Tire In My Hearth, Toe In My Veins



A journal for young adults and teenagers

By Enid Traisman, MSW

Fire In My Heart, Ice In My Veins

By Enid Samuel Traisman, M.S.W.



Fire in My Heart, Ice in My Veins

Word of your death greeted me like

A wave of despair

Drowning out a bonfire of hope.

The fire in my heart,

Gave way to

The ice running through my veins.

Your death caught me from behind, Like cold fingers gripping the back of my neck Forcing my heart to crack open.

Your death is the fire that ravages
All through the forests of my soul,
Leaving black and grey ashes in it wake.
In the shade suddenly drawn down around,
I will plant memories of you
And inhale their sweet smell in the spring.

The fire in my heart thawed the ice running through my veins.

Life will always follow after death, As even the longest, darkest of nights Are followed by the light of day.

By David G. Traisman

A Very Special Person Has Died

Nobody will ever realize exactly how much you meant to me; it was just between you and me.

Amy, 15

I want to begin this journal describing who you were and what you meant to me.

Funeral / Memorial Service

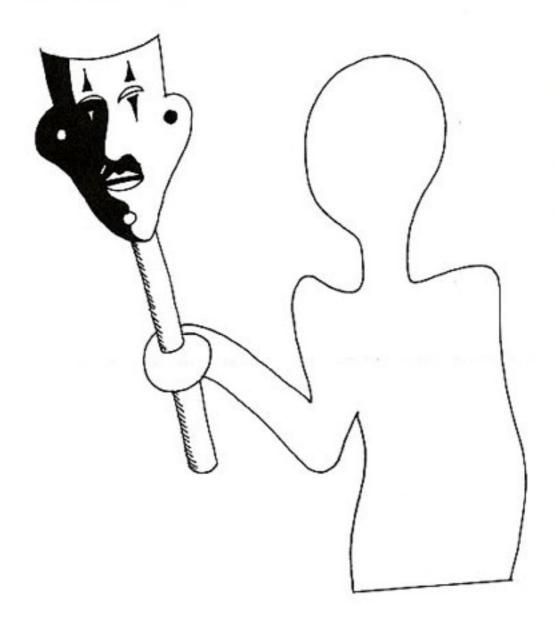
The funeral felt so unreal, like I was watching a movie. It wasn't really us, just actors who looked like us.

Alex, 18

On this page, I will describe the funeral service, the people who spoke and the personal touches that reflected your life and personality.

This is how I felt being there (or if I didn't go, why I didn't go).

Finish this picture to represent yourself.



About the Author

Enid Samuel Traisman, M.S.W., is a therapist specializing in bereavement and loss in Portland, Oregon. She facilitates grief support groups, conducts a part-time private practice and presents seminars to caregivers and grieving people. Enid is also the author of *I Remember*, *I Remember*, a journal for adults, *A Child Remembers*, a journal for children ages 8-12, and *My Personal Pet Remembrance Journal*.

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