Death is a part of Life

Easter Saturday was a beautiful day. It was our son Simon's birthday. He was born on 8/4/84 weighing in at 8lb 4.

I used to joke with him and say "You'll probably die when you are 84! "

"Don't joke about that Mum" he would retort.

Seems I was wrong.

Simon died in a car accident when he was 23 years old.

To us he will always be 23 but on Easter Saturday he would have been 39.

We headed for the lovely Aramoho Cemetery in Whanganui to 'celebrate' his birthday.

For the first time our 2 grandsons came to 'see' Uncle Simon. They play in his bedroom with his toys and things and they know he is in heaven but as for his earthly resting place it has never been mentioned. They are sensitive boys and we didn't want to give them any anxiety so waited 'til the time seemed right with their parents.

2023 was the year and the right time.

Master 11 had a wee cry.

Master 7 said "This is cool"

We lit a candle, sang Happy Birthday, blew out the candle and had a picnic of juice and bikkies. Then we covered him with a glorious array of petals. Master 7 chalked a message "I love you"

It was such a special and happy time.

The boys asked a few typical boy/what?/how?/scientific questions which we answered as best we could. It was just fine.

We then wandered over to 'visit' a cousin of their mums, also buried there.

We moved on to the Children's Area where our TCF group gather annually to decorate the gorgeous magnolia tree that overhangs it.

Buried there is a student from their school, a pupil of our teacher son Andrew.

The boys wandered round respectfully observing the graves covered in toys and memorabilia.

"Why does this grave have a spiderman on it?"

"Why does this stone only have one date on it?"

"How old was this girl when she died?"

"This boy was the same age as me when he died?"

This created a maths lesson and they then worked out the ages of the children there. It seemed so natural and so normal. Death is a part of life.

I am so grateful for Easter Saturday. It strengthened us in our grief to share it with new generations who will never forget their Brother and Uncle.