

## FOR THE FAMILY AND FRIENDS OF A SUICIDE

As you huddle around the torn silence,  
Each by this lonely deed exiled  
To a solitary confinement of soul,  
May some small glow from what has been lost  
Return like the kindness of candlelight.  
As your eyes strain to sift  
This sudden wall of dark  
And no one can say why  
In such a forsaken, secret way,  
This death was sent for ...  
May one of the lovely hours  
Of memory return  
Like a field of ease  
Among these gravelled days.  
May the Angel of Wisdom  
Enter this ruin of absence  
And guide your minds  
To receive this bitter chalice  
So that you do not damage yourselves  
By attending only at the hungry altar  
Of regret and anger and guilt.  
May you be given some inkling  
That there could be something else at work  
And that what to you now seems  
Dark, destructive and forlorn,  
Might be a destiny that looks different  
From inside the eternal script.  
May vision be granted to you  
To see this with the eyes of providence.  
May your loss become a sanctuary  
Where new presence will dwell  
To refine and enrich  
The rest of your life  
With courage and compassion.  
And may your lost loved one  
Enter into the beauty of eternal tranquillity,  
In that place where there is no more sorrow  
Or separation or mourning or tears.

From "To Bless The Space Between Us" (a.k.a. "Benedictus") by John  
O'Donohue (C) 2007