

The face of one who is dying (Written as my mother was dying from Alzheimer's Disease and a stroke, 8-27-03)

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The loved one who is dying has a very special face;
No matter what the appearance, it leads us to a special place;
There's more than lines and wrinkles, there's more than words can say.
The face of one who's dying leads us back a way.

To times of fun and sweetness, to times of sadness and joy,
To times of struggles and forgiveness, to times of much, much more.
Now that face is different, tired and ready to go,
That face of poignant connection of times long ago.

The face is still our connection to one whose hand we hold;
We look for recognition from one who's gotten old.
No matter whether there's knowing that shows upon the face,
There's knowing in one's presence, the gift of holy grace.

The face of one who is dying
Shows we're soon to part.
The face of one who is dying
Leads us to our heart.