



SOMETIMES I CRY IN THE SHOWER

A GRIEVING FATHER'S JOURNEY TO
WHOLENESS AND HEALING

R. GLENN KELLY

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The Shower

"It is such a secret place, the land of tears."

~Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, The Little Prince

The spattering of water gratefully mutes the outside world. Here in this oblong tub of glossy, white ceramic, barely six-feet long by three feet wide, is where my mind chases lofty notions or unwittingly discovers previously unknown answers to life's little struggles. Tucked away in the secluded corner upstairs, the shower curtain may as well be made of steel and the bathroom door of blast proof concrete. The warmth of the water spreads over my shoulders and down my back, creating a welcome exodus from mental constraint, along with its selfish need for guided thought. The shower is my escape. It is my Secret Garden, completely impenetrable to all others where I surprisingly resolve irksome job related troubles, unexpectedly develop the perfect idea for my next wood working project, or find myself with those little epiphanies that make one mumble, "Why didn't I think of that before?" Left in the massaging jets long enough I could probably invent the elusive warp drive for light speed travel, figure out how to get toothpaste back in the tube, or even plot the ultimate scheme for world domination. It is a darned good thing I have chosen to use my showers for good instead of evil. The hot streams of water and the warm, humid air that fills my lungs gives

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another opportunity for a few minutes of morning meditation. Yet, unlike the thirty minutes of conventional meditation I try to set aside each day to clear my mind, here in my watery “Fortress of Solitude” I do not follow the traditions of shutting out thought altogether. Instead, I delight in the fact that I can stand under the hot flow of water and allow my freshly awakened mind to go simply where it dares.

As my thoughts run freely and uninhibited through the playground in my mind, I also occasionally break down and cry as well. Yes, this former Marine, cop and Alpha male wanna-be openly admits that sometimes I cry in the shower. I have that right, you know. After all, I am a grieving father who did experience the horrendous and life-altering nightmare of losing a child. My wonderful son, Jonathan, who lived for sixteen and a half years, unexpectedly passed away in June of 2013 after what should have been a relatively routine medical procedure. So yeah, I weep and sob in the shower where no one will hear me. In my little second story refuge, with the door shut and curtain drawn, I can let go and tell God I am angry and confused about the greater plan. I can ask Him why he took my son so early in life while I bawl uncontrollably in the noisy spray without anyone questioning either my faith or my manhood. I can lay my palms on the wet tiles on either side of the shower nozzle, look to the heavens with tears and warm water cascading down my face and beg, plead and even offer to trade my very soul to bring my son back. None of that works, of course, but only God, Jonathan and I know I am crying. Does it make me feel better? It absolutely does. Along my path to healing, I would become

aware of just how destructive my instincts to hold back those very corrosive emotions can be. Left pent up inside, the caustic nature of unhealthy emotions would have almost certainly changed me into a man I do not want to become. Will I need to cry in the shower in the future? Man, I hope so. By the way, do not gasp. God is okay that I questioned Him and got angry. He certainly gets it.

Please do not think of me as a heartless, stoic man, however, as I often openly wept for the loss of Jonathan in front of others. Early on, it was simply not possible to choke back the lump in my throat while comforted by close family and friends while they recounted the many wonderful virtues of Jonathan. However, I would not and could not fully expose my deep hurt before them. Surely, as a grieving father I would have been fully justified in uncontrollable gushes of anguish and heartache which flow only with the unhindered feelings of desolation, sadness, anger and remorse. Further, I cannot think of a single person who would have blamed me if I had assumed a fetal position in a dark corner that terrible day and remained there until the world just went away. I felt helpless and confused, with a dark emptiness inside that had no name. Because of who I am, however, those emotions could not come out in front of others, and sadly, as the days passed I also hid them from myself.

It is certainly not my intention to say it is wrong or unacceptable for a man grieving with the pain of child loss to express his emotions in front of others. Actually, it absolutely would be the right thing to do, if only he can. If I had been able to do that from the start, I would have

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certainly gained a pretty good head start on dealing with some real demons that hung around for quite some time afterwards. Immediately after the loss of Jonathan, I would not openly express my raw, angry, and empty feelings no matter how hard they tore at my heart and soul. I am aware, however, that even if I held on to some of those destructive emotions today I would yet find it incredibly hard to wear my heart on my sleeve. It is just a knee jerk, ingrained, male reaction that I recognize and own now, and have come to realize that there are times when taking ownership is enough. If I had even the basic understanding of male grief after the tragedy, I might have forced myself to do something that, at that time, would have been unnatural and possibly more harmful than good. A full out “me against me” fight directly after the loss would have been an extremely taxing hit on my stress levels. Thankfully, I remained back from the brink as I rode it out for some time just being who I was born and raised to be, right or wrong. I would come close, though, but snapped back to hope one day when, without conscious thought, I just let it go in relative privacy without the self-perceived shame or indignity I felt others would find in me.

I do hope recounting my journey will help you discover the benefits in releasing your grief in some way, as well. It cannot be repeated enough that so many of those emotions balled into grief are tremendously eroding to your very well-being. I found my place, as you have read, but know your place need not be the shower of which I speak so much. That is where the grief would initially burst from deep inside my spirit, and where I frequently seek that wonderful emotional release

even today. Your shower might instead be your car during a long commute, your workshop on weekends, or even out in the barn while feeding the chickens. As long as it is a regular, solemn place where you can find peace and spend time alone with your memories and grief, it will be perfect. I actually have a backup to my showery haven in a spare room I converted into a gym, complete with a weight bench, treadmill and of course a loud stereo system for my workout music. Still to this day, I fire up my favorite playlist of songs, which either motivate me to workout harder or purposely allow me to remember Jonathan. In the music and the workout routines, I can be lost in inspiration or lost in grief, depending on what plays at the moment. I sing along loudly and joyfully with the uplifting refrains when I take my thirty-second rest between sets of bench presses, leg lifts or whatever. Then, when a song plays that brings me to tearful thoughts of my son, I sing my sadness, anger, sorrow, and guilt along with the artist. It is an amazing and wonderful release of emotions. By the way, the dirty secret, at least for me, is being an incredibly tone deaf singer. No matter what noises escape the room and find the unlucky ears of others, whether singing or wailing along, it all sounds like cats fighting at midnight and no one is the wiser. The point being, though, I found a way to get my emotions out and stop the dirty, nasty ones from chewing me up inside.

Absolutely one of the healthiest things I did for my well-being was to gain a fundamental understanding of why it is predominantly a male tendency to hold in the many emotions that surround grief. Looking back, I now know that once I got to the point where I allowed

the pain to flow I began the first step to what will be a life-long journey to seek self-awareness, spirituality and a new relationship with my creator. Additionally, one of the driving forces behind this publication was to respect and honor the wonderful legacy that my son left behind for me by allowing my experiences to help others. The research and findings by medical personnel of Jonathan's defective heart helped so many other unfortunate children that he never actually got a chance to meet. Therefore, if reading of my journey helps even one grieving father, than I have served well. It is my hopes that in doing so I can add to a void which exists on the bookshelf topic of fathers who have lost a child.

While certainly not all men fall under the broad category of the stereotypical male, the majority of us will shun the thought of seeking professional help, as we feel it will show vulnerability and weakness. For many, including myself, we will follow our instinctive wirings and read a book or two, but only if we must. Admittedly I am of the "if all else fails, read the instruction" mentality, so written materials are usually only considered after I have managed to really screw something up or just cannot figure it out in my head. Unless I am attempting to assemble lawn furniture or disarm a bomb, I believe I will do just fine without help. After all, are directions not just someone else's opinion? And, just where would I get such a temperament, one might ask? Well, from my father of course. In my mind, my loving father was the greatest automotive mechanic in the world, yet I rarely asked his advice for my own car problems. My father, Don Kelly, was a wise man, though, and

I know he purposely programmed me that way early in life. Three of his five kids were boys and in order to maintain peace on his earth, being a personal mechanic to each of his sons was not in his plans. Regardless, I recall how happy I was when I neared the magic age of sixteen and a driver's license, and even happier still when my father surprisingly announced that he would give me a car. It was an old, mid-sixties Dodge that did not run, but I cared not. It was a car! The beater originally belonged to a customer of my father's service station and had broken down on the highway a few days earlier. After the cost of the tow and estimate for repairs, the owner decided it was too much money and signed the title over to my father so he could use it for parts or whatever. Well, "whatever" was his loss and my gain, right?

Nothing is free, however, and the caveat from my father would be that I could have the car but I had to make it run. When he told me that, I held back my desire to squeal like a schoolgirl and managed instead to ask him what was wrong with the car. In lieu of an answer, however, I got only the dad look, which is probably all too familiar to most. If not, picture my father standing in the front doorway of his gas station, his face cast downward as he scrutinized the customer repair ticket in his hands. While he never raised his face, his eyes slowly lifted after my query, however, and gave me that familiar "over the top of the reading glasses" look that told me instantly I was not about to get advice, but paternal life lessons instead. No teenager wants life lessons. Although only seconds, it seemed hours before he finally spoke, "I said if you can make it run, you can have it." I detected a slightly

mischievous tone to his voice, and just knew he would chuckle to himself quietly once he turned to walk inside. I got the picture though, and went on to piddle and poke at the car's engine for the next few weeks as I met with failure time and time again. Eventually, and somewhat inevitably, I hung my head low and approached dad for help, almost childlike in the need to tug on his shirtsleeve. Of course, "no" was his quick response and I had to hear another rendition of how I was the son of a mechanic and should be able to fix my own cars. I honestly expected no different when I posed the question, but I was stuck and had to try, at least.

In those days I was pretty much relegated to the front of my father's service station, where along with pumping gas in customer's cars, I would change oil and tires in the front three service bays. Around back, however, were eight more repair bays and a number of professional mechanics my father employed, all of whom were summarily warned not to come to my aide. I would get desperate, though, as sixteen and my license drew near, and one Saturday afternoon ventured back when my father had left the station for home. I approached Donnie, his head mechanic, and acted as if I knew no better when I verbally rolled out my problems before he could dare stop me. He listened patiently though, and when I was through speaking, slyly replied that it sounded like a very tricky problem to him. His advice was for me to go over to the bench and look it up in the repair manual for my car. Repair manual? I never knew such things existed, and that day the clouds parted as I learned of the marvelous secrets my

father's mechanics had at their very fingertips. They possessed marvelous, wondrous, and blessed manuals that explained and illustrated even the smallest detail of repair on all sorts of automobiles, including my new, old jalopy. Just how cool was that? Okay, so I make it out to be more than it was, of course, since most gas stations, garages and mechanics had these manuals back then. I just did not know it at the time. The numbers of cars and their manufacturers have grown immensely to date and the data is now accessed on shop computers that contain massive archives for repairs on every make, model, and year for anything with an engine in it. With the complexity of the computer-based cars today, someone turning a wrench could not make a living without this electronic repository. Of course, back when I was trying to make my little junker run, the cars in the United States were predominantly American made and it was extremely rare to see any of these seasoned grease monkeys revert to a repair manual for help. Heaven forbid an experienced mechanic turn to "The Book," because if he did, the cost would be laughter and ridicule from his coworkers. Me? I did not care. I was a teen boy who needed a car, dammit, and delighted to have those empowering books to see me through to my goal. I had skin in the game. My teenage dating life depended on those glorious works of automotive fix-it knowledge. Believe me, soon enough my "beater" ran well enough to support my pre-adult needs.

If I could fast forward from my teen years to just after the loss of my son, I knew from the first moment there would be recommendations of emotional and psychological support to get through the pain any of

us would have. Within just the first few sentences from the mouth of my own church pastor there were offers to provide counsel or even direct me towards counseling elsewhere once the funeral services were completed. Yet, I knew in the deep, dark knowledge of “me” there would be no way I was going to engage my ego-fed mind in allowing anyone to know how badly I was doing inside. I might, however, read a book, or mental repair manual, but only if I were really convinced of the need. Sadly, my biggest obstacle for some time after the loss was the conviction that if I kept my emotional grief tucked deeply inside, it could do me no harm. It had worked up to that point and I felt people would think less of me if I showed or talked of my pain openly. Thankfully, I was blessed to have some very kind and concerned friends who frequently suggested I talk with someone about the loss of my son. When I would ask why, the answer, no matter how wise, always just sounded to me like it was just the expected and standard thing to do. If you experience something of the magnitude of losing a child, you just need to talk to someone, no questions asked. It reminded me of my cop days and being sent to the department shrink each time I was involved in a particularly violent event. Protocol after the fact mandated a visit to the department shrink to get your head checked before you could return to duty. Nonetheless, when it became obvious to my caring friends that I would not be lying on anyone’s couch and talking of my loss, their suggestions changed to the thought I should at least find a book or two on grieving. As the suggestions continued to come, I finally resolved myself to the possibility I might be messed up for actually feeling okay.

Was I supposed to be on the verge of lunacy, and because I was not, something was actually wrong with me? Maybe I would read a “manual” or two after all, but just out of idle curiosity and the ability to tell my friends I had done so.

I am sure I would have read enthusiastically too, if only the books were available on the retail market. A great many do focus on grief after the loss of a child, as well as the loss of a parent, dog, or even a houseplant. Unfortunately, all the readily available books seemed to be targeted towards the grieving wife or mother, or the grieving child who sadly lost a parent, sibling, or playmate. We are absolutely blessed that there are such abundant publications available, but the same resources for men are almost non-existent. Nevertheless, I was willing to read and turned to a woman and good friend who I have remained in contact with since our days together in high school. Since then that incredibly intelligent lady had homeschooled her four children, all of whom went on to graduate from major universities. Two have attained Master’s Degrees while the other two are currently following suit. I reasoned that if learning material was what I was after, regardless the topic, this self-reliant, homebound librarian and curriculum mole could very well be the best search tool available. She enthusiastically accepted the challenge and went to work, but within only a few short days despondently informed me she had found very little. She was not empty handed, however, as she actually located one book focused specifically on the grieving father. After reading the reviews, she actually took the time to download and read the eBook version herself before having a

printed copy delivered directly to me. Of course, I gratefully, willfully, and openly read the book cover to cover and when complete, reported it had been of great help. In fact, it was to some extent, but I admit now to being more obliged to my friend's efforts than honest about my opinion.

The book was very well written and had great content, but eventually focused solely on an opinionated mandate that grieving fathers must seek counseling in order to move towards healing. While I absolutely do not begrudge the author's suggestions for peer group or professional intervention, my ego was just not going to allow that. Right or wrong, I had reasoned that if I could actually seek professional help I would not have looked for that book in the first place. That was my take, anyway, and mileage may vary for others. Regardless, the point is that for now there exists a large void in self-help literature for grieving men in general and more specifically, the grieving father. The lack of publications for men who experienced any loss at first seemed a little odd to me, as if maybe I was just looking in the wrong places. It would become more logical to me later, though, as I decided to look for and read other books and research publications that dealt specifically with emotions and the way they are not only processed by males versus females, but expressed as well. I would soon become somewhat fanatical in the topic, fueled largely by the fact I was learning so much about my own personal development and idiosyncrasies. While it excuses little, I found a scapegoat in the well-documented fact that the majority of men and women are hardwired to be who we are from the

moment of conception. Speaking only for the men here, we are not only programmed in the womb, but also through our environment after birth, growing up with such advice as “Be a man”, “Toughen up”, and “Only little girls cry.”

There was a time when no amount of study or published book on grief would have helped move me towards healing, though. After the loss of Jonathan I purposely tucked away an enormous amount of anguish and kept it bottled up inside so others would not think me unmanly. Certainly, tears flowed from my eyes as my brother read the eulogy aloud at Jonathan’s funeral services. I had written those words and knew I could not recite them without exposing myself to all. I was also teary eyed as my son’s body was interred in his grave, and shamefully admit that I took notice of others in attendance that day and ordered myself not to breakdown in front of them. I did, however, convince myself that had better show at least a few tears, or else people would think I had not loved my son at all. It is difficult to think back and not feel repulsed in myself for considering my own “image” before the heartbreak I felt for my son. How could I consciously measure the amount of sentiment to display so that others would know I was a loving father? I do know now, however, those actions were no indication that I did not love my child. Those self-checks, if you will, were a natural part of me being a man, instinctively responding to the programming I had unknowingly received from both nature and nurturing. The act of openly wailing, begging God, screaming in anger

and disbelief, even though I might have wanted to, would have actually been forced and unnatural to who I really was at the time.

What was not natural, however, was that beyond the funeral services for my son Jonathan, I allowed the pre-programmed me to carry on. I had survived, and as badly as it hurt, had to maintain my own life. I had been incredibly functional in front of others because I tucked those feelings down deep inside when they came. If I kept doing so, in my logic, I would always survive and the loss of my child, no matter how tragic, would not change me one bit. It all sounded so good, but in fact I was changing for the worse already, I just did not realize it. Somewhat subconsciously, I removed and or avoided anything which reminded me of Jonathan when I traveled through the house. I learned not to allow myself to focus when I passed by his room or my eyesight fell upon a picture of him on the wall. I would purposely avoid little George, who had been my son's best friend for what seemed like forever. He would frequently call on the phone and ask to come by the house to just talk and be close to Jonathan again. It seems his young mind had a better handle on pain than mine. Yet, I just could not bring myself to let that happen. But, I looked at George and I saw Jonathan. If I talked to George, I thought of Jonathan. Thinking of Jonathan made me well up inside and I would fight hard to keep those feelings from coming out, not only just in front of others any more, but in front of myself as well.

Socially, whether at work or with friends, I wondered if others looked at me with pity, as I was the poor soul who had lost a child. I

wondered consciously if they were treating me differently than before and I slowly removed myself from those I wrongly suspected. No one wants to be felt sorry for. Being a rock and stalwart, however, had done me well and if I kept it up, all would be good. Yet, I failed to take into account that those feelings of absolute sorrow, anger, guilt, and loneliness were not magically going to leave my heart simply because I consciously kept them corralled inside. Emotions are extremely powerful and just as instinctive to our very survival as thirst, hunger, and fatigue. While the majority may be temporary in nature, they must be recognized and responded to in some fashion to keep them from becoming permanent and damaging. If pushed back too long they would find a home in that place which serves as our moral compass, the subconscious mind. That is where we experience almost reflex-like responses to life's situations, such as instantly coming to aid of the fallen or being truly grateful for the kind attention of others. Our emotions will find a way to be expressed, and when it comes to the especially destructive ones such as anger and guilt, we do not want them corrupting our inborn sense of right and wrong. We want them under control and responded to before they become a part of who we are.

Monday morning, January 13, was roughly a half year after I lost my son. The hot shower was doing its duty of washing the sleep from my eyes and taking the morning chill off my toes. Thoughts ran freely through my mind, unfiltered and undirected as usual. I was heavily into woodwork as a hobby and although I do not recall specifically, it is a good bet I mentally pondered the purchase of some new shop tool.

Although I did not care to understand my own psyche in those days, I knew I often tricked myself into buying a new tool by mentally picturing a project that would need one that I did not already own. Genius, right? I dangle my own carrots in my mind. My thoughts in the shower that morning eventually turned to the weather. The local news had talked about the possibility of snow overnight, although maybe only an inch or two. That was not much but for anyone who has lived in the Mid-South, an inch or two of snow still wipes out the bread and milk aisles at the local stores in the blink of an eye. Even as adults, the thought of snowfall will elicit a happy sort of anxiety with the prayer that maybe school would be canceled and replaced with sledding, snowball fights and building snowmen.

That morning in the shower, I relished in the childlike anxiety for a few moments before my thoughts wandered towards fatherhood and I impulsively wondered if Jonathan would have school that day. With that thought I froze. Where did that come from? I quietly scolded myself for letting the notion that Jonathan was still in my life creep back into my mind. I had retrained myself on so many areas of loneliness along the way, as well. I no longer thought Jonathan was moving around upstairs in his room whenever I heard the dog jump off his bed. I was over the reflex sensation that each time the back door opened, Jonathan would come bopping through just looking for something to eat. Yet, there he was right back in my drifting mind. The thoughts then caused that familiar knot in my forehead that only comes when tears are building. I immediately went into defense mode and self-initiated the

familiar fight to hold the pain inside, but would it be enough? I looked to the wall where the showerhead protruded and pictured Jonathan's bedroom that lay just on the other side of that thin wall. Unconsciously, I lifted both arms, placed my wet palms on the tiles, and watched as the water dripping from my hands left streaks down through the condensation. As the knot welled, I moved the top of my head directly under the shower spray and felt a moment of calm stillness where I thought I held the flood of emotions at bay. Little did I know my emotions had just backed up a bit and taken a running start, as the first attempt at breaking through had failed. Apparently, the emotions knew a little more momentum was required and with the second surge, my grief spewed outwards for the very first time since my child died. I cannot tell you verbatim what the words were. The experience was justifiably the volcanic eruption of measureless remorse and loss where whatever words came forth were merged with the open flow of tears and shower spray. There were forceful tears that came with open mouth bawling and mixed with vile expressions of my hatred towards God. I turned my attention from God to Jonathan and announced loudly to my baby that I was oh, so very sorry. I was not begging for forgiveness. Instead, I exclaimed to my son that I should never be forgiven for not protecting him as I had always promised. For my failure, I did not deserve the grace that might come from forgiveness. I would tell him over and over how very sorry I was, although it made me feel no better.

Amid my deep anguish for the very thought my Jonathan was no longer with me I began to run my fingertips along the wet tiles

hoping to somehow touch him. I wanted to feel him. I clinched both fists and for a moment thought I could ram them right through the wall and into his room. Maybe, possibly, his soul still dwelled there and I could somehow grab him back into my life. I did not punch though. Instead, I only padded the sides of my fists against the wall slowly, and barely hard enough to feel that I was putting some level of effort to it. I had no real intentions of breaking down the wall as much as I wanted the symbolism, I suppose now, and the anger somewhat subsided. I then turned my palms back towards the tile and moved in closer, laying both forearms and the side of my face against the wet ceramic, pictured Jonathan sitting on his bed, and sobbed loudly. Soon, the emotional chaos was spent and out of exhaustion, I dropped to my knees as the desire to vocalize the pain and sorrow ebbed away. Then, after a few short minutes of head down thought, I physically and spiritually felt my Jonathan there with me. He was there with me. I am not trying to say I felt Jonathan in the shower with me as much as I felt him inside of my own spirit. He was there in my very heart and soul. I felt his love within me that moment and I smiled upwards with tear filled eyes and simply whispered, "Hi, baby."

I said no more words to my son, as I knew the moment was not about trying to talk but instead an unspoken connection that came as I felt him inside. He brought forth to me a thought of who I had been over the past several months since he passed, and I realized the shame as if he had just breathed that reality into my body. I suddenly knew that nothing I had done since he passed had honored who he was or what

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he had done for me. I always said that my beautiful, gifted child cheated me out of leaving my legacy to him. Instead, he left his for me. He taught me humility and compassion. He taught me never to give up and that our natural instincts are to survive and be happy. Most of all he taught me how to receive, and surprisingly, how to give unconditional love to others. He was the one person I would have honestly laid down my own life for. For him, this was not something I said with abandon. It was God's truth. His love of life, family and friends had been everything I wanted to grow up to be, but did not even aspire to until he came in to my life. That morning in my shower my son came back into my life and told me I could no longer ignore his love, his memory, or his legacy. My child lovingly admonished me that morning and changed my life yet again. Since that day, I have purposely gone to the shower many times just to join him, feel him, and be with his spirit. I may do that less and less these days as the journey he has set me on has taken me to the undeniable realization that he is with me in heart, spirit, and love always. He is with me every day and everywhere, and watches to see what I do with the examples he paid so dearly to leave behind for my own growth.

I will try with all my heart to not disappoint him.

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Without question, I give tribute for this publication to the legacy left behind by my loving son, Jonathan. Without him, my heart could not be as enriched as it is and I may never have experienced true, unconditional love.

Yet, without the dedicated men and women in the medical field, I would have never had the chance to know my child for the short time I had him. Those selfless doctors, nurses, and other support staff deal not only with life and loss, but with human emotions as well. We deservedly thank those in uniform for their service to country and community but may forsake those who, often in the grimmest of times, have become some of the greatest heroes in my life.

If only God knows the number of our days, He truly chooses only those with the purest devotion, desire, and talent to hold onto the poor ill or injured souls whose time has not come...and the compassionate heart to handle those whose time has. Incredible people gave me sixteen and a half years more than I could have had with my loving child, and I shall always acknowledge that gift.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

R. Glenn Kelly, grieving and healing father of Jonathan Taylor Kelly, has written professionally throughout his adult life. He has composed many informative articles published within trade periodicals in various industries and authored numerous award-winning responses to federal government solicitations in the defense industry, as well. With graphic arts as another passion, R. Glenn has also designed attractive print media ads and marketing materials for numerous companies along the way. An avid public speaker, he is just as much at home talking to an audience as he is conversing with friends over dinner.

To find out more, or to contact R. Glenn directly, please visit **www.rglennkelly.com**, where you are invited to share or join in discussions related to the journey of all men who have suffered loss. R. Glenn is enthusiastically available for speaking engagements, grief workshop participation or in other ways he might serve others who have lost a loved one. He can be contacted through email directly at **rglennkelly@rglennkelly.com**.

"The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others."
~ Mahatma Gandhi