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.

A time when you were stronger than you ever thought you could be

Write about a time or a situation that required more strength, or a different kind of strength, then you ever knew you had. This may be related to your child with disabilities, but it doesn’t have to be.

- “Working on a Good Thing” by Ann Martinelli
- “How Can the Sun Be Shining?” by Gail Frizzell
- “Speaking for You” by Kathy Roberson
Working On A Good Thing

Where did it come from?
I don’t remember ever being afraid.
Was it always there?
Must have been.
How did I do it?
Bit by bit.
How did I let go?
Trusting he could do it, believing people are good.
Am I finished?
No.
Is there more to do?
You bet.
Will it ever be a “fait accompli”?
Probably not.
Will I ever know?
No.
Am I happy?
Yes!!
Am I proud of him?
More than anyone will ever know.
Me?
Not proud, at peace.

© Ann C. Martinelli
How Can the Sun be Shining?

Late afternoon sun streaming
through blinds creates
linear patterns on the carpet.
In warm, golden light
I lay on my bed
too numb to cry.

How can the sun be shining?

My baby naps in her room,
soft brown hair framing
an angel’s face.
I should be thankful,
peaceful, content.
I am anxious, scared.

How can the sun be shining?

Will the world make a place
for this precious baby girl?
What will her future be?
Will there be stares, exclusion?
Will she be shoved to the side
forgotten and unloved?

How can the sun be shining?

I am unprepared.
God, don’t let this be real.
What do those words mean?
Developmental disability
Static encephalopathy
Leber’s Amaurosis

How can the sun be shining?

So many questions
So few answers
My baby cries.
I breathe.
I get up.
I go to her, but

How can the sun be shining?

© Gail Frizzell
Speaking for You

You will say, I know you will, I can’t, I am not strong not anymore, but you will be wrong. Uncompromising honesty continues to slice with precision through stubborn pretense, tangled reasoning; you help us both see clearly, then laugh somehow through the wrenching sadness of truths revealed. You listen carefully to words, comprehending needs unspoken, have never stopped loving others, even through the unrelenting hurt and upending of your dreams. You give me friendship, and with it the strength to draw upon that comes from knowing you.

© Kathy Roberson