



## **Writing Our Journey: Poems and Essays by Family Caregivers**

Each meeting has a suggested prompt, or idea, for people to write about. Everyone is free to interpret that prompt however they'd like. Below is one of the prompts, followed by a sampling of what was written in response.

Please remember that each piece of writing belongs to the writer and, if quoted, must be credited to that writer.

### **Three adjectives to describe your child**

Think of your child, then think of three adjectives to describe him/her. Don't filter them! Just write down the first three that come to mind. Now find a way to describe why those are the three you chose.

- "Child of Mine", by Gail Frizzell
- "Here Comes 'Freakenstein'", by Dorothy Ryan
- "The Point", by Kathy Roberson

## Child of Mine

Child of mine

You are

Vulnerable

Defenseless and trusting,  
Your dreams go unexpressed  
Destined to another's whim?  
Peril or protection is your fate?

Sweetness

Sunshine in your smile  
Radiant spirit charming all  
Face, luminous with inner light  
Your winsome wiles warm my days.

A Music Lover

Joy filled notes brighten your face  
You dance in your heart  
Melody the heartbeat of your soul  
Composes the anthem of your life

© Gail Frizzell

## Here Comes “Freakenstein”

Shunned  
in school

Abandoned  
at recess

She stalks  
the playground

Searching  
four-leafed clover

As if  
finding

One  
shamrock

Compensates  
losing

The game  
of friends.

© Dorothy Ryan

## The Point

Radiant, her smile beckons,  
across sharp reefs and shoals,  
we make our way to her.

She stands straight,  
waiting always  
for others to clean,  
polish, make her  
presentable.  
Left alone,  
she would  
keep standing,  
waiting,  
dimming,  
disappearing.

Dependent  
on us  
she lives at risk,

of our busy lives,  
our carelessness,  
forgetfulness,  
or worse,  
our aging  
weariness,  
our insistent  
need for ease.

She beams  
with delight  
when we arrive,  
and for a moment  
it is terrifyingly  
clear how if ever  
we lose sight of her  
we will crash,  
our hearts splintering  
and breaking apart  
against those  
darkened shores.

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