

REFLECTIONS OF A STEP-PARENT

I watch my mate go through pure hell.
And I felt helpless, useless and sometimes invisible.

Other times I stood strong while bearing the brunt of my love's anger,
that lashed out at the world. As an angry God would open the heavens
with roaring thunder and lightning.

I was accused of not understanding and surely, I could not.

I felt the heavy pain for my stepchild. The one I took as my own.
I grieved for the good times we had together,
The tugs at my heart that always pieced though any resentments.

The guilt weighed heavily on my shoulders for the times we didn't communicate.
And I wondered if...I could have made it better.

At the funeral home, I felt even a pang of...yes...jealousy towards the natural parent of
my beloved stepchild. Knowing that he and my mate shared a private room from the past.
That I could never enter.

Life must go on...this day to day existence, but things are different now.

I offer my support as I see eyes staring off into a distant land.
I hold a hand and kiss away the teardrops.

With an added sorrow, I wonder if my love will return to me or stay in that far-off
land...forever.

For deep in my heart I know that this tragedy will bring us closer together or tear us
completely apart.

Note: The Author of this is unknown, if you wrote this or know who did please contact
BP/USA so we may give proper credit.