

And Then There Were None...

Sandra J. Brown
TCF/Enid Oklahoma

The happiest day of our lives was on February 19, 1970 at 6:01 am when our beautiful Joyce Lynn was born.

Then one beautiful fall day on October 8, 1986, our world as we knew it ended. At 4:00 pm that same day a mile from our home our beloved daughter Joyce Lynn, died in a one vehicle accident at the age of sixteen and one half.

No child can ever replace another and every precious child is special and unique, but at least when there are other children in the family, they can give you somewhere to channel the love that belonged to the deceased child. But that certainly does not mean you stop loving the deceased child. You don't; you'll love the deceased child forever and more with each passing day. But somehow there is this river of love that was for them only, that aches to go somewhere and if you have another child you can channel that emotion to them and feel you have a reason to go on living. Your remaining children lift you up and help you through the grieving process. But when you are left with nothing but empty arms and a huge black hole in your heart where your deceased child used to live, you are left with nothing.

Everywhere you turn there are reminders your **ONLY CHILD** is gone, and now there is none. The empty chair at the dining table, the deafening silence in their empty room, no stereo or TV blaring, no sight of her favorite clothes she like to wear.

You can't seem to go into a business without one of her favorite songs coming over the music system. You'll see a dress hanging in a window and you think it looks just like her and that she would love it. You start to go inside and buy it for her, with a big smile on your face at the thought of surprising her. Then the smile turns to hysterical tears when you're brought up short by the realization that she's no longer here to buy anything for. So the tears start again and you cry till you get sick and throw-up, then you cry some more. The pain in your heart and the tears keep on and on and on in an endless cycle you feel will never, never end and will surely destroy your very soul.

So please don't assume that losing any child is the same as losing an **ONLY CHILD** because it is not! And please don't give me the old cliché of "I know just how you feel!" Until you have actually lost an only child you have no idea, none whatsoever, so unless you have walked in my shoes, don't say it. But please, please pray for me and love me through my terrible pain or I too shall be no more, for I shall die.