

Health and Hope

By Kari Engholm

Our son, so full of life, finding his way
Helping in the garden this warm July
The next Monday a fall takes him away

Twenty-four is too young to say goodbye
As life support monitors cease to beep
The silence screams as we pray and ask why

We seek hard to find anything in light
To ease these feelings that swell in the dark
There is nothing but grief and pain in sight

And yet a small ray of light pushes through
His donor card, signed when he was sixteen
Helping us find the peace we have pursued

His essence brings health and hope to hundreds
Kidneys, corneas, and tissue live on
Giving new beginnings, good and wonderful