
But, oh! The things I learned from her,  
When Sorrow walked with me.

—Robert Browning Hamilton

“I have seen death too often to believe  
in death. It is not an ending, but a  
withdrawal. As one who finishes a long  
journey. Stills the motor. Turns off the lights.  
Steps from the car and walks up the path to  
the home that awaits him.”

—Author unknown

“When someone you love becomes a memory,  
the memory becomes a treasure.”

—Author unknown



# GRIEF PATHWAY OUTLOOK

## TERRAIN

Hilly, slow curves,  
scenic view ahead

## WEATHER

Clearing, chance  
of rain with some  
sunshine

## HEARTACHE INDEX:

High

## TRAVEL TIPS:

- Do not feel guilty for enjoying life—your loved one would want you to enjoy life.
- You will never ever forget the one you loved.
- Memories are gifts. There are good memories, not-so-good memories, and funny stories. Don't be afraid to talk about them.
- Exercise can help decrease depression and keep your body strong.
- Passing on kindnesses to others will help your heart heal.
- Death cannot close the book on a real love story—love does not end.

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# SOME THINGS STILL REMAIN

**WE** called him “Pappy.” He was grey-haired, tan-skinned, and wrinkled from working in the fields. He had a large tummy, just right for grandchildren to pounce on. He wore old, faded well-worn overalls that were sometimes “hitched up” with baling wire after a suspender broke. He is remembered for “fixing” grandchildren’s bee and wasp stings with tobacco juice.

It was not unusual on a hot day for Pappy to come in from the hot fields in Tennessee and lay on the floor in the kitchen, using the back of a chair that he had turned up-side-down as a diagonal rest for his back while he rested on the cool, hard floor.

Pappy was my granddaddy, a man adored by all his grandchildren. His death was my first up-close experience with death as a child. When he died, I thought my heart would break. I realized that death was permanent—that I would never see him again on this earth.

My cousins and I cried until our eyes were red. The funeral home brought the casket with Pappy in it back to the “home place” for the equivalent of today’s respect calls, and people “sat up” with him until he was taken to the church for the funeral and burial.

Pappy seldom dressed up, and he would not win any prizes for how he looked when he worked around the farm. But to a child, looks meant nothing. What mattered was *who* Pappy was. The grandchildren liked being around him and found sheer delight in jumping on his soft round tummy. We knew he loved us, and we loved him!

Looking back, I was blessed to have Pappy as my granddaddy. He died at the age of seventy-four of a heart attack while fixing fences. Even though he physically left us that day, he left some valuable gifts behind for our family, three gifts in particular.

First, he left behind **the gift of relationships**—healthy relationships with his children and grandchildren. He taught us how to trust and how to love. Even though Pappy is no longer with us on earth, our relationship with him will never end.



Pappy also left us the **gift of memories**, memories of good times with him, and what wonderful memories they are! Fun memories, loving memories! Memories of him sitting in the front yard in a big pile of yellow, red and orange leaves—grandchildren in the leaves around Pappy and a baby on his lap.

The third gift he left us is **the gift of lessons-learned**. He taught us what a relationship with a grandfather should be like. He taught us how to love, to laugh, to romp. He taught us the lesson of hard work, honesty and integrity. He taught us that outward appearance is not as important as what is inside a person. When he died, we had to learn to grieve, to experience the pain of loss as children, with cousins leaning on cousins. But he also taught us to remember the happy times, to cherish our fun memories.

If you have lost a loved one through death perhaps they too left you these gifts—the gifts of relationship, of memories, and lessons-learned. Yes, even though our loved ones leave us and move to the Other Side, *some things still remain!*

J. Dawn Rountree

“There are things that we do not want to happen but have to accept, things we don’t want to know but have to learn, and people we can’t live without but have to let go.”

—Author unknown