
Subject: My father's death

Posted by [maxine](#) on Mon, 07 Dec 2020 11:52:01 GMT

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One's own grief is so personal - my father died when he was only 56. I was living in Oman, he was in England, when my mother phoned to tell me of sudden heart attack and death my grief was overwhelming - I howled. The journey home on the plane was like torture, leaving my young children and going back with such a heavy heart. I wrote this a couple of days later.

The Eyes

In all of this the change has been in my eyes. It is almost as if they are carrying it all somehow. Like they say now, now we have seen death we are wise but we are heavy. We can look long and calmly because we have seen the end.

The eyes are so important in death. To see the dead body and then to weep out the ache of the soul. To gaze into the eyes of those still alive and in death's true moment to see through the other's eyes the pain of the other's soul. And the tears flow together - the healing happens but the eyes get wise, become fuller.

December 1985
