

Our Hearts are Broken

You can learn a lot about a person by listening to and watching their family and friends, especially during a time of crisis. I have had the privilege of spending time with my aunt and my cousins, I have been amazed by them. Their strength, their love, their humour, the way they have drawn together and remembered my uncle and honoured him through selflessness, love and laughter.

In the midst of such sudden and unexpected loss and deep sorrow I have listened to them and watched them love each other, serve each other, protect each other and celebrate Uncle L and one another. Look at the qualities you see in them and you will see Uncle L's fingerprints clearly.

Aunt and Cousins, yare the Legacy that Uncle has left behind. I know that is time is immensely difficult for you and has left you shocked and saddened. I also know that when we all go home and you are left to sort through things it will be exhausting, and it will take time to adjust and grieve, please give yourself that time. Nothing will be the same but know this: you will not be alone. Uncle L will remain with and in each one of you. And we as friends and family will remain with you as well and I know that God will also remain with you, guide you and strengthen you.

My last conversation with my uncle before I went back to school, I remember what he said to me "I have never seen you look so happy. Please stay happy. I love you." Those words meant everything to me and I promised to do my best to honour his request. Now I sit here with tears and such sadness – our hearts are broken. But I have a promise to keep, I will let the tears fall and I will let the heart break but then I will pick up the pieces and I will keep that promise. I will allow the grief to make my joy richer.

Uncle L made me laugh. I loved the teasing and ribbing back and forth, me the diet coke junkie, and Uncle Lloyd the 7-up and Pepsi man. I remember him going out on an errand for me as the women

worked on my wedding favours. How it pained him to bring me Diet Coke, but he did it! He scowled at me but I saw the twinkle in his eye.

We are a family, sometimes physical distance keeps us apart, sometimes we pull away in fear or hurt and sometimes in anger – families do that. This week, with this loss we are reminded that we do not know how long we have each other. We are family. Brothers and sister, cousins, nieces and nephews, Grandchildren, children. We are all interconnected and bound together; like a spider web and this week the web was broken and we are reminded that one person touches many lives even if we do not remember that on a daily basis.

The best way to remember our Uncle, brother, father, grandfather, friend, husband, is to be the family that we are. To share our love, our tears and our laughter. To honour him. Yes we are heartbroken, we grieve, we feel the loss, and though a part of us has passed he remains with us, in us as do all of our loved ones who have passed. Let us help each other pick up all the broken pieces and bring them together and heal. Though the picture will be different, and the change will be hard, we will be honouring them by creating a new and stronger picture. Let us be here for each other and share the memories, the grief and the joy. We need each other and Uncle Lloyd's passing has reminded us that family needs family in the good and the hard times.

Written By

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