

# Could You Please Just Listen?

**From "Getting Through Grief"**

**By Deborah R. Gemmill**

*My baby has died.  
Please don't tell me you know how I feel.  
You don't. You can't. I hope you never do.*

*Don't tell me he's with God and I should  
be happy. How can I be happy when every  
time I go into his nursery all I see is an  
empty crib and toys that will never be  
played with? How can I be happy when  
my arms ache to hold him?*

*Please don't tell me God needed another  
angel. It's hard for me to understand why  
God would take away this little one who  
was so loved. Maybe I'll understand later.  
But for right now.....let God find another  
angel.*

*Please, please, please don't tell me I'll  
have other children. Maybe I will...but my  
son was not a puppy that ran away....he  
cannot be replaced.*

*Maybe you could just listen when I  
remember out loud all the things that we  
did together....the walks, the early  
morning feedings, the first time he rolled  
over. Maybe you could just sit with me  
while I cry over all the things we'll never  
do together.*

*Please don't tell me it could be worse.  
How? I really don't want to hear about  
your grandfather's death. It's not the  
same. Don't think my pain will be eased  
by comparison. Of course I'm glad that he*

*didn't suffer, but I'd be a lot happier if he  
hadn't died at all.*

*I know it must be hard for you, but would  
you mind looking at his picture just one  
more time? We don't have many of him,  
and I'm just a little bit afraid that I may  
forget what he looked like. He wasn't here  
that long, you know.*

*Could you please just listen?  
Don't tell me I'll get over it.  
There is no "over it," only through it.  
Maybe you could just be with me while I  
take my first steps through it.*

*Please don't tell me I should be glad he  
was just a baby, or that at least I didn't get  
to know him. I knew him. I knew him  
before I ever saw him. He is a part of me.  
And now he is gone. I haven't just lost a  
seven-month-old baby. I have lost a part  
of myself.*

*I know you mean well, but please don't  
expect me to tell you how to help me. I'd  
tell you if I knew. But right now I can  
hardly put one foot in front of the other.*

*Maybe if you looked around, you could  
find some things to do, like taking my  
daughter for a walk, or doing the dishes,  
or making some coffee.*

*Please don't try to remove my pain or  
distract me from it.  
I have to feel this way now.  
Maybe you could just listen.*

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